THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 200, Number 29

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JANUARY 14, 1928

Ben Ames Williams—Mary Roberts Rinehart—Charles Francis Coe—Day Edgar
Garet Garrett—Leonard H. Nason—Joseph Hergesheimer—John Grier Hibben

Out With the Old!

In With the New!

Now Parker Duofold *Non-Breakable* Barrels and Parker *Pressureless Touch* are the outstanding features in fountain pens for 1928

We have spent 35 years on 47 improvements to perfect these writing aids. 32 pen patents—12 others on pencils and desk sets—have been granted in this spectacular advance.

It culminates, in 1928, in the highest efficiency ever realized in products of this kind.

Pressureless Touch is the newest thing in writing. Parker created it in the Duofold. Capillary attraction now acts with gravity feed through a fine ink-channel ground between the prongs of the pen point. Only a magnifying glass would reveal it to you. Now the feather-weight of the pen *itself* starts the writing instantly and continues it. All finger pressure is relieved.

And now the Duofold is made of Parker Permanite—28% *lighter* than the rubber once employed. Duofold Pen barrels are now reduced 39% in weight. And a finer distribution of this light weight creates still another feature—Parker Poise—resulting in an entirely new "feeling" in a fountain pen. Absolutely tireless writing is thus introduced.

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Choose your size of barrel—big Oversize, the Junior, or the slender Lady Duofold. Next, your favorite point—from six graduated styles—all tempered for lifelong use in such a way that each yields to any hand, yet cannot be distorted from the shape you like.

Colors—Lacquer-red, Mandarin Yellow (new), Lapis Lazuli Blue, Green Jade, all black-tipped—or flashing Black and Gold. Duofold Pencils to match.

Pens filled by pressure button concealed in one end. Pocket clips (removable and adjustable) held neatly and securely under a screw-cap. Pen barrels unmarred—as smart and trim as a yacht's spars.

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To be sure you get the genuine look for the imprint "Geo. S. Parker DUOFOLD." That will bring the New Efficiency that you are looking for today.

Parker Duofold Pens, $5 and $7 according to Size—Pencils to match, $3, $3.50 and $4

These black-tipped Parker Duofolds in these four fashionable colors, in addition to Lacquer-red shown above, are quickly recognized as indicating both good judgment and good taste.

The modern woman is not behind the modern man in up-to-date equipment. The stylish Lady Duofold is made for her in jewel-like colors shown at left.

Business executives, professional men, scientists and writers say, in effect, "I never think of writing without my Parker DUOFOLD because I never have to think of it *while* writing."

Parker Duofold Pencils match Duofold Pens in efficiency as well as color. The lead turns out for writing, in for carrying. They last for years and write for weeks without attention. Refilling is 5 times easier and quicker than sharpening old-style kinds.

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Society Brand Clothes

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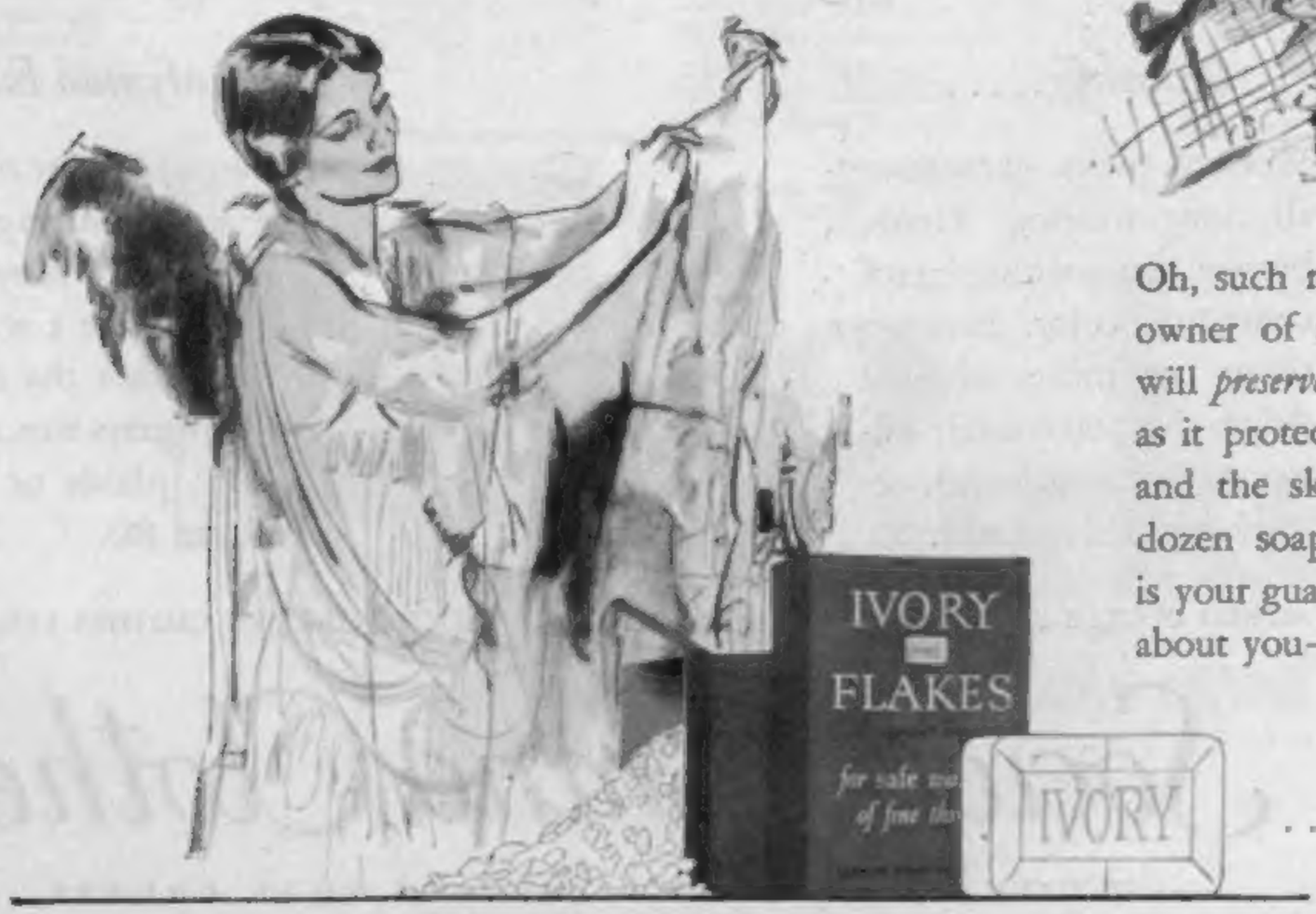
Keep them smooth and soft and white

...to be graceful and proud among the tea things... to soothe the bumps on little foreheads... to run silken ribbons through cobwebs of lace...

by protecting your hands—as you do your lovely complexion—

. . . when they wash the tea things and your gleaming dishes . . . when they wash tiny woolens and medium-sized rompers and great big enormous sheets . . . when they wash the silks and laces that make you feel like a princess.



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THE GLORY OF KINGS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

TRADITIONALLY, when a swooning lady flutters her eyelids with returning consciousness, her first breath murmurs "Where am I?" And the instant instinct of a man arising from the waters of oblivion is to seek to allocate himself, to discover his position in an ordered world. It was so with Dave Temple this morning.

But in Dave's case the process was difficult, for his awakening was a slow and painful progress. The dreams which had made his slumber hideous persisted—after the tide of sleep began to ebb. He could not even, for a while, be sure that he was waking; the facts upon which his conscious senses seized had an unreality about them that made them seem like dreams.

He had, for instance, a strong impression that there was a cloud above his head; and not a metaphoric cloud, but an actual one. There may have been clouds of both varieties hanging over the young man, but in this moment Dave's senses were so confused that he was conscious of only the one. He could feel it pressing down upon him, so thick as to be almost palpable.

This cloud had something malignant about it; in one way and another it hurt and tormented him. Even though his eyes were closed, he could see that there were skeins of stuff in it which had a solidity about them, and these skeins writhed and twisted sickeningly. To watch them was like looking down from the height of a tall building into the web of traffic; it produced a swooning sweep like a sob, in the region of the diaphragm. Also this was a hot cloud, laden with stuff like cinders, which dried his throat and nostrils and made them ache and burn. Furthermore, there was somewhere in the cloud a sound. This sound had a clopping quality, as though it were made by the hoofs of horses trotting on a hard street, and this steady clop, clop was broken now and then by a shuffle which added the derisive insult of its scrape to the injury which the steady beat was doing to his aching head.

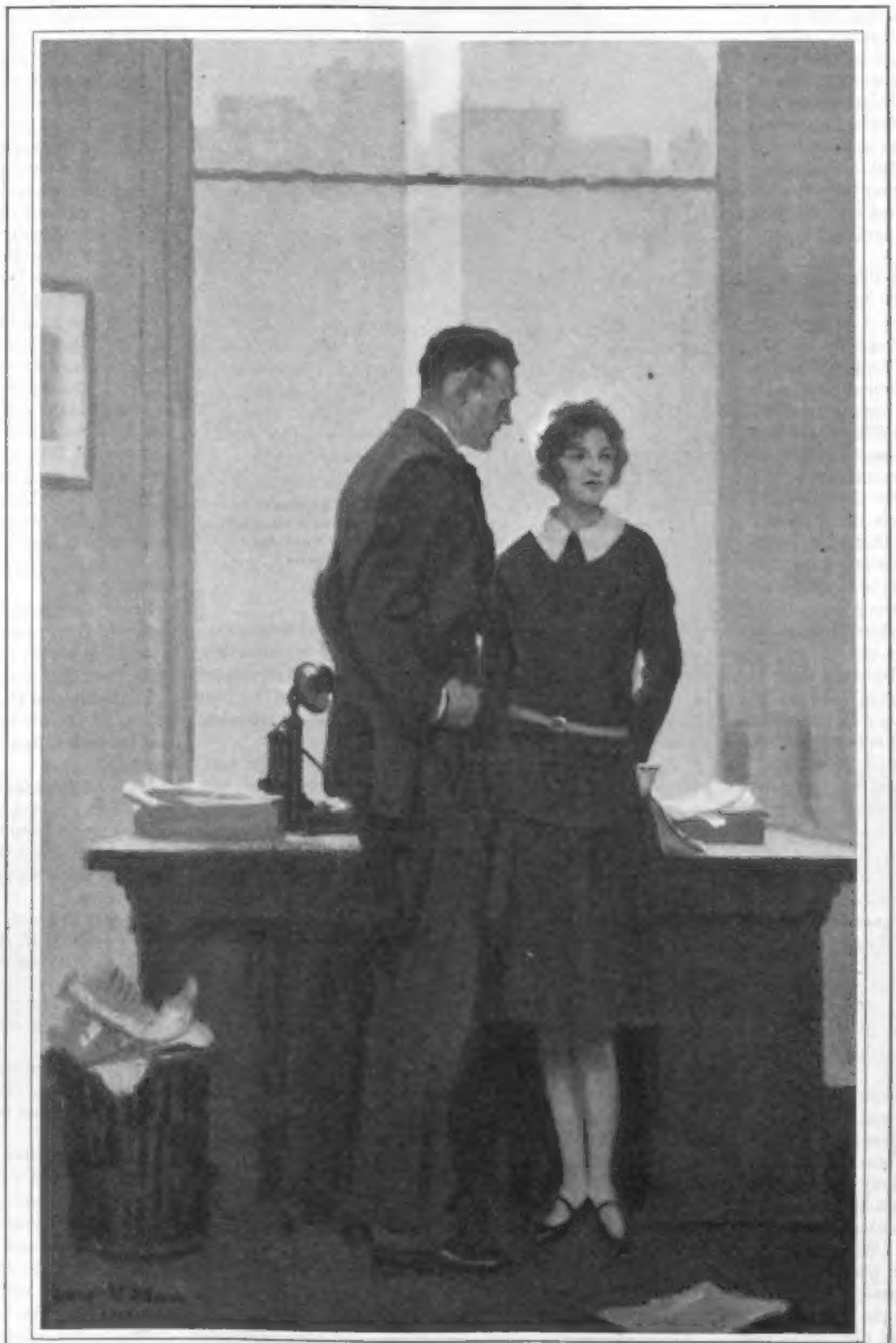
By and by, with a feeble and uncertain impulse to do something about it, Dave opened his eyes; and when he did this he seemed to be looking at a white field broken by spots of light which grew larger and smaller, distending and contracting again like the pupils of watchful eyes. He studied this phenomenon attentively, seeking to focus his senses upon it. The eyes which looked down at him, he discovered, were ranged in orderly rows; and in spite of their malignant fashion of swelling and shrinking whenever he looked directly at them, their normal diameter seemed to be about three inches.

He continued to watch them while his senses slowly cleared, and he came by and by to a realization of the actual character of these spots of light. He was lying, it appeared, in some sort of compartment directly underneath the sidewalk, and the sidewalk had been studded with round plates of heavy glass through which a dim illumination came. The clop and pound over his head must be made by the feet of pedestrians passing to and fro.

To discover himself thus flat on his back six feet beneath the sidewalk of a public street Dave found disturbing. He turned on his side to look around, and in so doing he discovered that he was on a bed in a small, white-walled room about ten feet long by six in breadth, at one end of which a double curtain hung. Through the aperture between the two parts of this curtain he saw, at a distance of some twenty feet, a figure vaguely familiar, the figure of a man whom presently he recognized.

The man sitting outside his door was a middle-aged gentleman with a competent physique and a heavy jaw, whose name was Counce. Dave had seen Counce in the past about his father's office, and he was familiar with the other's profession. Counce was a private detective, a sort of policeman whose orders and whose recompense came from an individual rather than from society. That individual was Burdon Temple, Dave's father; and the young man, when he saw Counce sitting so patiently outside his door, realized that Counce was there on guard.

Dave, with this understanding, turned on his back again and closed his eyes; and when Counce, observing the young man's movements, came to the door of the cubby-hole and looked in, Dave uttered a gentle, reassuring snore. He was not yet ready to wake. It would first be wise to recapture some of his memories, to arrive at some settled and orderly recollection of what had been happening to him during the past few days. He lay, his eyes closed, apparently



Instead of Inviting, He Announced to Her That She Would Dine With Him That Evening. But Miss Manter Only Shook Her Head. "I'm Afraid Not," She Replied Gravely

asleep, and Counce went back to his chair and left Dave to put his thoughts in order.

Up to a certain point Dave had no trouble with his memory at all. He was a young man in his latter twenties, college three or four years behind him, his waking hours in theory devoted to the business of selling securities sponsored by Temple & Company, the investment house of which his father was the heart and head.

This was his identity, and it was so much a part of his consciousness that he had no need to remember it. But beyond this the world was foggy. He was sufficiently familiar with his present symptoms to recognize that he had been drunk, and he realized that the fact that Counce stood warder by his bed proved that his father had discovered his condition.

But he could not remember where he got drunk, or why, or how; and this distressed him. He was distressed, too, by some underrunning current of his consciousness which he could not distinguish or define; there was something he could almost but not quite remember—something of a distressing character. And he tried to seize this vaguely oppressive shadow out of the background of his thoughts and bring it into clearer view. Concentrated upon the matter with darkly furrowed brows. So in the end succeeded; and when he did succeed, the memory was so startling that it banished every thought of sleep from his mind. He remembered that he was married.

II

DAVE remembered that he was married, but for a while he was in doubt as to the identity of his wife. There had been, he recalled, at least two girls involved in the affair; and there was another somewhere in the background who had something to do with it. He could not remember who this third girl was, yet it appeared to him that she had been in some fashion to blame for what had happened. But he was quite sure she was not the one whom he had married. It was one of the others; one of the two who had been dining with Willie Linnekin when he and Irving Bugbee joined them.

That helped a little, remembering Willie Linnekin and Irving. Dave had been dining with Irving somewhere, when they saw Willie and the two girls at another table. But why had he been dining with Irving? That in itself was puzzling, for he and Bugbee, though they were old friends, had not many common inclinations. Dave seemed to remember that he had been in a sullen and resentful mood even before they joined Willie and the girls. He had borne some grudge against the world. He recalled, vaguely, that Bugbee had sought to remonstrate with him.

But that, he decided, was later, after the five of them moved on to another club, where liquor could more conveniently be come by. Bugbee had by that time become a discordant element in the situation. For one thing, he was in the position of a third party—that is to say, he was the odd man. Dave and Willie and the two girls would have been a complete and working unit without Irving. Lush and Agnes, he remembered, were their names.

Dave had been provoked with Irv, but that was apt to be the case. Bugbee had a way of refusing a second drink, of maintaining a sobriety of countenance in the midst of general hilarity, which made one uncomfortable. Dave seemed to recall that last night Irv had been unusually obnoxious, and as his thoughts cleared he remembered that the preparations for his marriage had aroused Irv to a fervor of protest. But that brought Dave back to the original question again—the question of which one of them he had married. Agnes, or Lush?

He realized that Lush was not really named Lush. Willie Linnekin had given her that nickname in tribute to her prowess along certain lines. And Dave thought, half admiringly:

"She surely can put it away. I never saw a man that could drink with her."

But of course her name wasn't Lush. It was something like that. Lucretia, or Lucy. No. Lucia. That was it. Lucia Brier. That was her name.

He did not, he was sure, know the other girl's name. Agnes something. Not that it greatly mattered. In sudden enlightenment he perceived that since he knew Lucia's last name, it must be she whom he had married. Naturally he would have heard her name when they got the license. But if that were the case, then he must have secured the license, and he could not remember having done so.

Probably Willie Linnekin did that. Willie was the inspiration of the whole affair. He had stage-managed it, attended to all the details. Dave conjured a hazy memory of Willie setting out in a taxicab to get the license. Irv, he realized, had by that time disappeared, had left in haste, as though on some design already formed. And Dave stayed with Lush and Agnes while Willie went somewhere in a taxicab, and by and by came back for them, and then they all got into a taxi and went somewhere else. Willie had arranged that too.

Dave vaguely recalled the face and figure of the man who married them. He disliked that man this morning. The chap was not a minister, that was certain. A justice of the peace, or something of the kind. A little man with a smirking countenance and an interest chiefly in the size of his fee. Dave remembered that the little man had tried to bargain with him afterward.

But Willie took care of all that. Dave's pockets had been at the moment empty. He had been paying the expenses of their merrymaking, and his funds were exhausted. But after the ceremony, when they climbed into the taxi once more and drove to Hurley's place for a

His Father at the Moment Was Talking Over the Telephone. The Older Man's Eyes Met Those of His Son With a Peremptory Glance Which Bade David Wait and be Silent, and Dave Stood Just Within the Door

wedding supper, Dave remembered feeling that he must assume the rôle of host. He was not quite clear as to how this had been arranged, recalled vaguely that he had persuaded Hurley—*né* Hurwitz—to cash a check for him. After that there had been plenty of money and the hours went liquidly.

His groping conjectures clung for a while to that matter of the check. His own account, he remembered, was overdrawn. He had had a notice from the bank the day before—or was it two days ago? Hard to keep track of the days sometimes. A joke on Harry Hurley, that was. The check would be no good. Probably Hurley would be on his heels at the first opportunity, making loud outcry. Dave grinned, thought it would be amusing to have some fun with Hurley, to put the man off, to make mild sport of him. But he shifted his mental inquiries again, trying to recall what had gone before, how it came about that he woke this morning a duly married man.

The recollection, when he achieved it, was vague. He seemed to remember that he had been unutterably sleepy, drowsing at the table. Irving had been suggesting that he and Dave go home, and Dave would have liked to go. He was in an ugly, sullen humor; tired and morose. But because Irving was so insistent, he as insistently refused. If Irving had kept still, Dave told himself this morning, things would have been all right. But Irving made him angry. Something else, he realized vaguely, had angered him; his humor all evening had been dour and reckless. Irving wanted to go home, but Willie Linnekin was very wide-awake, and the two girls were gay and full of a persistent, somewhat wearisome vivacity. So Dave stayed.

Lush had assumed the rôle of *raconteuse*. She was telling Willie some of the things she had seen and been and done. And Willie prompted her, questioned her, led her on, said at last in a tone of admiration:

"Say, there's not much you haven't tried, is there?"

And Lush had laughed and replied, "Well, I've never been married!"

Dave remembered that this confession struck him like a challenge, so that he roused and said thickly, "Aw right! Le's fix that. Le's you and me go get married right now!"

This morning he grimaced with disgust at that recollection; cursed his own drunken folly; tried to understand what it was that lay at the root of his recklessness. He remembered feeling sullen and resentful, bitter against the world, but he could not for the moment put his finger on the source of that bitterness.

His suggestion that he and Lush get married caught their fancies instantly—appealed, that is, to all of them save Bugbee. Irving had been thrown into a panic of consternation and dismay, but his very remonstrances only served to strengthen their determination. And when presently Irving disappeared, in a fashion which suggested that he had gone to take measures to prevent them, Dave and Willie and the two girls immediately moved to put their project into action before he should return.

Dave groaned under his breath at his own bleak folly, asked himself, "Why in time did I do that? What got into me?" But found no answer. The whole thing had appealed to the others, he remembered, as an amusing thing to do, and he had been infected by their hilarity. But the affair lost, this morning, all its humorous aspects. He wondered vaguely where Lush was now, and felt a dim gratitude that she was not here, and realized then that she could not be here with Counce on guard outside the door.

The thought of Counce stimulated his mental activities. There seemed no immediate reason why Counce should be here, yet there must be some explanation, and Dave groped to discover it. Found the answer to the riddle presently, as the clouds which obscured his senses further cleared. He and Linnekin and the two girls had been having supper—his wedding supper—and he was sleepier than ever, and his head ached, and he was half inclined to leave them and go home, when Willie, whose senses were never so bemused that he became unconscious of his surroundings, looked past Dave toward the door.

And Dave remembered how Willie's jaw had dropped and how he had pushed back from the table, as though to be free for instant movement. Dave stared at Willie, and then he turned his head to see what Willie was looking at. Lush and Agnes had already seen, and Agnes laughed in a shrill, inane fashion, and Lush smiled a little too. But Dave did not smile. When he turned in his chair, it was to discover his father in the door behind him; and at Temple's side stood Counce, and behind them, looking over their shoulders, Dave saw Irving Bugbee. He remembered the swift flare of anger he had felt at Irving, and how he had stifled it, had risen with unsteady courtesy, addressed his father, attempted to introduce Burdon Temple to this wife of his.

But Irving pushed forward then and took him by the arm, and Dave resented this and struck at Irving. Bugbee for once in his life was inflamed with anger. He had cried out something; had called Dave a blasted fool, and struck!

That blow had the effect of a detonator, exploding all the poison in Dave's system. The fumes overwhelmed him, and he sank into an oblivion from which he was but just emerging.

He went thus far in his efforts at memory, but he could go no farther, and he turned on his side so as to look out toward where Counce was sitting. When he did so, it was to meet the detective's inquiring glance, and when Counce saw that Dave was awake, he got up and came toward the young man.

"Hello," he said. "Had enough of bye-bye?"

Dave stared at him gloomily. His head hurt and his mood was defiant. "Maybe!" he replied. "What have you got to offer?"

"The house is yours," said Counce, "whenever you're ready to roll out of bed."

III

WHEN Dave swung his feet to the floor, he realized that he was in a Turkish bath, and felt some satisfaction. It was what he needed, he thought; yet he only said morosely:

"What's the idea?"

"Boil you out a bit," Counce explained.

"I've been boiled," Dave retorted. "And my mouth tastes like a smokestack."

"Yeah," Counce commented noncommittally. "Well, after you've gone through the mill here, you'll feel better." He turned and called to one of the attendants, and the man, naked save for a breechclout, came toward them. "Here's your onion," said Counce. "Peel him."

Dave, by this time on his feet, swayed unsteadily. He discovered that he was attired only in a bath robe of rough toweling.

"Not much to peel," he muttered.

The attendant took him by the arm. "You'd better sit in the hot room a while," he suggested. "I'll bring some ice water in there to you. Here's a towel."

He stripped the bath robe off Dave's shoulders and knotted the towel about his waist and led the young man past the pool into the hot room. Dave relaxed in one of the long chairs there with a groan.

"Don't forget the water," he directed. "And tell Counce to come in here. I want to talk to him."

"He's not undressed," the other pointed out. "You can see him after you get through here."

"All right," Dave assented grumblingly. "Have it your own way."

He stayed there for an hour or more, and it was as though he were a sponge wrung between strong hands. The naked man supplied him with glass after glass of ice water, and he sipped it with a slow relish, savoring its cool caress along his aching throat. He was very sleepy, and his eyes burned so that for the most part he kept them closed. He tried to refrain from thought. That would come later, when he had to listen to what his father had to say. His father, he realized, would have a good deal to say. Burdon Temple was a man with little tolerance for his son's peccadillos; and Dave dreaded the imminent reckoning as a small boy detected in fault dreads the coming of authority armed with a shingle, a razor strop, or some other instrument appropriate to the occasion.

Dave dreaded this reckoning, and he wondered vaguely where it would occur. At home, he hoped. There he would have his mother on his side; she could be depended upon to be his partisan, whatever his offenses. She had shielded him before and would again, and the young man felt just now the need of an ally.

During this hour or so in the hot room, while he simmered like a capon trussed before a slow fire, Dave's mood was at once hopeless and resentful. He sought to arm himself against the hour that lay before him, sought refuge in self-pity.

He was not wholly to blame for what had happened, he told himself. Willie Linnekin had got him into it, and Lush, and Irving with his irritating righteousness, driving a man to outrage in sheer self-defense; and even his father. If his father had known how to show now and then a little sympathy, a minimum of understanding ——

And abruptly, while his thoughts ran thus, he remembered another person whom he had forgotten; upon whom, he told himself now in indignant bitterness, the ultimate blame must fall.

This person's culpability might not have been to another mind so clear, but Dave was in a mood to condemn her absolutely. She was his father's stenographer and secretary, a young woman at once attractive and intelligent, whose name was Helen Manter; and during her two or three years of service in the office, Dave had sought, with the best will in the world, to cultivate her acquaintance, to win her friendship.

He had for her a respect which he concealed beneath good-humored badinage, and a liking which could find no expression in the face of the dignity which, about the office, she habitually wore. Once or twice he had asked her to lunch with him, and when she as often refused he told her laughingly, "You'll come to it sometime; it might as well be now"; but won no smile from her.

In the end he decided that his campaign had not been sufficiently aggressive; and it was this decision which had prompted him, a day or two before, to more determined measures. Instead of inviting, he announced to her that she would dine with him that evening. But Miss Manter, after her first faint movement of surprise, only shook her head.

"I'm afraid not," she replied gravely.

"Oh, yes, you will," he assured her. "See here, I'm not dangerous to human life. A child can play with me."

"But I'm not a child," she reminded him, faint merriment for once in her eyes.

"I'll call for you at seven," he told her positively. "We'll go somewhere where it's cool."

She said defiantly, "No, Mr. Temple!"

"Yes," he insisted, faintly intoxicated by the masterful rôle he tried to play.

"I have an engagement," she replied.

"Who's your date?" he challenged laughingly. "I don't believe you've got one."

"I expect to spend the evening at the library," she replied; and he took her word for yielding and said positively:

"Expect me, Miss Manter. I'll be there."

He spent some thought upon the matter of her entertainment; wished, in a humble fashion strange to this young man, to please her. And he decided to drive out along the shore to an establishment where the food was good and the company beyond reproach.

"And not talk too much," he warned himself. "Let her be quiet if she wants. Be serious. Let her see I'm not so bad."

But when he called at her apartment she was gone, and he sank from the heights of anticipation into a black and gloomy rage against her and the world in general. He returned in reckless humor to the club and encountered Irving Bugbee, and persuaded Irving to join him at dinner at a dancing place.

And there they saw Willie and the girls. For what followed, he told himself, Miss Manter was as much as anyone to blame.

By and by the attendant came to rouse him. "You've had enough," he said. "Come in here and I'll give you a scrub." And he led Dave into an apartment adjoining the hot room and bade him extend himself there on one of the slabs.

Dave lay on his face, his arms crossed under his head, while the man scoured him from head to foot with a stiff brush and heavy lather, flushing his body constantly with a stream of water so hot as to be deliciously painful. Afterward he led Dave into the steam room and played upon him a stream from a heavy hose, alternately hot and cold, until Dave's pulse was bounding and his lungs gasping at the repeated shocks of cold water. Then a needle shower and a plunge across the pool, and a rub.

Relaxed upon the rubbing table, he felt as though his body were being taken apart, as though each separate muscle were being removed and shaken free of dust and fitted back into place again. Once when he opened his eyes he saw Counce, smoking a cigar, watching the process; and Counce asked in a friendly tone:

"How d'you feel now?"

"Like an automobile that's being overhauled," Dave told him, with a grin. And he added to the *masseur*, "If you find any parts that are badly worn, throw 'em away and put in new ones. I think some of my bearings got a little hot. Probably they'll need tightening, and oil and grease all over the job."

"Let yourself go," Counce advised. "We ain't in any hurry at all." And he added, "I've ordered some coffee for you."

So, by and by, Dave, wrapped in a towel as large as a blanket, lay in one of the long wicker chairs in the lounge and drank black coffee and grapefruit juice while Counce stood by, refilling his cup whenever it was emptied. Afterward Dave asked for a cigarette, and Counce found one for him, and he puffed it hungrily.

"You want another nap?" Counce asked.

Dave shook his head. "Don't feel sleepy," he replied, and he lay for a moment with his eyes closed, and then added, without opening them, "I suppose you've got other plans for me, haven't you? What's the next thing?"

"There ain't any hurry," Counce repeated. "Wait till you get straightened out."

"I'm straight," Dave replied. "I was awake quite a while before you saw me."

"I didn't know," Counce confessed. "Sometimes things are kind of blank. Sometimes a man will skip a day, lose it, drop it right out. Not know anything about it."

"I remember everything," Dave declared, "up till the time Bugbee punched me in the jaw."

Counce grinned. "That was me," he said. "I took a chance on that. It looked to me you'd be better off asleep for a while, so I pasted you."

"That so?" Dave asked. "You know, I didn't think Irv had it in him. You did a

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But Dave Did Not Smile. When He Turned in His Chair, It Was to Discover His Father in the Door Behind Him; and at Temple's Side Stood Counce, and Behind Them, Looking Over Their Shoulders, Dave Saw Irving Bugbee

JUST A TOUCH OF CELEBRITY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

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My Latest Photograph

ANGELO was pardoned last week after having served twenty-two years of a life sentence. When he went into the penitentiary there were no automobiles; more accurately, they were in that experimental stage where people lined up at the curb to see one go by. There were no airplanes, no radio receiving sets, and such of our streets as did not still retain their cobblestones were paved with Belgian block. Country roads were dirt roads, a good many people still went to the corner grocery to use the telephone, and the bicycle club had not passed out of existence.

He came out into a new and different world—a world traveling incredibly fast around him. He moved in a daze, afraid of the crowded streets, afraid of airplanes in the sky—afraid of many things—and frantically determined to keep on his head the hat he had not had a chance to wear for twenty-two years.

But the point of all that is this: On a bright summer day twenty-two years ago I sat on a veranda beginning my very first long story, and in the intervals I watched Angelo cutting the grass. There was nothing in the day to show that either one of us was commencing a new era; that I was to go on with what I had so idly begun, or that Angelo that very night was to commit murder—what we have always felt was unintentional murder, but murder just the same—and be sentenced to life imprisonment. It was just a day like any other day.

A Little Bit is a Dangerous Thing

ANGELO'S emergence, however, has set me to thinking. We have, you see, served our sentences concurrently, although I am inclined to think that Angelo has not worked so hard as I have. Personally I would much prefer running the ice plant in a penitentiary to writing a book. But both of us have had to be shut away from our kind for rather longish periods; and in the end both Angelo and I have, in our different ways, achieved a little bit of celebrity.

For did not the Associated Press carry Angelo's story? And, although my book reviews may be hidden in the obscure portions of the public journals, I have undoubtedly reached that place where my occasional mishaps are front-page material. A little bit of celebrity! To Angelo, of dubious value. To myself—I wonder!

Perhaps it is best, first of all, to discuss this matter of celebrity in the abstract. Celebrity is fame, renown. But it is not necessarily earned or invariably deserved. It does not always depend on achievement, for most of the real work of this world is done by people who are never heard of. It is rather more a matter of appealing to the general imagination; a single dramatic act or gesture may bring it—sometimes even an eccentricity. It is like the rain—it falls alike on the just and the unjust, and it is extremely likely to be followed by a long spell of dry weather! And even a little celebrity may be a very dangerous thing.

We have, of course, degraded the word; in present parlance even the smallest lion is known as a celebrity, and hailed as such. Indeed, were it not for this looseness of usage I would not be writing this article. But there is an intense general curiosity about those people who have even in a small way attracted the public interest. How do they like it? What are its rewards and its punishments? Most of all, how does it feel?

There is no one—in America anyhow—who has made his bit of achievement, who has not been asked that last question.

Well, I dare say there are some celebrities who know. But these must be the people who have become famous overnight; the others—the ones who have worked long and painfully, not so much toward fame and repute as to realize a dream of work well done—these others can never truly know. For they may burst on the world, but the world never bursts on them. They know too well the cost in blood and sweat, the slow gaining of public approval. And when that approval does come, the cost of it also—the demands, the pitiless publicity, the occasional cruelties and misconceptions, the quickness with which that approval can change, the light-hearted ease with which public idols are built and the next moment destroyed. And they know, too, that nothing stands still; that they must go on or go back. Yet to go on may not be easy, and to go back is to fail.

It is not all beer and skittles, you see. It is not once a celebrity always a celebrity; and by and large more people than the general public imagines resent being celebrities at all. I know few, if any, who enjoy it. They may fight to hold on, but it is that confession of failure they are fighting, not the hold on the affections of a public which usually is fickle.

I fancy that most of them, when it comes, are too weary to enjoy it. Undoubtedly, when the gentleman of story who began to carry a calf uphill finally found that it had grown to be a cow, he felt no particular exaltation; he had done what he set out to do, and that is all. And when at last he had finished his rather pointless procedure and was ready to enjoy the cow, he was probably too busy to do so.

He must have had to autograph innumerable pictures of himself—and the cow—grant interviews, using the word "we" as only Lindy, kings, editors and persons with tapeworms are supposed to do; make a certain number of public appearances, with or without a speech, but mostly with; try to ignore anonymous letters stating that the cow should have been a steer; and spend hours in dodging people, either with similar aspirations to carry a cow up a hill, or with friends or adolescent relatives sure they could do it, given a little encouragement. If you do not believe that that is what even a little celebrity involves, ask the person who has one in his home.

Skyrockets and Forest Fires

ONE of the greatest single acts of cruelty ever perpetrated out of sheer good feeling was that post-office ruling encouraging people to write letters to one Charles A. Lindbergh. It leaves the poor lad with a sense of guilt rather like our Calvinistic theory of sin; for as long as one remains unread out of the tons of them, he will be as uneasy as a bride with her thank-you notes not written—or as a celebrity on Monday morning, when two days' mail comes in. Yet, here is the anomaly of it: If the mail is light, even the smallest celebrity feels a faint sinking of the heart. He has grown accustomed to his burden, like the man with the cow; and even if that gentleman ever thereafter shuddered at the sight of a glass of milk, it is extremely probable that in the end he liked the cow. After all, it was his cow; he had labored hard over the thing, and any suggestion that it was to be taken from him and sold for beef must have roused him extremely.

PHOTOS. BY PIKE STUDIO

Note How Fashion Has Changed Our Hair and Our Figures

This Modish Outfit Was Bought—and Worn—for My First Visit to The Saturday Evening Post

No, it is not all beer and skittles. Partly because in this country we have neither beer nor skittles—whatever skittles may be; partly because human nature being what it is, and ladders being notoriously uncertain, teetering on a rung even a little way up is a nerve-racking business; and partly because the price paid for public acclaim is as real as the effort by which it was obtained.

There are, of course, two kinds of celebrities: One is of the skyrocket variety, the other is rather more like a forest fire. This latter grows from a very small beginning, such as dropping a cigarette, and grows to consuming proportions. And during its continuance, while it provides a mighty spectacle, by and large it kills a good many small, friendly and helpless things. Almost any real career is like that.

But starting a career is really rather like getting a bull by the tail; it is hard to let go. There is, of course, the inner urge. Many of our very best celebrities make a good bit of that, and it does exist. The real inner urge, however, is generally a driving, burning, ruthless ambition. As a world without personal ambition, such as the Soviets are trying to offer us, would be but a dull and dreary place, such a driving force is not necessarily unworthy. It is only ridiculous when it pretends to be something else. The

prima donna may sing because she loves to sing, but that is hardly her sole motive for all her years of intensive training. Nor are those young gentlemen—and some rather older ones—who bare their not very clean minds on paper, making their intimate confessions only for the good of their souls. The actor, the sculptor, the architect, the politician, even the statesman, seldom make serious attempts to find a bushel so that their lights may be hid.

Why then not be honest? If one likes to work, it is sufficient excuse. And if the public likes the result of that work, why not admit that it is, to say the least, gratifying? Contempt for the public which supports any celebrity, large or small, is a pose; the smaller the celebrity the greater the pose. That is all.

Regardless, then, of what starts one on the road to fame—inner urge, burning ambition or necessity—let us grant the career started. Two or three things then happen; if the reaction to the work is favorable, there is of course an incentive to go on. This matter of public encouragement is a great thing, even if it brings its penalties. But it exerts an outside pressure quite usually unconsidered. To the inner urge, when it exists, is now added the pressure of popularity; by letter, telegram and personal contact this pressure is brought to bear. Also, as a by-product to that approval and pressure, come demands and even greater pressure from—depending on the type of the work—editors, publishers, theatrical producers, impresarios and what not.

PHOTO, BY DABS, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Seventeen!

And as a result of all these things, given time enough, there develops the habit of work. The habit of work—I have sat back and considered that. How far has it gone with me? Never to travel without either consciously or subconsciously looking out for material; never to rise in the morning to a free day without a latent sense of guilt; not to be able even to be ill, happily or wretchedly, without projecting work to come when I am better. It is not merely a habit; it is a vicious habit. It is only the skyrocket celebrities who really remember how to play; the rest have forgotten the very word.

A Cinder in the Public Eye

AND then, after all this, suppose the bit of success has been won. The ladder may have been a short one, but at least it is climbed. Nothing in life is stationary. Where does one go, from the top of his small particular ladder, but down again—unless he dies as an alternative? And by the same token, that very taking off of a good many famous people at the right time has saved a number of celebrities to posterity.

All who have arrived must face that in the end. All the effort, the slow laborious climb, the precarious footing on the heights at last, and then, creeping up behind, the young and vigorous and enthusiastic and strong, ready to push them aside and take their places.

The prima donna, listening to her own high notes, knows more of singing than she ever did, but can she still sing? The actress, with every year of success signing her theatrical death warrant. The writer, skilled in his craft, but with his enthusiasm going and his reservoir depleted. Where can they go, from the top of their small particular ladders, but down again? Believe me, no king wears his crown so uneasily as does the celebrity his bit of laurel wreath.

But I am being frightfully serious. This thing of being in the public eye, like a cinder, does that to one every now and then. It takes a lot of watching to avoid it. If enough people hang on your words for a sufficient length of time, you end by thinking that what you say must be important.

The Name, Please!

I ADMIT that it is a mighty good thing for me that every so often I go into a shop and, after painfully spelling out my name, perceive no glow of enthusiasm or even recognition in the face of the young lady who has taken my order. And even in that group none of us are really so well known as we like to think we are.

Just after the Armistice I visited General Pershing on his private train in Luxembourg. I was very pleasantly received—indeed, quite delightfully. But one thing struck me as strange, and that was the singular enthusiasm of the general and his staff over a book of mine called The Man in Lower Ten.

I knew I had written the book, but as it was long ago, and as I could only vaguely recall the story, I began to wonder if it had not had a lasting quality with which I had never credited it. Not until much later did I learn the truth.

The general, at breakfast that morning, had broached the subject: "Mrs. Rinehart is to be here today."

"Who is Mrs. Rinehart?" one inquired.

"Mary Roberts Rinehart," said the general, and looked hopefully around. There was apparently no considerable brightening. Somebody, however, volunteered that I wrote.

"I know that," said the general, who had probably been posted by the provost marshal general, or whoever does those things. "But what has she written? We'd better know before she gets here."

And it was then that an aide remembered The Man in Lower Ten, and like drowning men they clutched at it!

Yes, one can become a trifle too assured. A little Jewish tailor was measuring me for a suit while I gave my name to the salesman. The little tailor listened, stopped measuring, stepped back.

"Oi!" he said. "You are the Mrs. Rinehart—the—the Mrs. Rinehart—the ——"

Well, I had heard it so often that I simply braced myself and helped him out.

"The writer, yes," I said blandly.

But he was not listening.

"You are the Mrs. Rinehart, a cousin to the Ginsbergs?" he asked breathlessly.

But to get back to this matter of being in the public eye. One of the very first results of even a small celebrity is the pitiless glare of publicity which immediately begins to beat upon the sufferer. But what is any celebrity without publicity, since without publicity he is not a celebrity?

In the end one of two things happens. He either becomes an addict to it, so that it requires a certain amount to keep him up to normal, or he develops an extreme intolerance of it, amounting to a phobia. How did we ever manage before that word was invented?

PHOTO, BY SARONY, N. Y. C.

The Raised and Haughty Eyebrows Were to Indicate That I Was a Playwright

I belong to the second class, if one grants that I belong among the celebrities at all. A few years ago it was discovered that in a drawer of my desk were fifty-two unopened envelopes of press clippings from the bureau to which I subscribed, and without discussion the cuttings went into the wastebasket and my subscription was stopped. With me, you see, the drug had lost its effect entirely.

But I cannot escape it altogether, although my lack of facial peculiarities generally allows me to move unnoticed through a crowd. Thus I can, and occasionally do, purchase gift copies of my own books at bookstores without being recognized. And I am here to say that this is sometimes an excellent offset to one's growing sense of self-importance. And I have heard myself discussed in theaters, trains and various assemblages time without number. I have heard tales which have no foundation whatever in fact, and others so altered that they bear no relation to the original incident. Even my physical appearance

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PHOTO, BY PEARY, ALLEGHENY, PA.

When I Began to Write

DOUGH RE ME

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

NIFTY CRANE is an exceptional man, probably the only man on earth who truly appreciates the art that is part and parcel of the prize ring. After his own fashion, he is a character—a character worth knowing, for the simple reason that Nifty himself knows a lot. Physically he is small. Mentally he has vision, a nimble and alert wit, and believes, with other great thinkers, that clothes make the man. He lives up to that belief in the attainment of a sartorial splendor well designed to evoke notice and comment.

After twenty years in the managerial end of the prize-fight profession, Nifty has, quite naturally, become a Broadwayite. That is a species unto itself. With true feeling and vehemence he proclaims all things west of the Hudson to be the sticks. Among his friends will be found about every fighter who ever gained prominence in modern ring history; a thousand actors both good and bad; jockeys, bookmakers, bartenders—for New York still has them—café owners, baseball players, newspapermen and authors.

Nifty is not a difficult man to find. His office, frankly, is in his hat. But the island of Manhattan is not a large one, and for such a man as Nifty it contracts in even greater degree than its geographical limitations—the Manhattan that lies between Eighth and Fifth avenues and Forty-second and Fifty-ninth streets.

Within that area, at any of the twenty-four hours, Nifty may be found. His day begins shortly after noon. He breakfasts in a speak-easy, takes a brief walk along Broadway, which he calls the main stem, then goes to another speak-easy for luncheon and passes the afternoon in pleasant, often reminiscent, conversation. His reminiscences are apt to be golden ones of the ring great.

When Cloudy Saw Me There He Quit His Blowing and Grinned Into View Four Hundred Dollars' Worth of the Whitest Ivory in the World

His evening meal is a sumptuous one, taken generally among a coterie of friends in still another speak-easy. There follows a journey to a fight club, if such happens to offer entertainment; perhaps a jaunt behind the scenes to chat in a dressing room with one of his actor friends; a supper in still another speak-easy; then, as Pepys was wont to say, "and so to bed."

That, broadly, is Nifty's life. He loves the metropolitan. He would rather lose every cent he has than be considered anything but a sophisticated New Yorker. His life is exactly the life of which he dreamed through arduous years of pugilism in the abstract. He never was a fighter; always a manager. He is the one man I know who truly has gained his end. His life suits him; he loves it. He is satisfied.

Not for years has Nifty tipped a waiter less than a dollar. Not for years has he been anything but what the boys along the street call a big shot, and therein lies his happiness. His very nickname, derived from the splendor of his appearance, is a source of pride and satisfaction to him. So it is that, due to his narrowed habits, Nifty is easily found. The brilliance of a star, so to speak, need not be diminished by the restraint of its orbit.

To find Nifty, too, is to come upon a pleasant flight of time. Sitting, as he does, at the small circular tables of the places he frequents, he is a picture. Clothes tailored in the latest of fashion and bespeaking the needle of the craftsman and the art of the cutter and the fitter; satin shirts that are apt, as if in conscious pride, to poke their shining cuffs noticeably below coat sleeves; scarfs that blend in proper symphony with kerchief and socks. Truly, a picture. Platinum links in his shirt; a fine-strung platinum chain across his waistcoat; a platinum ring gripping an excellent star sapphire which rises in splendor from a bed of tiny cut diamonds—that is Nifty.

Now and then he speaks vaguely of associations in the world of commerce or industry, or perhaps of art, depending upon your classification of the fighting profession. But the generally accepted understanding is that these affiliations are not of moment. Nifty is rather classified in the generation that has passed, and in the passing, accumulated through the tentacles of wisdom and the dictates of acquisitiveness. He has saved money.

For such a man contacts are vital. He loves to talk. Perhaps he lives, despite himself, in the past, whence rose his fortune and his fame. Achievement is the one lasting gift of life, and those who feel winter in the offing are apt, they say, to live in the days of past achievement.

So, when I found Nifty at the circular table and he waved his manicured hand in suggestive gesture, I dropped into a chair beside him. He was, I felt, in the mood to reminisce. That is a mood, in Nifty, which I love.

Another man was at the table with him—a man named Sprague—whose source and status were, I decided, vague. Many such men surrounded Nifty. It is to his credit that he conducted himself among them with circumspection. But to this Sprague I owe the motivation of conversation which brought from Nifty the story I am going to relate.

He said, "That wavy-haired bimbo over there is Rufus Todd, the great orchestra leader."

Someone has said that there is keen sympathy between the arts—a sort of bond which attracts, then adheres. Brush attracts pen; the interpretative art attracts the playwright; music attracts prize fighting. Art in one form or another—the bond that binds the professional.

That, perhaps, was the urge which inspired Nifty this mid-afternoon when outside the speak-easy the streets were lined with honking trucks, hurrying pedestrians, jolting cars; and inside it all was calm and quiet and comfortable.

"I always get a kick," Nifty assured us as he waved his expressive hand at the waiter and nodded toward our glasses, "out of a sap's idea about music."

I glanced at Sprague. His brows were raised at the implied scorn; however, he had seen the gesture of Nifty's hand and as a result controlled any belligerent manifestations.

"Honest," Nifty went along, sure of his own standing and heedless of Sprague's feelings, "guys that think they know music give me a real kick. These long-haired birds that hire a hall and fiddle to preened women and porky men—they are the crocodile's cuticle. Never get away from that!"

"'Music hath powers,'" I quoted provocatively.

"And how!" Nifty barked by way of agreement. "That's just it—power. Don't I know it? Say, the first music the world ever knew is still the most powerful. That came out of the jungles, kid; from the beating of tom-toms—goatskins or animal hides of some kind dried out and stretched tight over a hollow tree. That was the first music—and it was the best."

"I guess it was the first, all right," I muttered.

"And the best," Nifty repeated. "Nobody can open even one eye and not see that. What have we got that's better? All any music can do is stir a guy inside. Play a band and soldiers march twice as far and twice as fast. Why? Rhythm. Sing a song and people get happier. Why? Because singing makes everybody let down a little inside and get closer to his neighbor. Don't tell me! If it wasn't for singing, there ain't a civic club in America that could hold its members through a single meeting. The answer is that music lifts a guy out of himself and makes him, while it lasts, a little bit of something else. It's in the bones of every one of us—some more than others. But it was there in the beginning just as much as it is now. We haven't added a single thing to music. Maybe a new note here and there; maybe new instruments now and then; but never anything really added. Understand what I mean?

"Our music, in fact, has lost something. It fails now to stir us up like it used to stir the world's original musicians. Wise guys in them days knew that. Look at the old chiefs and their tribes. They never held a powwow without the tom-toms. They would gather around a fire for a shin-heat and a gentle conversation about the next-door tribe.

"Then the music would start and right away up would jump some coming Firpo and declare himself. With them

tom-toms beating, other guys would get the idea They would pound themselves on the chests and tell this fighting sap where he headed in at. The drummers would get into the spirit of the thing and beat harder and faster. Pretty soon the fire was roaring as loud as the warriors. Somebody socked somebody else. Everybody there was ready to go out and spit in a tiger's eye or snatch teeth out of a lion or maybe have a friendly wrestling bout with a big-eared elephant. Kid, that's music! We don't even approach that kind of harmony in these days.

"We dress guys up in bright clothes and hand them polished horns. They play. Then armies march around looking for somebody to fight. But it ain't the same. Music has lost the original note it had. We take the best part away from it. Our idea is to pack a lot of well-fed saps into a large hall and pull off a recital. We play dead music that makes guys want to weep. That we call great. But it ain't.

"Our music, these days, we are taking synthetic cut all the power gone. A plain fake, and on every hand there's proof of what I say "

"Sounds reasonable, at that," Sprague said, the drinks having been served and his own set before him. Sprague had the ready acquiescence of a man whose pocket is empty and whose heart is content to bask in a glory reflected.

"It is reasonable!" Nifty said vehemently. "It's a sure shot! Right now, who are the most musical guys on earth? I ask you, who are the most musical guys on earth at this minute?"

He was looking directly at me. Accordingly I took it upon myself to answer his query.

"As I see it," I remarked, "our own darkies beat everything ——"

"Certainly!" Nifty interrupted, his manner giving me that intense satisfaction one feels upon having answered as one is expected to answer a question with many answers "Certainly, and there you are!"

He leaned his elbows on the table, fished a cigarette from a somewhat ornate case, lit it with a patented lighter that he used with extreme and studied dexterity, then sipped from his glass. Sprague started to speak. I stepped gently upon his toe under the table. The signs were unmistakable—Nifty was about to relate a story.

"Africans," he said, the smoke and the word trailing from his lips simultaneously; "men who descend direct from the founders of all music in the jungle land; men whose ancestry runs back so far that Columbus never got old enough to know they were on earth. Those are the musical babies! Right from the tom-tom, these darkies come—and there's music in their bones, their flesh and their souls."

"Right," I said

"And let me tell you this," Nifty insisted, "what I mean is music. Not a synthetic, diluted, man-made tinkle or catgut squeak! But music—music with power—music that takes hold of them and makes new men out of them like it used to send their ancestors through the jungle paths looking for anything from a fifty-foot python to a full-grown lion with the hives! And that music is still in 'em. It always will be. They'll never lose it. How do I know? Can I prove it? You bet! Listen! Do you birds remember Cloudy Downs, the well-known colored man-killer from Savannah?"

"The name is certainly familiar," I nodded.

"I'll tell the cockeyed world!" Sprague commented with considerable vehemence. "He came along like a world-beater for a while; then Sally Menks knocked him goofy."

"I knocked him goofy, Conversation!" Nifty corrected. "It is true that Sally spilled this dark cloud with a series of belts on the pan, but it was me that knocked him. He had Sally licked aplenty. Had him reeling around the ring punch drunk and counting angels on the rafters. Let me tell you how it happened."

I nodded encouragement and stepped again, harder, on the toe of Sprague. Follows Nifty's story exactly as he told it

"

I MUST go back a long ways, but the story is worth it. I have never been one to swing the high hat in the dial of a gentleman whose fortunes do not strike a par with my own. I have never hidden from any guy the fact that I have seen days when a hot dog stood as high in my estimation as a thirty-day food supply for the Biltmore. Everybody knows that. Therefore I am going back to the time when I was as clean as a fish's eyelid and as down as an elevator well in the Woolworth Building.

Take it from the shelves of experience, friends, the railroads of the South are not built and run for tramps. I will always have a certain dislike for all freight-train brakemen a dislike born in my days of touring. But Southern ones rile me like a cow used to rile the old swimming hole. They are ornery.

I think Southern trains run themselves, and all these brakemen have to do is search out bums seeking a lift and heave them over the side into the cinder sea that every well-educated guy has met up with. You know, the sea of black pearls that grind through trousers seats like they was tissue paper that has seen rain.

At the time I came upon this Cloudy boy I was a bum. At such a time all men get ideas, and few get good ones. I had built up an idea that Florida offered a new gold field for ham fighters. It did not. I went down there with three boys that were fair second-raters. After I had thrown them in against one another three times on a percentage basis and lost every dime we had, I started north without any of the fighters and with just half as much money as I had fighters.

In three days I got as far north as Savannah. There is a junction outside Savannah, and along the banks of the tracks there you can still see the glacial marks of a thousand pants. Mine is one of them.

I breezed into the town on foot. If you have ever been there, you know that the place is as full of parks as a ring is of resin. Any one of these parks is a great place to do some deep thinking, because the breezes are warm and gentle there and the palmettos whisper to you with the crackling rustle of a clean tablecloth in a well-protected speak-easy.

I sat down on a bench and thought. While I was thinking, music reached my ears. At first I did not care, because at that time I knew little of music and cared for it less. However, it kept up. There was a strange note in the melody that came my way. It caught me; got under my hide and stirred me with stirring stirrings.

Savannah's parks are as filled with beautiful little bushes and trees as the town is filled with parks. Finally I looked around. I knew what I heard was a harmonica, but it was a better one than ever came my way before. Under one of these blossoming bushes I caught the glisten of sun on metal. I went over there and peered under the bush. By degrees I discovered there six feet three inches of Cloudy Downs!

Yes, sir. There was all of Cloudy Downs spread under that bush—six-feet-three of him and four inches of mouth organ. In a tree near by were three mockingbirds, and they just sat there listening and trying to imitate the music that dark cloud blew in and out of a dime mouth organ. They were licked before they started.

When Cloudy saw me there he quit his blowing and grinned into view four hundred dollars' worth of the whitest ivory in the world.

"Hi, boss," he said.

"Hello," I answered. "Where'd you get the mouth organ?"

"'Tain't mine," Cloudy told me. "It belongs to a gent from which I has borrowed the same."

"You flail it to death," I explained. "Where'd you learn to play like that?"

"Heah," says Cloudy.

"In Savannah?"

"Yas-suh."

"You had some teacher!"

"Yas-suh."

"Who taught you?"

"Me, suh."

"You?"

"Yas-suh."

"Where?"

"Heah, suh."

"In Savannah?"

"Yas-suh."

"Let's git this straight," I said. "You mean that you studied your own music here in town done all your practicing and everything without any help?"

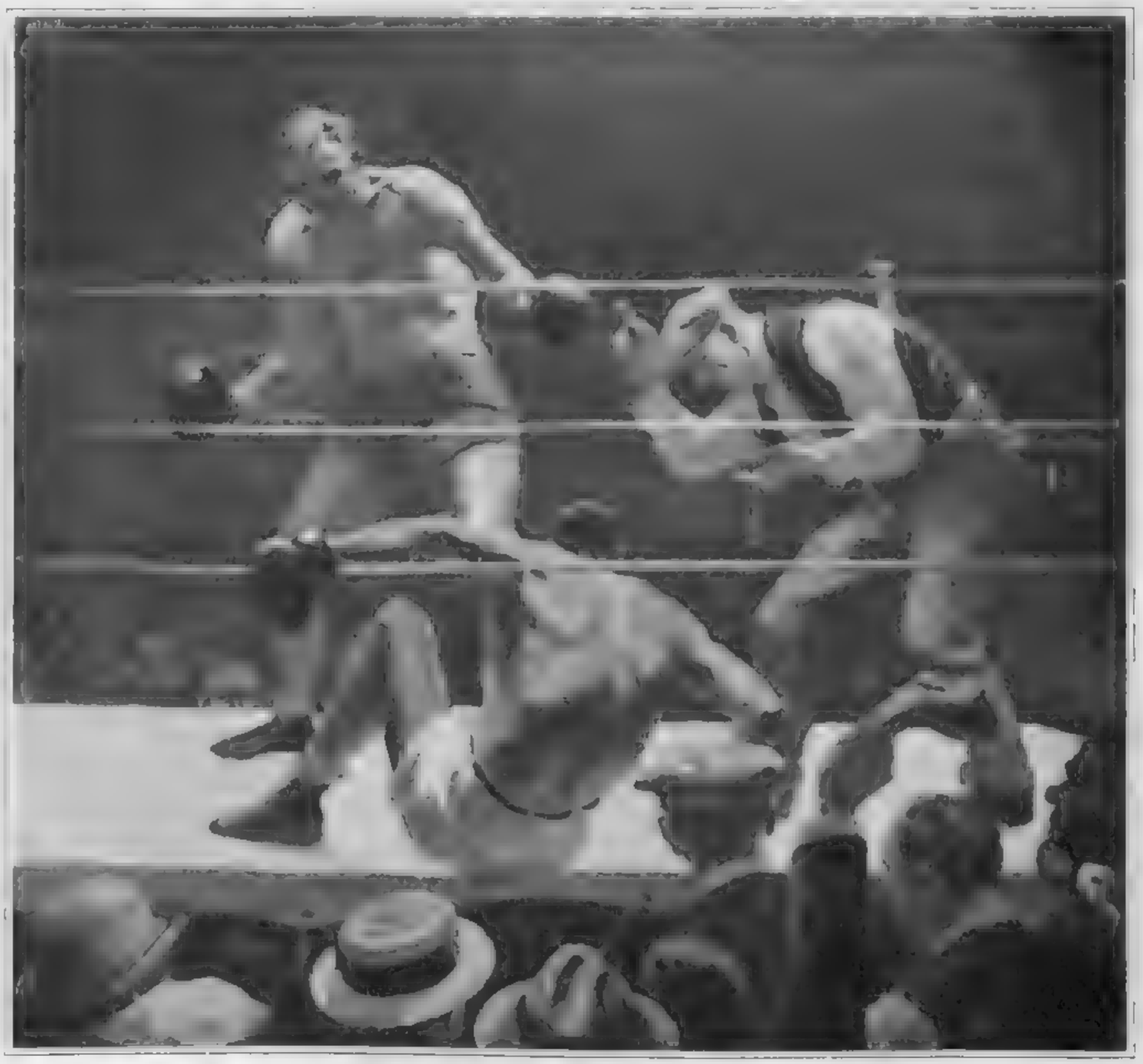
"I borrohed de mouf organ, suh."

"Sure, that was a big help, at that. Then you practiced here?"

"Yas-suh."

Cloudy then waved a hand and broke up this intelligent conversation. It came to me that what he meant was that he had practiced and learned and taught others, all right there under that bush. It was his stamping ground. Music was so deep

(Continued on Page 99)



It Was Along in the Middle of the Third Verse That Art Triumphed Over Brawn

SNOB'S PROGRESS

By Day Edgar

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Two Roommates, Spending Their First Evening Together, Took Turns in Reading Aloud the Tale of the Irritable Old King and His Three Amazing Daughters

SEPTEMBER sunshine mellowed the afternoon as Andrew MacDonald, a suitcase in each hand, stepped down at a little junction clamorous with young men returning for another year of college. All around him students shouted joyful, indiscriminate greetings or dropped a suitcase to clutch a waiting outthrust hand.

MacDonald, moving deliberately along the brick platform, did not envy his sophomore contemporaries whose acquaintance apparently included half the class; instead, he saw in his present isolation the expected reward for the careful policy he had pursued through freshman year. This triumphant thought, however, abruptly passed, and back into him flowed rankling, helpless anger against his father's stubbornness—a blind stubbornness which was to undo all the farsighted work MacDonald had accomplished during his first year at college.

With a feeling that his shame was already visible upon him, he marched, like a man outfacing public infamy, straight to the puffing shuttle train and climbed aboard. He dropped into a seat close to a window and looked stonily across the level countryside to the distant sky line where several towers, rising above the green trees of the campus, stood out in hazy outline against the autumnal sky.

The sight of these towers, which had so romantically stirred his imagination just a year before, filled him now with bitter resentment. During the early summer he had looked forward to this return as an exciting event, a new adventure leading to the privileges of a sophomore and to the possible fulfillment, in March, of the dream he had cherished since his last months at preparatory school. But instead of returning to triumph, he was about to be carried to certain failure, to what he regarded as disgrace.

His attention, which turned toward the door as each new passenger entered, rested upon the latest arrivals. Promptly he straightened in his seat, strove to appear at ease as he nervously timed the approach of Daniel Wharton, 3d. The tall, yellow-haired senior, carrying a rolled magazine under his arm, was listening to a man who walked at his elbow, but his glance moved here and there about the car. He caught MacDonald's eyes upon him and paused beside the sophomore's seat.

"How are you?" he asked, putting out a brown hand. "Glad to see you back."

"I'm glad to be back," said MacDonald, standing. "You have a good summer?"

Wharton, once more occupied by his companion, nodded pleasantly and moved down the aisle, while the train, whistling hoarsely, jerked forward.

Andrew MacDonald, sitting down, tingled all over with delight and vindication. That was the sort of thing he had worked for! That showed he had been following the right policy! There were very few sophomores, he realized, who were on speaking terms with Daniel Wharton, and to be greeted thus was, in MacDonald's eyes, worth more than the ability to use fifty nicknames in his own class. Daniel Wharton stood for something on the campus. He had been vice president of his class for two years, and was now chairman of the Senior Council. MacDonald admired him because he was admired by the entire university, but he envied him because he was president of the particular upperclassman club for admittance to which MacDonald would have eagerly bartered every other distinction on the campus.

From the first he had fostered his acquaintance with Wharton. They had come from the same school, Wharton entering college two years earlier than MacDonald; and during those years, MacDonald, through the alumni news of the school paper, had followed Wharton's career in the larger arena, had secretly rejoiced over the news of Wharton's election, in his sophomore year, to the club about which his own dreams hovered. And from the day he himself had entered college he had planned for only one goal, and that was to duplicate Wharton's social success.

Because he understood the fatality of presumption, he had never presumed upon his acquaintance with Wharton. Instead, he had tried to make clear that he could appreciate and return a greeting on the campus without feeling entitled to drop in at the senior's room and offer his cigarette case. With the same care he had, under the tutelage of Schuyler Browne, his roommate during freshman year, cultivated only the sort of classmates who might be of use to him in club elections.

But Browne had been dropped from college; and MacDonald's father, in the face of hot protest, had inflicted upon him a new roommate whose presence MacDonald foresaw as the tragedy of his life. For the thousandth time rebellion burned in him; and now, with his face against the windowpane, he whispered passionately, "It's a damn outrage, that's what it is!"

Through the window he saw the familiar wooden houses on the outskirts of the station. When the speed of the train slackened he edged his way to the door and was one of the first to step off to the cement platform piled high with trunks and luggage from a thousand towns and cities. A score of taxi drivers, feverishly alert, beckoned and called to the students, solicitously tugged at their suitcases, thriftily stored one passenger into the cab and hastened back for another.

"Mistuh MacDonald, right heah! Mistuh MacDonald!"

Smiling indulgently, MacDonald yielded his baggage to Tom, the stout colored man whose memory for names had similarly profited him during twenty similar Septembers. He followed the waddling negro to the cab, which soon sped up the slope from the station, turned into the traffic of the main street and stopped near the base of a cathedral-like tower. MacDonald, again trailing the puffing bearer of his luggage, looked about him with a curious interest as they went through a long stone cloister.

Years seemed to have elapsed, instead of three summer months, since he had gone away from here in June. And yet one glance at the scene—a scene that had quickly blurred like an image in a dream—brought back to familiarity every vista of lawn and trees glimpsed through stone arches, every step and carving in the cloister, even the forgotten chip out of the heavy wooden door of the entry into which they now turned.

Standing alone in his room, MacDonald put his hands on his hips and made a leisurely survey of the four walls and their now well-remembered ornaments. But when his glance entered one of the two small bedrooms his hands dropped from his waist and he slowly approached the half-opened door

It was not a fine new leather suitcase, like his own, that he saw sitting by the bed; it was not a suitcase once expensive and now honorably worn, enriched by pasted labels of steamers and foreign hotels. Instead, this suitcase was glaringly cheap, exhibiting its cheapness in imitation leather and lacquered buckles. Always to MacDonald there had been something furtively shameful about the evidence of poverty; never had he been more disturbed by it than now. For the suitcase, confirming his worst forebodings, acquired in his eyes the significance of a symbol.

He pushed the door fully open and entered the bedroom. Without touching the suitcase, he bent forward and saw, in lettering frankly amateur, the initials L. E. He had strictly avoided this cousin of his during their freshman year; but he knew, as he moved hastily back to the study, that he was about to face him now.

The brisk footsteps in the entry came nearer. MacDonald, acutely nervous, watched the door swing open and reveal Lawrence East, who stopped uncertainly on the threshold. In that instant's glance MacDonald saw only the other's suit—a blue serge suit in which there was no fashionable surplus of cloth.

"Oh hello," said East, advancing slowly. MacDonald, putting out his hand, walked across the room.

"My name's Andrew MacDonald," he said, in a voice he had copied from Schuyler Browne. "I'm glad to see you, East."

"Yes, I recognized you," said East awkwardly, as they shook hands. "I remembered you from last year."

"Well," remarked MacDonald, with an effort at heartiness, "we'll see a lot of each other this year."

Conscious of a need for easy cordiality, he found himself voicing platitudes about the summer, was reduced at length to a discussion of the football team and its prospects

Meanwhile he subjected his new roommate to a cold-blooded analysis.

"Look at that suit!" he counseled himself. "Is that the way he's going to dress this year? What would Danny Wharton think of him just as he stands?"

The constraint had not left East's manner when he rose presently with the remark that he must go to the Bureau of Student Employment

"You know, I'm working my way through."

"I understood you were," answered MacDonald carefully, feeling that the subject was a delicate one. East, however, apparently did not regard it so.

"They've promised me a good job," he added, "and I'm due there now."

"What sort of work is it?"

"Down at the art museum. They're cataloguing all the pictures and prints before they move them into the new building."

"I imagine it's interesting work," MacDonald commented

"I'm counting on it to help me in that art course I'm taking," explained East, with a sudden bashful grin. "If I get a good mark in that, I may land the scholarship I'm trying for."

"Oh, you're trying for a scholarship?" asked MacDonald with new interest. "What was your average in June?"

"I got a first group," said East. "I'll have a good chance for the scholarship if I can make another first at mid-years"

He lingered on his way to the door, and MacDonald realized suddenly that he was struggling with a speech. At sight of the other's indecision, a quick illogical hope rose in MacDonald's heart. Was East going to offer some objection to their rooming together? After all, he probably had friends of his own sort in the class. Was he, too, anxious to escape this arrangement which MacDonald's father had insisted upon?

"I just wanted to say," began East doggedly, "that it was darn white of you to take me in here. Uncle Andy wrote me how you suggested it, and—well, I just wanted to say it was darn white of you."

A careless laugh escaped MacDonald's lips; with a shrug and a smile he belittled the charity.

"Oh, that's all right," he said reassuringly.

"It means a lot to me," East continued. "It not only cuts down my expenses and gives me more time on the books but—I get lonely rooming by myself. I won't mention it again," he added, facing MacDonald, "but I didn't want you to think I don't appreciate it—mother and I both."

"Why, don't be a nut," said MacDonald cordially. "I was tickled to death you hadn't made plans to room some place else." *(Continued on Page 104)*

"Andrew, is the Rooming Arrangement at College Still Working Out as Badly as You Thought it Would?"

GOOD WILL AT HAVANA

By William Hard and Drew Pearson

THE largest world event of the year 1928 for the United States seems likely to be the Sixth International Conference of American States at Havana, in Cuba, convening on January sixteenth. It will bring to the sharpest possible focus the whole problem of good will among the peoples of the Western Hemisphere.

Almost precisely a century has gone by since the great South American soldier and statesman and liberator, Simon Bolivar, imagined a Congress of the Americas and summoned it to meet in the jungles and fevers of Panama.

The question may well now be asked: What has been the progress of the idea of Pan-American unity, of Pan-American good will, since the days when the dogma of Simon Bolivar and the doctrine of James Monroe were the great new stars of thought in the world's Western sky?

Let us approach that question first from the Latin-American standpoint. We are told today, from many quarters, that the whole of Latin America is forming itself into a bloc in opposition to the United States. We are told that the imperialism of the United States has torn and shattered the web of Pan-American unity and has called into existence a new unity, a unity of the Latins of the Americas, resenting and resisting the aggressions of the English-speaking Americans of the great republic of the north.

We are told that the Sixth International Conference of American States at Havana will mean a definite and dark eclipse of the Pan-American leadership of the city of Washington.

Enmity?

IT IS to be said that our Government has frankly evidenced its keen appreciation of the critical importance of the occasion by sending to Havana a diplomatic delegation which is headed by an ex-Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes, and which deserves beyond doubt to be regarded as the strongest delegation that we have ever sent in our times to any international gathering anywhere.

The very first question that will confront Mr. Hughes at Havana is the question of a united Latin-American front in opposition to the United States.

Is there such a front?

Those who answer that question in the affirmative are asserting, in the first place, that the Latin-American countries, in order to escape from the mighty and menacing "Colossus of the North," have turned toward Europe. They are asserting that the Latin-American states have ceased to find their international capital in the Pan-American Union at Washington and have fixed it in the League of Nations at Geneva.

A very short calculation will at once demonstrate a very considerable flaw in this contention.

There are fifteen Latin-American states that belong to the League of Nations. Their total population is approximately 36,000,000. The following Latin-American states, however, have never belonged to the League or else have now withdrawn from it: Mexico, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Brazil, Argentina. The total population of these five countries is almost exactly 57,000,000.

In other words, the number of Latin Americans who are outside the League is greater than the number of Latin Americans who are inside the League by a margin of just about 21,000,000.

It is therefore simply and absolutely not true that a united Latin-American civilization is seeking to redress at Geneva the wrongs supposed to have been inflicted upon it by Washington.

It is next asserted, however, that even if the Latin-American states are not displaying a united front against us at Geneva, they most certainly are going to display it at Havana.

A Photograph Made at the Meeting of the Pan-American Union Held in Washington, D. C., April, 1925

Seated (left to right): The Minister of Bolivia, Dr. Ricardo Jaimes Freyre; Minister of Panama, Dr. Ricardo J. Alfaro; Minister of Guatemala, Francisco Sánchez Latour; Minister of Uruguay, Dr. Jacobo Varela; Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg; Manuel C. Téllez, Ambassador of Mexico; Minister of Colombia, Dr. Enrique Olaya; Minister of Costa Rica, J. Rafael Oreamuno, and the Minister of the Dominican Republic, Dr. José del Carmen Arias. *Back row (left to right):* Dr. L. S. Rowe, Director-General Pan-American Union; Dr. Hector David Castro, Chargé d'Affaires of Salvador; Arturo Padró, Chargé d'Affaires of Cuba; Samuel de Souza Leão Gracie, Chargé d'Affaires of Brazil; Hannibal Price, Minister of Haiti; Francisco Ochoa Ortiz, Minister of Ecuador; Dr. Eusebio Ayala, Minister of Paraguay; Luis Bográn, Minister of Honduras; Felipe A. Espil, Chargé d'Affaires of Argentina; José Antonio Tigerino, Chargé d'Affaires of Nicaragua; Dr. Francisco Gerardo Yanes, Chargé d'Affaires of Venezuela, and E. Gil Borges, Assistant Director of Union.

President Ibanez of Chile has made to Dr. Max Jordan, correspondent of the North American Newspaper Alliance, the following statement:

> The Government of Chile believes that all the Latin-American delegates to the Sixth International Conference of American States will make visible their sympathies for Nicaragua and will proclaim the sovereign right of Nicaragua to elect its own rulers freely.

President Ibanez added that the Mexican Government, at Havana, would propose to transfer the Pan-American Union from headquarters at Washington to headquarters in other American capitals. Similar flashes of an apparently impending storm are visible all around the Latin-American horizon.

The whole newspaper press of San Salvador has united in a vehement protest to the Pan-American Union against the Nicaraguan policy of our North American State Department. The Foreign Ministers of Salvador and Guatemala and Honduras have signed a treaty among themselves—and have taken to holding periodical meetings among themselves—for the purpose of watching concertedly "all problems affecting the general interests of Central America"—which means watching concertedly the behavior of the United States.

The oldest and largest newspaper of Santo Domingo, Listin Diario, has said that the Monroe Doctrine is now distorted by craft and egoism from meaning "America for the Americans" into meaning "America for the United States of the North." The two world-famous newspapers of Buenos Aires, La Prensa and La Nación, have both of them poured out upon our heads a considerable number of vials of wrath and reproof. La Prensa has said:

> Nicaragua is an independent country in spite of the marines who overrun its territory as a conquered land.

La Nación has said:

> America is becoming morally isolated. This policy is one that started under the direction of Henry Cabot Lodge; and the United States has been brought to this position by Borah and Reed and such timid and myopic men as Coolidge and Mellon and Hoover, who are guided by the irreconcilables.

But why protract the exhibit of such sentiments? Why not occasionally contemplate, as a needed corrective, a few of the steadily numerous Latin-American tendencies and expressions in our favor?

Friendship

OPENING the Peruvian Parliament on July 28, 1927, President Leguia of Peru, said:

> In the course of the present year we have received a visit from a squadron of airships, piloted by brave aviators of the Army of the United States, under the command of Major Dargue, who came to South America on a mission of study and improvement. For such a hazardous undertaking, which reveals the surprising advances of aviation, my government has decorated them with the Order of the Sun of Peru. I have further commanded the Ministry of Foreign Relations of Peru to render homage to the memory of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, whose saving doctrine protected the beginning of the independence of American nations and has since been converted into the moral precept which directs the civilization of an entire continent on the lines of regard for liberty, contradicting utterly the propaganda of those who confound the justice of the United States with a policy of vulgar imperialism.

Accordingly, at the very moment when the whole of Latin America is sometimes said to be reviling and repudiating the Monroe Doctrine, we observe—in Peru at least—a fresh portrait of James Monroe lifted to adorn the office of a Latin-American Minister for Foreign Affairs.

But it is by no means in Peru alone that a friendship for the United States is distinctly felt. On that point it is possible to quote with great aptness from a hostile source.

There exists in Latin-American countries an organization called the Anti-Imperialistic League of America. It is composed largely of students and intellectuals and emancipators of the proletariat. It is not easily satisfied. It demands that the United States cease to "enslave" its wage workers. It demands that the United States withdraw its gunboats from the waters of the Yang-tse-Kiang. It demands that the United States cease to concern itself with

(Continued on Page 42)

The New World Competition

By ROY D. CHAPIN

President of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce

INDUSTRIAL and commercial thought has progressed by painful stages from a fallacy to a great truth. The fallacy was the belief that competition was exclusively a matter of rivalry between individual manufacturers in allied lines. The truth is that by far the greatest force of competition is between whole industries vying with one another to win and hold the public patronage.

Though the impact of this truth upon old-established channels of thought and the various reactions to it are still a topic of lively interest among business men and economists in the United States, its international application has virtually escaped notice. The significance of the new competition from a world viewpoint is simply this: The individual manufacturer will henceforth be actuated more and more by an international rather than a national view of the business horizon.

It may be said that we are at the threshold of a period in world commerce wherein competition between national groups of manufacturers for world markets will be subordinated to, and eventually displaced by, a more enlightened campaign of mass salesmanship which takes no account of national boundaries. Stated in another way, we are entering an era of international coöperation on a basis of world-wide unities in various industries. These various broad-based communities of interest are likely to obliterate, so far as world trade is concerned, the sharp lines hitherto drawn between separate nationalities. When such a condition is fulfilled, governments—and politicians—will find it less to their advantage to have a finger in the pie of international trade, and national jealousies will spring less readily from trade rivalries, for industries, not nations, will compete with one another. We may hope that this new world competition will result in lasting trade peace.

PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Along the New Sky-Line Highway in Glacier National Park, Montana

A Step Toward World Amity

WHEN destructive trade wars are waged and both the purse and the patriotism of a nation's industries are assailed at one and the same time, history furnishes ample evidence that it is often only a step to armed conflict. International industrial coöperation, therefore, by removing another prolific cause of war, should hold as deep significance for world amity as the divorce of religion and the state, which brought the old, so-called religious wars to an end.

Aside from tariffs and various necessary controls over imports and exports, for revenue and to protect national economic integrities, there is no good reason why government should concern itself with international commerce except on a general promotional basis.

The Lincoln Highway Near Harrisonville, Pennsylvania

"Governments do not have commercial relations," said President Coolidge in his address before the Third Pan-American Commercial Conference at Washington. "They can promote and foster commerce, but it is distinctly the business of the people themselves.

"It is our conclusion," he continued, "that, while government should encourage international trade and provide agencies for investigating and reporting conditions, those who are actually engaged in the transaction of business must necessarily make their own contacts and establish their own markets. The convenience and necessity of one people inevitably are served by the natural resources, skill and creative power of other peoples. This is the sound basis of international trade. International exchanges of large dimensions become one of the strongest guaranties of peace.

"No doubt the most important influence in enlarging trade is that which results from personal experience and personal contact. We must all coöperate through mutual helpfulness, mutual confidence and mutual forbearance."

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A Tunnel Through Solid Rock on the Columbia River Highway, Oregon

Hemmed in by Walls of Secrecy

WHILE the President, as fitting the occasion, had in mind the spirit of coöperation in commerce between the two Americas, his words provoke thought of world trade relations such as I have attempted to picture. This is particularly true of the final sentence of the quotation. Mutual interests in foreign trade in the past have nearly always existed only by virtue of groups of industrialists, financiers and traders centering within national boundaries. Mutual interest has been one with national interest. But when we begin to think of industries as mighty aggregations of manufacturing units located the world over and bound together by a community of interest that transcends national divisions, then we are approaching the ultimate in international coöperation. In such a conception mutual interest is one with a unified world industrial interest.

Scarcely a generation ago every factory in America, little or big, had a wall around it. I am speaking figuratively. What I have in mind is that there was a miserly hoarding of secrets—secret formulas, secret processes, secret ways of doing things. Industry scarcely twenty years ago was at a stage comparable to that of science hundreds of years ago, when the delver after knowledge worked in secret and hid his findings from his fellows through fear of persecution or because of a mistaken notion of their value to him alone. Industry hoarded trade secrets because it regarded them as something of fixed and permanent

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SHIPS OF THE LINE

The Smoke Cloud Grew Thicker and the Contending Fleets Ran Into Banks of Haze That Hid Them From Each Other So That Nothing Was Visible But the Gun Flashes

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

TWO officers stood on the after portion of a battleship's superstructure. One was in wind-proof jumper and overalls, but recognizable as an officer from his cap. The other was in blues, the silver anchor and bar on his collar and the stripe and a half of gold on his cuff corroded and green from long exposure to sea water, beginning with the very night the uniform had been delivered, when he had soaked it in a pail of salt water to give it a seagoing appearance.

The two looked astern where another battleship followed them in column, and from time to time to the west, where five other columns steamed along parallel to the first. Six columns of four ships each, steaming in line—six battle squadrons of the High Seas Fleet.

Five of the squadrons were British, but the sixth was American. The two nations were as one before a common enemy. The Americans had surrendered to the common cause their traditions, their tactics, their signals—all their methods of fighting.

To all intents the Sixth Battle Squadron was a British unit, save for the men that manned the guns, the black gang that fed the boilers, and the officers that watched over all.

All, however, went well. The five British squadrons and the sixth American cruised about the North Sea and held maneuvers and battle exercises together and prayed for the German Hochseeflotte to come out, and got along fairly well together, save for a few incidents such as the rendering of honors by the marine detachment of the flagship to one of His Britannic Majesty's beef boats that bore a bull on the flag at its masthead. The officer in command, when called upon to explain, replied that he thought the beef boat's flag to be the admiral's pennant, and that if it was not, it should have been.

The two officers had just recalled this incident and had laughed heartily thereat. The one in the windproof jumper turned about so that he faced forward, and as he did so, his eye fell upon a sailor who sat upon the steps of a ladder leading to one of the after anti-aircraft guns.

"What's that gob doing there, do you suppose?" asked the officer in the windproof.

"What gob? That gob? Why, I don't know. He's probably off watch—but he shouldn't be topside, should he? Those are marines on that gun. Well, if he bothers 'em, they'll tell him to shove off to hell away from there."

"Yes, but if the Old Man or the Exec should happen to wander out here ——"

"Oh, leave him alone," said the other. "This being always ready for battle is old stuff anyway. He's probably one of the radio men, or maybe he's an electrician. Number 4 Searchlight is out of whack anyway. Because you've got a job at the masthead is no reason you should be trying to run other people up it all the time."

This remark is the more intelligible when it is understood that "running a man up the mast" is equivalent to having him tried, from the fact that in the old days delinquents were brought each morning to the foot of the mainmast, probably to be handy to the rigging in case flogging was to be inflicted.

"G'by," remarked the man in the windproof. "Come around after supper. There's a couple of fresh doctors want to teach me how to play poker."

He moved off forward, hitching the canvas bag he bore over his shoulder. As he passed the man on the anti-aircraft ladder, he paused in his stride. This man's jumper was not bloused out over the top of his pants as it should be, but tucked in tightly like a landsman's shirt. Moreover, he was wearing dress blues, which was not the uniform of the day. The officer went over, and as his steps rung on the deck, the other looked up. The officer halted again, and for a long time gazed fixedly at the sailor.

"Do I know you or not?" he demanded finally.

"Are you Mortimer Baxter?" asked the sailor, grinning.

"Don't grin!" replied the officer sternly. "Stand up when you speak to me! Just what the barnacled hell are you doing on this battle wagon?"

The sailor obediently rose. "Don't you remember me?" he asked. "You and I were at Norwich together, before you went to Annapolis. I was a rook and was just taken into Sigma Phi before you went away."

He advanced, both hands outstretched, palms apart, to give the fraternity grip, but the officer backed away.

"This is the North Sea, not Northfield," he remarked acidly. "I'm an officer of this ship and it's my duty to know what you're doing on it. I know damn well you don't belong to her complement."

"Well," said the sailor, "I wanted to go to Plattsburg. They wouldn't take me because I had flat feet. Well, I was bound I'd get into the war somehow. So I came to England. I got a job with a newspaper—with a war correspondent—that is, I got the job with him, not the paper. I write the stories and he signs them. I get the facts and he gets the money. Someone offered him five hundred dollars for a story about the fleet. He said if I got it I could have half."

"I remember you now," said the officer coldly. "You're a rook named Ross—a fresh one too. Where did you get those clothes?"

The sailor, following the direction of the officer's glance, saw that it led to the bottom of one trouser leg, which, having caught on a step of the ladder, had been turned up. There was a name stenciled there in white on the hem, and

whatever it was, it was not Ross, but one of seven or eight letters, the first one of which was O.

"There was a sailor," said Ross, "that had been crawling the pubs, as our Allies say, and he feared that the shore patrol would have him. So he only too gladly changed clothes with me. So when he didn't show up at the appointed hour, I went down to the dock and came aboard in Number 2 Steamer."

"I know a petty officer that will go on report for that," muttered Lieutenant Baxter. "But there's more to this than that. Your division C. P. O. must have spotted you. Where did you sleep? And what was said when you turned out to wash down in dress blues?"

"I didn't turn out. This sailor, my friend, explained what I should do. I kind of took him into my confidence. I gave him a pound, too, to buy himself some tobacco. He said that when I got aboard I should ask for Bill—Crew Quarter and Station Bill—and he would tell me where to sleep and everything."

"H'm," said the lieutenant; "but when you came over the side out of the steamer, what then?"

"I read off my man's name out of his cap and they wrote down: "Clean and sober." It was dark, anyway, and the man at the gangway wasn't looking very hard either."

"Where did you sleep?"

"They told me I could sleep in the manger," said Ross. "I asked a sailor for a bed—I couldn't find the manger. I slept on a chest. It was marked: Deep Sea Diving Gear."

"The manger, young feller my lad," said Lieutenant Baxter, "is a steel trough forward that keeps the water off the foc'sle. It would be a wet bed. But you'll have a dry one tonight, and that will be in the brig! Come with me to the O. D.!"

Suddenly, as the officer spoke the last word, there was the trilling of a trumpet aft. A few seconds later it was repeated forward, and from the bowels of the ship came the clanging of gongs.

"Battle stations!" exclaimed the officer.

He bit his lip. He should be going at once and by the most direct route to his station in the fire control on the top of the foremast. The Officer of the Deck was aft. Yet if he left this fresh kid here now, when every man on the ship must be at his post of combat, someone would be certain to discover him. He had no time to notify the O. D. He cast a quick glance overhead. The marines at the anti-aircraft gun were paying no attention and had not heard a word.

"Come with me!" said the officer suddenly. He tore off his windproof. "Here, put this on over that dress jumper! Follow me!"

"What's all this about?" demanded Ross excitedly, watching a hurrying group of sailors who ran in and out, carrying mess tables and piling them on the deck. Across from these, others unrolled fire hose.

"Battle stations!" snapped the lieutenant. "It's just a drill, but maybe not. You never know."

"But what are they bringing out the tables for? You'd think we were getting ready to picnic in the open."

"Picnic is right," agreed the officer. "Battle stations means battle. And in battle, shells come aboard and start fires. They have those tables out so that if they catch fire they'll burn in the open and not fill the 'tween decks full of smoke."

They went up the mast, Malcolm Ross first. He had never been up so high and the basketwork seemed to shake as though trying to hurl him down the ladder.

"Go on! Hurry! Get on up or I'll throw you down all the way!" urged the lieutenant. "I think this means fun, because they're increasing speed! Feel the mast shake? But I won't get up my hopes. I've been disappointed too often. Move!"

He struck Ross from below with his fist and Ross, thus urged, hurried on, his heart in his mouth. He and the lieutenant came out into the top, that seemed peopled with delirious maniacs.

"We're gonna have a fight! We're gonna have a fight!" they chanted.

An officer pointed hysterically northward. Ross could see nothing there. Yes, he could—a cloud—a long misty one. Just to the east of this cloud were three tiny smudges of smoke, like those from distant factory chimneys. But upon the underside of this smoke played little quick pale flames, twinkling and twinkling.

Lieutenant Baxter smiled a slow, delighted smile.

"It's them!" he said ungrammatically. He embraced young Ross without thinking. "What's the range?"

"No range," answered the other officer. "Those ships firing are ours, but we'll be able to see what they're shooting at in another fifteen minutes. Visibility's going to be poor."

"But we're going to shoot at 'em anyway—at least once—aren't we?" demanded Lieutenant Baxter.

"Yes," said the other officer, rubbing his hands with glee, "and let's be thankful for that."

Ross leaned over the side of the top and stole a cautious look at the deck below. Man, wasn't it far down there! Forward the deck was deserted except for two groups that were playing hoses on it, probably with an eye to fire prevention. To the west the line of columns had bent slightly upon itself.

"Going to have a fight, kid," said a voice in Ross' ear. It was Lieutenant Baxter, speaking in a low tone. He had put on a telephone headpiece and at times he seemed to be listening. "The limey battle cruisers are engaged, and we'll be at it ourselves in a minute or two."

He pointed to the backward-curving line. "First battle squadron," he said. "Old-timers, Marlborough class, built in 1912. Too slow to keep up with us. We'll lose 'em. Kid, if you live to write this story, you'll be made!"

He seemed to have forgotten that Ross was aboard without authority and that he should have been at that moment in safe custody in the brig, two decks below. Probably the prospect of battle and the chance of using all the knowledge he had gained in so many years of study and monotonous gun drill and target practice inclined the lieutenant to a forgiving state of mind.

"I'll keep you posted," went on the lieutenant. "These other men are range finders and spotters, and they'll be too busy to pay any attention. Careful of the man that's yelling down the voice pipe. He's new aboard, though, and won't know whether you belong here or not. If he says anything I'll tell him I'm breaking you in for secondary-defense range finder or something."

The other officer meanwhile concluded a heated conversation he was having by way of the voice pipe as to the

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They Saw That They Were Passing a Sinking Destroyer, Her Crew Massed Aft, All Cheering Vigorously

CORAL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ANGOT declared, "You said when he arrived you desired to see him." So she had, Coral Mery agreed. "I simply changed my mind. But I think I will, anyhow, in spite of that." When the maid returned she was followed by a compact-appearing man, neither young nor old, with a black derby hat in his hand and no gloves. Coral gazed at him curiously.

"So you," she said, "are the man who brings me drink." He answered just as directly, "I am not." In addition to that, however, he smiled. He had a nice smile. "You said you were," she told him, more remote. "I did," he agreed. He sat down. "I'll put it like this," he continued, "I'm the man who sees the man who brings you drink." Her interest immediately returned. "Do you mean you are John Lacy?" He nodded. "I'm John Lacy and you're Miss Mery. I had a curiosity to see you. How do you like that?" She demanded, "Do I have to like it? Do I have to do anything about it at all?"

Coral gazed at him frankly. He was, perhaps, a little under forty; he had a smooth, beautifully shaved face and correct hair; his nose was heavy, it looked a little swollen; his eyes were brown—a whisky brown—small and alert, his mouth small and tightly closed. It was without visible lips. John Lacy! His clothes, she realized, could not have been better. His coat lay perfectly over thick shoulders; the details of his dress were unobtrusive and fine; the polish in his dark shoes was the best, the most impressive, she had ever seen.

"I wanted to have a look at you," he went on. "I like the good ones, it don't matter what—horses or prize fighters or girls. I see you in the papers and I guess you seen me there, and we ought to know each other. We're different, but not so different when it comes down to that. You take care of yourself and I take care of myself. How do you like that?" Coral Mery rang for Angot. "One glass, please, Angot," she added. "I'm not drinking," she told John Lacy. "I stopped." He was surprised. "It don't sound like you," he admitted. "If it was bad liquor we can fix that. I'll beat that bird's head in." As a matter of fact, it was quite good, she answered him. "I simply got sick of it. I found out I drank because I was having a rotten time. It was too dumb."

He nodded. "I understand that, if you were. Why you were I don't see. You ought to have a swell time—parties every night. You're free from the wowsers. There's no one can tell you where to get off. That's one of the reasons I wanted to see you—you were wise. I figured your nerve was good nerve too." Coral was, she said, obliged to him. She actually was. She liked John Lacy already. Simply the idea of him pleased her—a man who had a preëminently good nerve. He was celebrated for it—among other things. He was, as well, a power, and she always liked power in men. He was, it emerged, just back from the fight. John Lacy leaned forward.

"You ought to have gone," he told her. "I wish you had gone and I knew it. I could have put you right. I'd have fixed it so you'd cleaned up eight or ten grand. How do you like that?" She asked, "On the fight?" "Certainly not." His voice and manner were annoyed. "Why would you risk your money on that? Jack might have slipped one over any time—stopped everything. Beer was what I was referring to. Some others and me—but not too many—persuaded two German gentlemen to reopen their brewery. Just for a month, see? We saw the right people and got closed down, all regular, with a hundred grand between us left." He lighted an expensive-looking cigar.

It was, Coral told herself, all very absorbing. She was, privately, flattered. What helped the situation enormously, in fact made it possible, was John Lacy's appearance. It was amazing. Why, he might easily have worn a horseshoe of diamonds in a scarlet tie. His shoes—easily the most impressive she remembered—could have been impossible. "It's too bad about the beer," she said.

"I Don't Want You Killed, John," She Replied. "But I Don't Know What I Do Want—Not Yet"

He glanced at her quickly. "That's not the end," he replied; "chances like that happen every now and then." Coral was a little startled; a vague disturbance settled over her. John Lacy was more than powerful, he was dangerous. He had been referred to more than once as New York's most stormy citizen. Just why, the papers never made wholly clear; he was referred to with a careful degree of reticence. What, she wondered, was he really like under his surprisingly good clothes, beneath his reputation? He was sitting comfortably back in a corner of her Aunt Elena's sofa, appearing—with his cigar and whisky—remarkably at home. She liked him. "They come up every now and then," John Lacy repeated. "I got a road house now I take six or seven hundred out of every week. Say, I'd like you to see it—on the inside. It would interest you. The orchestra's a wow!" "Why not?" Coral demanded. "I'll see it." She was enormously engaged by the idea of seeing one of John Lacy's cafés with John Lacy. "That's a girl!" he said approvingly. "I knew I'd be right about you. We'll go tonight. It's no good, though, before two, and I'm very busy up to midnight." She was, Coral told him, very busy herself. "How long will it take us to get there? I can meet you at the Ritz somewhere near one."

"I hate to go," he admitted; "it's nice here. I have some rooms fixed up. Things don't come better than what's in them, but they don't add up to what this does." "I'll have to dress," Coral replied, "but why do you hurry? If you're not in a hurry, that is. There's lots of whisky." He didn't want any more, he told her. "I'm going to crash that bird's head in. I could do some telephoning, though. Is your telephone listed?" Coral, at the door, told him that it wasn't. "And no one answers that one but me—never. You may." He inquired further, "Who's in the apartment?" "You and me and Angot. Angot can't hear unless you ring for her."

"That's fine," he declared. "Don't listen yourself and what you don't know can't hurt you." "I haven't really made a habit of listening when other people telephone," she pointed out. A faint red stained his face. "That's right too," he acknowledged. "Only sometimes it's good not to happen to hear me. You can get knocked off for it. I'm not the president of the Law and Order Society. I gave it a minute thinking if I ought to come here at all. But I figured you were a good one. Anyhow, I could look out for you." Coral Mery rang. "Angot," she directed, "I am not in. I am not in to anyone. Mr. Lacy is waiting till I dress."

Whom, she wondered, occupied with her face, was John Lacy telephoning to? He was a very engaging man. She simply couldn't remember when a man had interested her so much. Wasn't it amusing that he had come to see her? She really was flattered. But what, underneath all that was apparent, was he like? She had known a great many different men, men of almost every kind, but he was new to her. He had, for example, killed people—oh, undoubtedly—murdered them and had them murdered. His English was not precisely perfect. Neither the murdering nor his speech, she discovered, disturbed her. He belonged to a class above narrow standards and distinctions. Socially, he was perfectly splendid. He couldn't be better. Exactly why that was, Coral didn't understand. She followed an instinct where social rank was involved; her sense there was instantaneous and rigid and unthinking. That variety of mistake she never made. "I'm dressed," she called from the hall. "Do you want a taxi?"

John Lacy's evening appearance, Coral realized, was not so successful as his effect by day. There was nothing, really, the matter with his clothes; and that, perhaps, was what was the matter with them. They were too exact, too precisely right, like clothes on the stage. "I was afraid I'd be late," he explained; "there was some trouble about a poker game. It was just open for tonight. Asa Hess' son lost too much money and they took a check from him, the saps. I was somewhere else. Hess went to the old man and he got hold of me. I told him I was sorry, it was a mistake, and I'd see the game was shut up. But hell, he couldn't have his money back—not then. It had went somewhere else." Coral asked, "Brayley Hess? He's a little swine, as a matter of fact. You were sunk when you let him in."

Lacy nodded. "You're right. But then I knew you would be. You are wasted where you are, Miss Mery. I don't wonder you took to drink. You ought to get out in the current, where things are moving. How do you like that?" She didn't have to tell him, she replied clearly. "You are always asking me how I like it and it's always something else. I don't know." "Keep your hat on," he advised her. "Don't let your little temper rise. You are a great girl, though. I hate to see you thrown away."

"What could you do about it?" Coral asked. Immediately she regretted her question. It was stupid. "All you'd let me and then some," he replied. "The some would be a whole lot." He gazed at her with his small alert eyes and mouth set. "You suit me," he said. "I like you." He didn't move from his corner of the taxi; he made no attempt to touch her. She liked him very much indeed. A sense of being already in a swift current possessed her; a bright strong current with dangerous eddies. Coral had a feeling of imminent danger. It was splendid. "We're there," John Lacy informed her. He led Coral into an ordinary-appearing café dining room arranged for dancing.

"The music is marvelous," Coral acknowledged. Two captains conducted them to a small table immediately beside the dancing floor; two waiters waited for their orders; the orchestra swept without pause into another selection. "I'm hungry," Coral admitted. "No," Lacy told a captain, "nothing like that. Bring two big glasses of milk." The feeling of pleasure, of being at last fully alive, deepened in Coral Mery. She liked sitting with John Lacy in his own café; the sense of his power was communicated to her; she gazed about deliberately with an insolence at once familiar and augmented; the tables—now the floor—were crowded. A curious mixture. There were obviously correct men with doubtful girls, amusing women with doubtful men; and there were pitchers of champagne, whisky flasks and ginger ale at every table.

An inconspicuous individual with misshaped ears stopped at Lacy's side. "Gino," Lacy said, "this is Miss Mery. But it's nobody's business. Anything she wants any time, always, Gino." Gino, Coral thought, had a very pleasant face. He smiled warmly on magnificent teeth. "Of course," he replied to John Lacy. "I understand perfect." "That is a good wop," Lacy proceeded, when the Italian had gone. "One of the best of the middleweights, but he was smart enough to get out right. A man who stays in that game is a sucker. Gino's got half a million in a couple of good banks. He owns a piece of this with me. Not a big piece, see?" Coral said that she saw. Her chicken with toast and the milk were perfect. "I am very comfortable," she admitted. "Is that the best you can say for me?" he asked. "Very happy," she added carelessly. "That's what I want to hear," John Lacy declared. "That's a good girl!" He might easily, then, have touched her hand, but he didn't. A captain spoke in his ear. Lacy rose. "I'll have to get the accounts," he explained; "I won't be long."

A large unsteady man in a dinner coat, his shirt splashed and stained and lacking a stud, stopped before Coral. "Well, baby," he exclaimed, "by yourself? There is no percentage in that for either of us." Coral replied crisply that she was not by herself. The unsteady large individual insisted he could see that she was. "I'll make a bet your young man has passed out on you. But don't—don't be melancholy. I'm here. I'm right here and we are going to dance this one." He had made a mistake, Coral said more disagreeably; she had no intention of dancing that one. He leaned over and grasped her arms. Coral found that she had been dragged out on the dancing floor. Suddenly she saw Gino. Some waiters closed about them. Gino's arm rose and fell. There were a flash of black leather and the sound of a dull blow. "Sit down, please," Gino told her. "I'm sorry he bothered you." The waiters were lifting the large man from the floor. His face was horrible. "No disturbance, please," Gino called; "this gentleman fell and cut his face a little. He'll be all right with a little water." There was a general laughter. No one, Coral realized, had actually seen what had happened. She was filled with admiration for Gino's swiftness and dexterity.

John Lacy appeared and at once, again, vanished. When he returned he was composed. "Gino feels dreadful bad," Lacy reported. "I told him not to worry. I said you were right and a little thing like that wouldn't upset you. You're hard, you know. Gino would never understand that about a lady." The memory of a terrible crushed face persisted in Coral's memory. "I hope he wasn't too much hurt, though," she admitted. John Lacy glanced at her swiftly. "Not too much," he said. Coral's feeling of surrounding danger deepened into a faint fear. She had a disturbing conviction about the large man. However, she said nothing about it to John Lacy. He introduced a quiet and engaging younger man to Coral.

When they were dancing Coral asked, "What do you do?"

He laughed, and then replied shortly, "Banking. I collect people's dividends for them," he added. "Tell me," Coral asked Lacy later, "is that nice masculine person, with his sense of humor and voice, a bank robber?" Lacy studied her, frowning. "Did he say he was?" he demanded. "Oh, dear me, no; he just said he collected people's dividends for them. I wondered." "Well, don't," John Lacy advised her. "If you liked him for a dance and a glass of ginger ale, that's enough. I might tell you anything if you were some other girl, but you're too wise to want to know. I never saw a girl I liked better," he continued—"half as well." He fell gloomy. "I'm going to make a fool out of myself," he asserted. Lacy called a waiter. "I want a highball and no pulverized marble in it. Bring me still water.

"I'm going to be a fool," he repeated, gazing down at his small capable hands. His finger nails, she reflected, were too bright. Coral didn't, she found, mind that. She saw that he wanted her to understand what he meant by making a fool of himself. She was quite willing to understand him. "You may," Coral agreed. "Of course I can't tell. I don't know." She had a fleet memory of a crushed face—power—John Lacy had power. She supposed she should be afraid of him. She wasn't. Coral Mery met his gaze with entire candor. "I wish I knew," she said. "Anyhow, you are here with me," he declared. "That is something." She assented. "I am. It is. But let's go to another. I am tired of this one."

The Paso Doble, it turned out, was less entertaining than John Lacy's café. Coral saw Tony Boyd at once; he was at a table with Ellery Vaile. Alice Gordon was there, and a Mrs. Carpenter from Philadelphia. Ellery insisted upon having Coral with them. She introduced John Lacy, and Vaile was both interested and surprised. "I didn't realize you knew Mr. Lacy," he proceeded to Coral. "I remember him now, of course. I saw you at Chicago"—he turned to Lacy. "Right," Lacy told him. "I've seen you more than once myself." More chairs were added to Ellery Vaile's table. "Is it true you're not drinking?" he asked Coral. "It is," she replied; "I've been drinking milk tonight. Won't you have some whisky?" She turned to Lacy. He would. He drank experimentally, his eyes narrowed in a half-concealed doubt.

Coral reflected that he was really tremendously good-looking—in, that was, a way she approved of. His face was heavy, but it was vital. He listened attentively to all

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There Were a Flash of Black Leather and the Sound of a Dull Blow

The American Book of Wonder

The New Meaning of Business—By Garet Garrett

THINK how seldom it is nowadays that you hear anyone say, "Business is business." Or think what your mental reaction is when you do happen to hear a man confessing that cynical code. You rank him low in the scale of business. Why? Because business is becoming both a civility and a profession and your expectations of it have changed.

Two powerful forces are there, acting and reacting. Business expects you to respond to the view it now wishes to take of itself, and even though you may not be aware of it, you do. Business, in turn, responds to your higher expectations of it. So all structures of moral progress are laid up, one course at a time, in a tedious manner. The beginnings of the foundation are never witnessed. Words and ceremonies begin with the corner stone, which is a middle symbol, already supported by ideas sunk deep in the ground. Presently there is an elevation. You cannot see it originally because it advanced so little by little and you were looking at it all the time. Almost you forget by the time it is finished what was there in that place before.

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The Wilson Dam Spillway Going Into Action With a Rush of Water That Destroyed Part of the Crane Track Used During the Construction of the Huge Project

Regard now the elevation of the structure that may be called the new meaning of American business. In June, 1927, a number of big business men were gathered together to dedicate a group of buildings comprising the George F. Baker Foundation of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University. George F. Baker is one of the very rich elder bankers of Wall Street; while Owen D. Young, who made the dedication address, is chairman of the General Electric Company. He said:

"If I were to speak for men of business, which I am none too well qualified to do, it would be to express gratification that business is recognized at last as a profession, and being so recognized by Harvard, becomes a learned profession. If I were to speak for men of learning, which I am less qualified to do, it would be to express satisfaction that scholars are now to find their way to the market place as they have heretofore to the pulpit, to the law courts, to the hospital and to the forum. . . ."

The Ministry of Business

"LOOKING backward, one wonders why our visit for this purpose had been so long delayed. Why is it that the Harvard Business School was not founded until 1908 and not adequately housed until this hour? The medical school was established in 1782, the law school in 1817 and a divinity school in 1819. The education of the ministry, however, may be said to have been a prime object of the foundation itself and the chief effort of its earlier years. The founders of Harvard said that they 'dreaded to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust.' Is one to conclude that Harvard was fearful of an illiterate ministry of religion in 1636 and was not apprehensive of an illiterate ministry of business until 1908?"

And can you remember what American business signified before this new elevation of meaning came into it?

Less than twenty years before this, Mr. Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, dissenting from an opinion of the majority on the construction of the Sherman Antitrust Act, reviewed the background of that famous piece of legislation in these authentic words:

"All who recall the condition of the country in 1890 will remember that there was everywhere, among the people generally, a deep feeling of unrest. The nation had been rid of human slavery—fortunately, as all now feel—but the conviction was universal that the country was in real danger from another kind of slavery sought to be fastened on the American people—namely, the slavery that would result from aggregations of capital in the hands of a few individuals and corporations controlling, for their own profit and advantage exclusively, the entire business of the country, including the production and sale of the necessaries of life. Such a danger was thought to be then imminent, and all felt that it must be met firmly and by such statutory regulations as would adequately protect the people against oppression and wrong. Congress therefore took the matter up and gave the whole subject the fullest consideration."

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The Elephant Butte Dam Across the Rio Grande

A New Condition

HIS voice even then was of the past. He was insisting that the Supreme Court should interpret the law in 1911 as it had in 1896, literally; but the majority, from wrestling with a sense of new unformulated problems, had groped its way to a different conclusion. Conditions were changing. Change itself had become a condition. The growing magnitude of business had overwhelmed corporations as already partnerships had been overwhelmed. Then had appeared the trust, a group of corporations acting together. Moreover, the relation between business and society was no longer volitional on either side. It was an imperative relation.

Many people believed, and it seemed logically indicated, that what had to be decided was whether business should govern society or society should govern business. But how did society propose to govern business? By device of law, called the Sherman Antitrust Act, intended to impose upon business a rule of competition, thinking thereby to limit the power of business in any one of its body formations. That, of course, was fear. Oppositely, society on its material side was greatly to be served by the very power it wished to limit, since business in big vertical and horizontal formations, theoretically at least, could create wealth in a prodigious manner on a falling curve of cost, thereby not only increasing the quantity of goods that satisfy human wants but at the same time making them cheaper.

Moreover, as to competition—and this was the immediate question—who knew the whole nature of it? Hitherto it had been viewed always in one light, as struggle and survival. What did that mean if not that the strongest and most ruthless were bound to survive? In that case, the ultimate end of competition was monopoly, and monopoly was the evil to be feared. Was there no other truth about competition? How came it to be that in nature, although the competition was apparently remorseless, still many soft frail

forms were seen to survive and flourish? What was that principle?

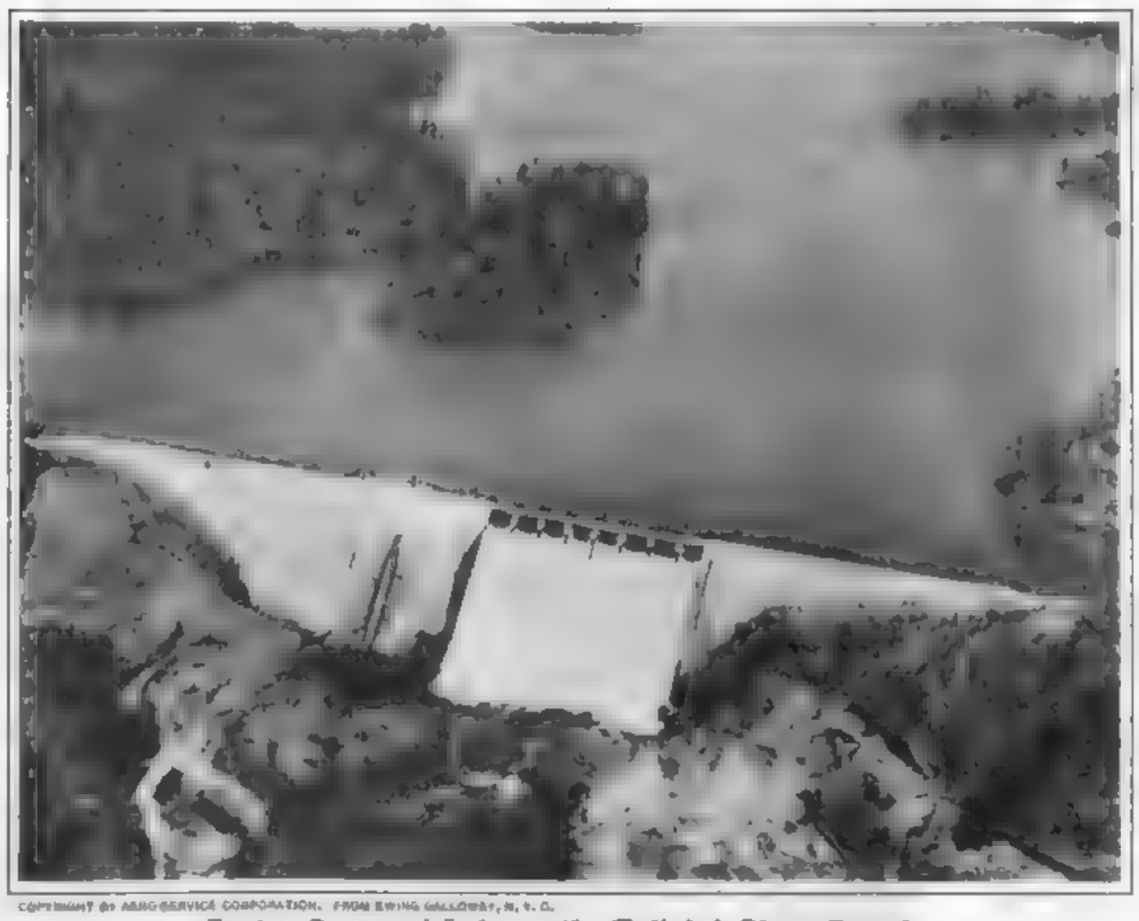
At that time a thought that has since become commonplace among us was still strange. That was competition in service. The first notable application of it was in the case of railroads.

Competition among them as warfare, touching rates particularly, had produced such intolerable evils that the Government, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, was taking the power of rate making away from them. Thus, on one hand, the Government was making it impossible for the railroads to do what it was, on the other hand, trying to make all other business do.

A Cycle of Legal Reasoning

TO THIS contradiction we had come. On one side was fear of the power of business. On the other was contempt of public opinion and rule of the ruthless ego, resisting every effort on the part of society to impose upon it a sense of social accountability. But when the railroads could no longer compete in rates, was that the end of their competition? On the contrary, it became keener than ever before, only in a new character. It was competition in service, social utility, civility, with rates alike to all. Was that something business as a whole might learn?

Such reflections as these animated the majority mind of the court and moved it to express an opinion on the law that had nothing to do with the case. It said the law could not be understood to prohibit every form of contract in restraint of trade, because almost any contract you could imagine had in it some element of restraint; nevertheless, on specific ground, it dissolved the defendant trust, saying it was bad as a proposition of fact. Mr. Justice Harlan concurred in the verdict and dissented from the exposition. He did not overdraw the picture as it was in 1890. What he did not share was a vision of faith that was in his associates. They had somehow got sense of a new principle transacting in these matters. They had recognized the signs of a movement in business from a law of the ego to one of the herd.



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Burton Dam and Lake on the Tallulah River, Georgia

What has happened to the law by interpretation is the obverse of what has happened to the regard in which business holds itself, and this is very striking on both sides. The law has been completely revolved.

The Sherman Antitrust Act says: "Every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal."

In 1897, deciding the celebrated Trans-Missouri Freight case, the court definitely refused to construe into the law either the word "undue" or "unreasonable," before "restraint." Twice it did this and then declined to hear the matter argued. It had made up its mind and the law was clear.

In 1904, deciding the famous Northern Securities case—the Northern Securities holding company, resulting from the Northern Pacific corner on the New York Stock Exchange, was an idea of locking up control of railroads away from men like E. H. Harriman—the court said: "The mere existence of such a combination and the power acquired by the holding company constitute a menace to and a restraint upon the freedom of commerce which Congress intended to recognize and protect."

The first interpretation now is complete. The words of the law are absolute, permitting of no definitions, and bigness or power in itself is a menace and illegal, regardless of how it is used.

Then came the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases in 1911 and 1912 respectively. The court dissolved both trusts, not because they were trusts, not because they were big, but because they were proved by the evidence to be bad. Here the court begins to hold with Theodore Roosevelt's distinction between good trusts and bad trusts, and it is in each case a moral question on the merits. In both cases, however, the court paid more attention to the law than to the deserts of the defendants, and declared that the law must be construed by light and rule of reason. In doing this, as Mr. Justice Harlan said, the court reversed itself; moreover, he said, it committed an act of judicial legislation

Well, but it could not stop there. It had done what it had said it could not do. It had construed into the law the word "unreasonable," before "restraint." It had yet to undo the dictum that bigness or power was in itself illegal. This it di- in 1920, deciding for th United States Steel Corporation and against the Government, on the ground that although this trust had been formed in defiance of the law, although it had committed acts in the same spirit, still this had been long before; and meanwhile its behavior, its relationship to the industry as a whole, all economic conditions surrounding it, had changed. The Government contended that power to do wrong was unlawful, no matter how it was used. The Government, said the court, was wrong. The law was directed against monopoly, not against the expectation of it, and the United States Steel Corporation had ceased to behave as a monopoly. Therefore it need not be dissolved.

As writing, the law has not been touched. Its meaning has been revolved.

The Old Spirit of Business

BUT this did not happen—could not have happened, until business was ready to see itself by implication of such words as these: "The spirit of the business world was exploitative and speculative. Make use of every resource that comes to hand, buying labor and materials for as little as possible and selling dear that you may profit well." This may seem but a page torn from the business code of today.

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PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY N. Y. C.

PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

American Silhouettes. One of the Great Electric Power Plants on the Harlem River Which Generate Current for Millions of Lamps and Many Machines in New York. At Right—Pittsburgh Mills at Night

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

By Sir Harry Lauder

"Just the Three of Us"

AFTER we had lived in Arbroath for about two years a brother of my mother's who had settled in the Black Country, as the coal-mining district of the west of Scotland is termed, wrote urging that she and her family should migrate to Hamilton. There would be more opportunities there, he pointed out, for the boys and also for the girls when they grew up a bit. With seven hungry young mouths to feed and bodies to clothe, the problem that faced my poor mother at this period must have been dire indeed. I was still the only breadwinner, apart from her own tireless efforts, and my pay was only about three shillings a week.

In order to add to the family income I tried several times to get employment as a full-timer in the mills. By telling the different managers I was more than fourteen I got started more than once, but I was always caught by the factory inspector and packed back to half time. How I hated that interfering official! More than once I hid myself among the bales of flax when I knew he was in the building, but if I escaped detection one day, discovery was certain sooner or later. The inspector seemed to have a special "down" on me because I once heard him asking if that damned young singin' rascal Harry Lauder was workin' here.

So it came about that when I was asked my opinion as to the suggested move to the west I was all for it. We were sorry to leave "dear auld St. Tammas," as the town of Arbroath is affectionately known to its natives throughout the world; but needs must when the devil drives, and the next chapter in my life begins at Hamilton, some ten or twelve miles from Glasgow. Hamilton is the center of one of the greatest coal areas in Britain. There are dozens and dozens of pits within a mile or two of the town or of the surrounding towns and villages, such as Coatbridge, Airdrie, Cambuslang, Shotts, Larkhall, Bothwell, and so on.

The Lauder family settled down in an exceedingly humble habitation in one of the poorer quarters of the town.

My Uncle Sandy was a bottomer in Eddlewood Colliery and one of his mates agreed to give me a start as his boy in one of the seams of this famous colliery. My wages were to be ten shillings a week—to me an unheard-of sum and almost too good to be true. As a matter of fact, it was too good to be true, because my gaffer disappeared with all the money at the end of the first week, and was never seen in Hamilton again. I cried myself to sleep that Saturday night. My first week's work in the damp dark depths of the mine had left me sore in every limb and muscle of my body. And to be done out of my week's wages, to which I had been looking forward with feverish eagerness, was the last straw. My mother sat on the edge of my bed and cried with me. I was a broken-hearted laddie. But we got over this terrible disaster as we had surmounted many more serious.

The Collier's Saturday Night

I WENT back to the pit head on the Monday morning to look for another job. The first man I met was Gibbie—Gilbert—Pitcairn, the general manager at Eddlewood. I told him of my experience with the fraudulent miner and he clapped me on the back, telling me to keep a stout heart and saying I would be a good collier yet. Under a rough exterior Gibbie was a splendid man; he stood foursquare to the world and feared neither owner nor miner. He started me right away to help shift the wagons at the pit head. Later in the day he was passing that way. He stood and watched me for a few minutes. I was evidently doing my work in a slipshod or frightened manner.

"Here, you!" he cried in a voice like a foghorn. "Come here!" I advanced in terror. Looking me up and down, he asked, "Do ye ken a' that you need, ma lad?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"The horns, by Gosh!" he growled, and passed on. This indication that I was brother to a goat left me in great tribulation, but I learned from one of the men that Gibbie's bark was far worse than his bite. In after years he was one of my greatest friends and admirers.

That week I earned nine shillings. I ran all the way home and proudly placed the money in my mother's lap. What a different Saturday night that was from the previous one! My mother and I counted the money over and over again. My brothers and sisters all had a look at it and said with bated breaths, "Harry's pey." A shilling of the money went on twopenny mince pies—a whole one each for the four oldest and a half each for the little ones. I was now the real head of the family, the principal breadwinner for the eight of us. My age at this time was thirteen and a half.

After a week or two at the pit head Gibbie Pitcairn found a job for me down below as a trapper. The trapper's duty is to open and shut the wooden trapdoors controlling the air supply, to admit of the hutches passing out and in. It would take too long to describe just what these air-course traps stand for in the matter of safety and a proper current of air hundreds of fathoms below the surface of the soil. In any case the trapper is supposed never to leave his post of duty for a moment. Occasionally, however, I helped the pony drivers with their tubs over bad bits of road or round awkward bends and switches.

You see, I was anxious to be promoted pony driver myself, and I took every opportunity of becoming versed in their work and in the control of the brave and tremendously wise little horses who were doomed to spend their lives in the black deeps of a coal mine. I don't suppose I was any more humane in my instincts than the rest of the boys at Eddlewood, but I well remember the first time I came to blows with a boy a few years older than myself. As he came through my trap with a load of well-filled hutches he jabbed his pony in the ribs with an iron rod he had picked up at the foot of the shaft. The little thing winced under the cruel blow. It was more than I could stand.

"Hughie," I said, "if I see you do that again I'll punch you in the jaw! Hittin' a puir wee pownie that canna hit back!" The driver didn't wait for any more sauce from me, but landed me one on the ear. Thereon I kicked him in the stomach. The next rake o' hutches came along before he was able to proceed. We were the best of friends afterward. My pay as a trapper was fifteen shillings a week—half a crown a day.

My Wee Captain

AFTER a year I got the chance of a job as driver in Cadzow Colliery. The wages were a pound a week. We still lived at Eddlewood Buildings in a wee house the rent of which was three shillings a week. I had the better part of a mile to walk to and from my new job, but as the wages were so much better I did not mind this in the slightest. Besides, I was delighted to be among the horses. What wonderful little fellows they were! Strong, game, and brimful of intelligence, the pit ponies interested me every hour of the day and night. Alas, they have no day or night; all their work is done by shifts. But they know Saturday night when it comes along as well as the men they work beside. They are quite frisky when they are taking the last rake of the week to the bottom of the shaft, and I am sure they would kick up their heels then if only there was room for them to do so.

I had one splendid little pony at Cadzow. He was named Captain. He and I got to be very thick. In fact, like me and the general in "She's My Daisy," I think he was the thickest of the two. Standing eleven hands high, he was a picture of health and strength, although he had been doon the dook for several years. He knew every word that was spoken to him. His face was more expressive than many a man's I have known. I loved wee Captain with my whole heart. The tricks I taught him! And the others he had picked up before he and I forgathered! He could count the number of times we had been to the face for a load. By what process of reasoning or instinct he did so none of us had the slightest idea. But if I said to him late in the shift "How many loads, Captain?" he would paw on the ground with his right foot and the number was never wrong. He also knew to within a minute or two when lowsin' time was due. Could you have got Captain to go back for another rake of hutches after hours? No, sir; not unless you explained to him very thoroughly just why this extra work was necessary.

I taught my four-footed pal to steal too. The place where the drivers leave their coats and caps is called the cabin. Into this cabin I used to take Captain and give him little titbits out of my own jacket and bits of bread and cheese from the pieces of the men on duty in different parts of the mine. All the flasks containing tea or coffee were left on the cabin floor and Captain soon learned to pick out a nice full flask, put it between his fore hoofs and pull the cork with his teeth. This accomplished, it was an easy matter for him to raise the flask and have a swig of tea or coffee. There were occasional rows about the miners' flasks being tampered with, but I said nothing. Whenever wee Captain was on a foraging expedition in the cabin he kept his ears cocked. If any other footfall than my own sounded near at hand he was out of the door like a shot and back either to his stable or his road.

Once this dear little chap saved my life. He and I were on our way to the coal face with a rake of empty hutches. We had to pass a drift—an old working that had fallen in

and been cut through, leaving above a fearsome-looking vaulty space twenty or thirty or forty feet high. I always felt creepy when we came to this great, gloomy cavern, and I think Captain did the same. In any case, we always rushed it. But came a time when the pony stopped dead just in front of the drift. Without thinking what I was doing I urged him to get on with the job in hand. He still refused. I gave him a sharp cut with my little whip. Wincing, he looked round and stared me full in the face.

"What's wrong, Captain?" I asked. Simultaneously with the question I heard the most terrifying sound that can assail the miner's ears—the creak and groan of the world above him before the earth and stone come crashing down to fill the vacuum. Captain turned completely round in his tracks, pulling one of the hutches off the rails, and sought the comparative safety of the tunnel we were just about to leave. I did the same. Next moment five hundred tons of material fell with a noise like thunder into the cavern in front of us.

How near we both were to disaster may be judged by the fact that the hutch pulled round off the rails by the pony was afterward found to be filled with jagged stones and rock. Safe in the tunnel, I turned and hugged and kissed Captain again and again. His sensitive ears had heard the warning before I did. He knew what to do, and in doing it he saved both our lives. Years afterward I would have given my right hand to be able to buy Captain and present him with his freedom in God's sunlight. But he died in the pit, as he had lived in it. Brave heart! I have forgotten many men and I'll forget many more. I shall never forget wee Captain!

Two Men and a Thousand Rats

AS TIME went on I tackled all sorts of jobs in the pit. If there was an extra shilling to be picked up anywhere, I was after it. For months I was a water drawer at Allenton Colliery. Some pits are wet and some are dry. Allenton was a wet pit and the water was so bad in some of the lower workings that drawers were employed at night to remove it. This was done by baling the water into wagons; the ponies pulled these to the top of the rise, where the plugs below the wagons were released. This water was afterward pumped out by the great pumps at the pit bottom. Night after night I was the only boy on duty. Forty or fifty tons of water had to be removed each night, so there was no time to dawdle; it was hard graft for ten hours with only a brief piece-time interval. And wasn't it drear and lonely! I had to sing to keep my spirits up.

I even made friends with the pit rats—great, grim phosphorus-eyed creatures that gathered round you as you ate your piece and fought one another like miniature lions for the crusts. One night I came across a thousand of these monstrous rats moving from one part of the colliery to another. I got it into my head that they had made up their minds to make a massed attack on me. Horror took possession of me and I ran shrieking to the place half a mile away where the only other living soul in the pit was working. This was Jamie McCulloch, the roadman. Jamie quickly quieted my fears by assuring me that the rodents were harmless, that they liked the companionship of man and that they never had been known to attack anybody in the mines.

"Come on, Harry," he finished up, "let's hae a sing-sang thegither. That'll keep us cheery!" And there, seated on the wet ground or on a lump of coal, we sang whatever songs we knew. Jamie was a student of poetry and could quote long screeds of Burns, Walter Scott; Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; and Tannahill, the weaver poet of Paisley. I learned to like these poets, too, and not long afterward I was delighted to get a loan of several of Jamie's books, the contents of which I eagerly devoured.

To Jamie and another extraordinary character whom I first met in the pits, Rab MacBeth, I think I owe my determination to keep up my singing. At least, both men encouraged me to sing to them, and their evident enjoyment of it pleased me more than I can tell. Rab MacBeth was really a worthy—one of the most amusing and original fellows in Lanarkshire, and he had the reputation of being just about the best all-round miner in the shire. Big and brawny, with a voice like a bull and a laugh like a peal of deep-toned bells, he added a most quaint touch of humor to his other faculties. He was one of my first gaffers. While he hewed the coal I drew it back from the face and filled it into the empty hutches. We were working, I remember, in a very wet place, and while Rab was comparatively dry, digging as he was on a sort of ledge above me, I was ploutering about all day up to my thighs in water. I must have complained about the discomfort and misery of it all—I forget how it came to arise—but Rab stopped his hewing, looked down at me and yelled out in his great booming voice: "Well, sing, ye wee deevil! Singin' an whisky's the best things to mix wi' water!"

Rab MacBeth's father before him had been a character in Hamilton. The story is told about the old man having wandered into the local geggie—any portable theater thrown up on a waste piece of ground—when the play of Macbeth was being produced. He had the idea that some of his own family were being portrayed in the play. For a long time he sat and watched the action. Then when Macduff kills Macbeth, old Rab rose in his seat, pointed a scornful finger at the dead Macbeth lying on the stage and cried out, "What a lot o' dam' nonsense! You're no a real Macbeth or you wouldna let a —— man like that"—pointing in turn at Macduff— "kill you! Besides, yer accent's a' wrang. I don't believe yer a Macbeth at a'." With that he stalked out of the theater.

His son was also a great admirer of the drama; at least he was very fond of going to see all the traveling companies that came round Hamilton way. He was also a singer of sorts, and had there been prizes for the biggest voices, Rab, Junior, would have scooped the pool. Once he went down to the Broomielaw at Glasgow to see his brother Wull away to Australia. From the quay side he kept on shouting good-bys in such an ear-splitting voice that the other spectators had to put their hands up to protect their aural organs from destruction. As the steamer moved away from the pier Rab's stentorious shoutings to his relative became louder and louder:

"Good-by, Wull. Mind an' write! DINNA FORGET TO WRITE, WULL! IF YE DINNA WRITE, WULL, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YE AGAIN!" And so on, every command to write getting louder and louder as the ship edged farther and farther down the Clyde.

At last a man standing near turned to Rab and said, "There'll be nae need for Wull to write; just roar a bit looder and he'll hear you in Australia!"

I Really Love a Lassie! Sir Harry and Lady Lauder When They First Went to London From Scotland. At Left—Sir Harry as the Shepherd in "Ower the Hills to Ardentinny"

In Receptive Mood

TWO or three years after I had been his boy at the coal face, Rab met me in the street one day and told me that he was giving a grand competition concert in one of the local halls, and that if I would enter for the comics he would see that I won the first prize. By this time I had achieved a certain measure of fame in Hamilton and vicinity as a comedian, and Rab's confident prediction that I would win the first prize encouraged me to put in my name for the contest. When the night came along the hall was packed. I heard afterward that there were fifteen pounds in the house and that Rab had himself sold most of the tickets beforehand. He himself had entered for one of his own prizes in the bass or barytone section. In addition he acted as master of ceremonies.

The first singer he announced was a tenor, who started to sing, in a key an octave too high for him, an operatic solo entitled When Other Lips. He had not completed the first line of the song when his voice cracked and there was such a torrent of jeers and sneers that the poor devil was glad to rush off the stage. After a girl had struggled through a sentimental song, another male vocalist took her place almost before the few half-hearted cheers for the previous competitor had died away. This fellow was a barytone, and his song began with the assertion that he was a soldier and a man. As he was a weedy individual in a solemn black suit, with a sixpenny tie attached by a hook to his collar stud, and was wearing steel-framed spectacles, the audience simply refused to accept his statement. He, too, got no farther than the opening bars of his song and was glad to beat a speedy retreat to the safety of the anteroom.

By this time the audience was in high fettle. They settled down to a regular feast of bear baiting. But the effect upon the waiting competitors was calamitous. They all had the wind up. Rab, as boss of the concert, ordered another man to "go on and paralyse 'em." He refused, being already half paralyzed himself, and ran out of the hall. The same thing happened with the next competitor. In his extremity Rab asked me to take the platform, and shaking in every limb, I did so. The most I can say is that I got through my song—a burlesque ditty about a man who had bought a grand new coat for ninepence—without anything being thrown at me and that I was glad to get away from the footlights without incurring personal injury.

By this time there were only about five contestants left in the wings. All the others had packed up and slunk away. So Rab decided to go on himself and sing a song He was even less successful than the opening artists, for whenever he showed face he was received with a chorus of moans, groans and rude noises. But Rab was brave.

(Continued on Page 113)

An Early Photograph of Lady Lauder and John

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Supervision of Foreign Loans

EVERY now and then there arises a wave of criticism of the Administration, directed against the existing supervision of foreign loans. The present procedure was inaugurated by President Harding, with advice of bankers. Banking houses contemplating the floating of foreign issues in this country, or diplomatic representatives of the governments of the countries concerned, lay before the State Department texts of the proposals. The State Department, with the counsel of the Departments of Commerce and the Treasury, applies certain tests to each proposition. In the vast majority of instances the State Department intimates to the interested parties that an appraisal of the proposal under review has disclosed no objectionable features. In a few instances expression has been given to the contrary intimation—that the proposal contained what might be regarded as objectionable features in the light of existing policy.

The features regarded as objectionable may be ranged under four headings. In the light of our policy on debt settlement, it is regarded as objectionable to make foreign loans to countries which have refused to fund their debts to the United States. France and Greece are the countries remaining in this category. The case of Greece may be disregarded. So long as France refuses, or omits, to refund her debt to this country, we are convinced that public opinion will sustain the Government in the policy of regarding loans to France as objectionable for the time being.

Secondly, loans designed for obviously militaristic programs in foreign countries are regarded as objectionable. We are the world's chief source of capital, and this ought not to be employed directly in abetting militaristic designs in any foreign country.

Thirdly, foreign loans would be found objectionable if they entailed political entanglements. We are not in position to know if a particular proposal has ever been found objectionable for this specific reason, but it is obviously a part of the policy and would be invoked in a flagrant case.

Lastly, loans are found objectionable that would serve as subventions for foreign monopolies engaged in the control of essential materials of importance to this country. According to report, the official intimation was extended to the foreign organizations in control of potash and coffee that the flotation in the United States of loans to them would be regarded as objectionable. Presumably in consequence of this, the loans were floated in other countries.

This policy has a twofold justification—economic and legal. Economically, it is not regarded as proper national policy to extend loans to foreign monopolies to bolster their control of materials involved and thus indirectly aid in the exploitation of consumers in the United States. Legally, it is not regarded as proper to grant to foreign monopolies any graces that would not be accorded to domestic monopolies. Such a monopoly as the potash cartel dealing with a domestic commodity would not be tolerated in the United States. Though it may seem like an extrajudicial exercise of authority, we are convinced that public opinion supports the view that loans shall not be extended to foreign organizations occupying an illegal status in this country.

The supervision of the Government—if the procedure can be called that—applies to flotation of new issues in the United States. It does not apply to direct investments of American nationals, who are free to buy existing bonds or shares of any country, of any nature whatsoever, either privately or in the open markets at home and abroad. The procedure deals with new securities brought out by American banking houses, alone or in association with foreign connections, to be sold in the United States under the conditions of announcement of the issuing houses.

The reasons urged against this mild supervision of foreign loans are many and devious, most of them theoretical and practically pointless. To the advocate of unconditional laissez faire, the movements of capital, instruments of credit and exchange and monetary metal ought to be completely unrestricted. Let that objection pass. Legal objections are raised; it is urged that supervision of foreign loans is done under the classification of foreign relations, which are the function of the Executive, whereas they ought to be classed as foreign trade, which is the function of Congress. In short, it is contended that in these acts the Executive has usurped the function of Congress. Possibly; but under the postwar circumstances we doubt whether voters will get greatly excited over that. Certain cautious citizens fear that political complications may be provoked, the countries whose loans are found objectionable may make untoward reprisal. Failing to secure a potash loan, Germany might put an export tax on potash. In consideration of the tiny number of instances in which foreign loans have been found objectionable, and the circumstances attending them, the suggestion of international complications is an inflated bugaboo.

Lastly, it is urged that when the Government finds no objectionable feature in a foreign loan, this may be interpreted as an indorsement thereof and accepted by investors accordingly. It is urged that a moral responsibility becomes attached to the action, since banking houses floating foreign issues may announce to investors that the State Department has passed on the issue. In a busy world it might be possible verbally to twist lack of objection into positive approval.

Now this is hokum. Over and over again the statement has been issued officially that the Government does not pass on the worth of the investment; no functions of investment guide, investment trust, or trust company are assumed. Once a foreign issue is found to be unobjectionable in policy, not in conflict with stated policy, the conditions and value of the investment are solely matters between bankers and clients. Indeed, there are many who deplore the lack of supervision of the investment qualities of foreign loans. Forty-one states now have laws of one kind or another controlling issue and sale of securities. It has been estimated that a billion and a half dollars are taken annually from the investing public in stock frauds of one kind or another. From this point of view there are those who believe we should have blue-sky laws for foreign investments as well as blue-sky laws for domestic investments, and deplore the fact that the supervision of the State Department is purely political and in no wise technical in the fiduciary and investment sense. Some preach freedom of trade in capital; others urge government guaranty of foreign investments.

The annual volume of our foreign investments is enormous. The figure for total capital exported since the war does not suggest any restraint by the hand of the Government. Possibly if France had been free to enter our capital market she would have borrowed as heavily as has Germany. Outside of that, the projected loans supposed to have been withdrawn on account of governmental objection hardly amount to one per cent of the total. It is therefore absurd to suggest that the restraint has worked an injury to domestic investors or to foreign borrowers. For the potash loan the rumor circulated in Europe that the cartel really did not need the money but only wished to make a test case of the policy.

The critics are not content with hammering at the policy of the Administration; they strike at individual cabinet officers. Secretaries Kellogg, Mellon and Hoover have all been subjected to criticism in more or less unfair and unmeasured terms. In so far as these members of the cabinet have been instrumental in determining governmental policy in this regard, they should receive public commendation. To all appearances, in carrying out the policy of the Administration these heads of departments have acted with foresight, judgment and dignity. Congress may perchance decide to pass laws on the subject of control of foreign loans. If this should come to pass it would not take a prophet to foretell that such regulation and supervision would be far more drastic than the mild and circumspect political supervision contained in the procedure of the Administration.

The Size of Congress

A FREQUENT criticism of the legislative branch of the national Government is that Congress is too large. With more than four hundred in the House and more than five hundred in House and Senate, the feeling is often expressed that such a body is unwieldy and cannot be closely watched.

Certainly there has been a considerable increase in numbers from the First to the Seventieth Congress, there having been only ninety-one members in the First Congress—less than in the present Senate alone. Yet Congress has not increased anything like as fast as the population, for if it had it would boast more than two thousand members now. Moreover it is considerably smaller than either the British House of Commons or the French Chamber of Deputies.

The burdens upon Congress are intolerable. So many important matters must be handled, so many laws must be passed, that one would expect these five hundred men to become hopelessly entangled in their own red tape. Congress may not suit the country invariably, but the wonder is that it accomplishes anything at all, with so much too much to do. Perhaps a smaller body might get through the mountains of work more easily, but there is no likelihood of any such radical change in size.

In the first place, no state wants to lose representation, and in a general reduction there would be fear of relative losses. Nor can such a question as reducing the size of Congress be taken up with the more pressing matter of reapportionment still hanging fire. It has been some years since the House was reapportioned, and in that time there have been major shifts in population.

Many sincere critics of our form of government insist that its most serious defect is the lack of leadership in Congress, such as exists in European countries in the form of cabinet ministers, and especially the premier, who sits in parliament like anyone else and around whom the whole activity centers. With our marked tendency to make laws for every occasion and with no central leadership comparable to that of Europe, it is indeed a miracle that Congress functions at all. With the limitations of debate in the House, the growing power of a few committees, like Ways and Means, Rules, Judiciary and Appropriations, and the patriotic willingness of members of important committees to hold long and exhaustive hearings out of session, we do manage to muddle along.

The average citizen, absorbed in his own affairs, is rather inclined to criticize Congress. But people need to study the organization, procedure and efforts of this essential body. Perhaps changes in our form of government relating to Congress are required. But as yet the people are not sufficiently informed or familiar with these subjects to make the advocacy of such reforms other than wholly academic.

THE NEW UNDERGRADUATE

An Interview With John Grier Hibben—By James R. Crowell

President of Princeton University

TOWARD the thing the world has come to call the wildness of youth, we differ in our attitude, but we are anything but indifferent in our interest. Advocates of extreme liberalism in thought, action, dress, moral conduct and what not regard the prevailing standards among the younger people as a symbol of advanced civilization—and are much pleased. Others are shocked, horrified and deeply apprehensive, and this group seems to constitute a vast majority of those who give the subject any thought. My own interpretation of the situation, while far removed from the spectacular liberal, is certainly not reactionary. It is that the whole thing is pretty much of a mythical condition—an overrated institution, as it were—which exists largely by virtue of the fact that in our analytical moments we omit to study the perspective as a unit and are prone to concentrate our attention upon a mere slice of it.

What we are forgetting is that the entire world has changed and that youth would have been the one abnormal element in it if it had not kept step with the rest of the procession. Youth is much older than it used to be. A large portion of it has caught up with maturity, thinks the same as maturity, discusses the identical subjects and acts the same, though in the latter respect with perhaps better judgment and more decorum than does a fair percentage of its critics. For it is a well-established truth that in some instances the most captious of its critics are themselves the most vulnerable of its preceptors. This is so true that the younger people of today would be reasonably justified, when assailed, in making the retort courteous that the greatest concern of the moment is the wildness of middle age. If there is anything at which to be alarmed, the double code of behavior—one for parents and one for children—might well be raked over in the quest for at least one of the causes. I speak generally and not specifically.

Young people discuss the weighty problems of life with greater freedom in this day than did even the older group of our day. A rather mystifying evolution of conventions has brought this about. But whatever the basic cause, a safe assumption seems to be that it is a trend of the times and not a trend of diminishing culture or increasing vulgarity. Things which were risqué have become matter of fact. And I am not prepared to say that within bounds it is not better so, since the most fertile breeding ground for hypocrisy is hypocrisy.

There is a great deal less to say about the college boy of the past than there is of his modern successor. Life used to be much less complex, business less involved and science less advanced. Boys who went to college were nearly all the sons of wealthy or well-to-do families, or else the sons of self-sacrificing parents who engaged in slavish toil to meet the expense. They chose this or that college—why? Well, perhaps their fathers had gone there, or possibly they wanted to go to the same school their chums did, or maybe it was the exaggerated importance they attached to the deeds of its football heroes. I am extremely doubtful whether the majority paid great heed to the comparative educational facilities offered, barring, of course, those who were willing to skim through with the bare necessities of living.

The line of demarcation between student and teacher was sharp; in fact, in a great many instances it was a gulf, and regrettably so. Boys took it for granted that members of the faculty possessed much more book learning than they themselves did and that the professors' understanding of life was accordingly better in about every particular. It was not the custom for the student to dispute the wisdom of the man who instructed him, even though he might detect glaring defects in judgment. This created a natural barrier. A teacher was something apart from the material world who lived in a little sphere all his own. The boys recognized it; he himself recognized it. He personified scholarliness and dignity and aloofness. Taken by and large, these are qualities which do not come naturally but are acquired—perhaps the solitary penalty higher education exacts of its apostles—and are therefore foreign to the ruling effervescence of normal boyhood.

In the old days they were, as they still are, an obstacle to the establishment of a common meeting ground. Boys

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THE QUADRENNIAL DEBATE IS ON

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Winter Madrigal

CHLORIS made my heart to stop
And turn'd my joy to acid,
For I was working in the shop
And she was in Lake Placid.
In my despair I could not bear
Her gladsome letters, prating
Of frolic in the sparkling air
And skiing, sleighing, skating.
Hey nonny, nonny, etc.

It fill'd my soul with woe and hate
To hear about her ski jumps,
For in proportion to her weight
She jump'd far as a flea jumps.
But now the dart has ceas'd to smart,
My pain has ceas'd to rankle,
For though my Beauty broke my heart,
My Beauty broke her ankle.
Hey nonny, nonny, etc.

—Morris Bishop.

Confidences of a Modern Child

"FATHER is acting nervous, as if he intended to be my pal again soon. I wish he wouldn't. Every time he does his duty by me he gets hurt. If he'd only neglect me like a normal parent, I wouldn't have to worry about him and could go along being perfectly happy.

"I've been fearful ever since I discovered him reading an article on being your boy's best friend. Last year he went to a lecture on Boyology, and as a result, he fell out of a fishing boat showing me how to land a bass. I had to jump in, tow him ashore, bring him to, and then swim out and rescue our reels and tackle.

"It looks like hunting this time. The trouble about his teaching me how to hunt is that he is liable to start shooting and wound himself terribly. I don't mind his being my chum for a few days if it will relieve his conscience and permit him to ignore me the rest of the time; but a fifty-year-old nearsighted chum armed with a shotgun is going to be hard to manage. It's a good thing I know all about shooting and can tell just about what to expect."

—McCready Huston.

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DISNEY

"I'm Going Out for the Afternoon, Dear, and You Can Have a Nice Quiet Time Here at Home. But Do See to it That Alice Doesn't Get Her Tail Caught in the Barn Door Again and That Herman and Horace Keep Away From Those Bees and Don't Let Caroline Fall Into the Horse Trough and if You Must Take a Nap Take Them All in With You"

Nature Notes

UNDOUBTEDLY the Kangaroos
Have fun;
They hop because they do not choose
To run.

The Hippopotami are not
Neat cusses,
So people call them Hippopot-
O-musses!

His hide, the Lizard of the Nile's
Tough part,
Is softer than the Crocodile's
Hard heart.

The Dormouse in his grassy-heap
Tepee
Is happiest when fast asleep—
Like me.

—Arthur Guiterman.

A Dietonic Diatribe

Apologies to Hood

WITH spirit weary and sore, with curves that wouldn't reduce, a woman sat in a sumptuous home, lunching on lemon juice; sip, sip, sip; bemoaning her joyless fate she breathed with a sigh and a quivering lip, the dieter's hymn of hate:

"Work, work, work, till my soul is sick of the gym; and walk, walk, walk, till I totter on trembling limb! And, oh, but for one square meal, to dine as I used to dine, before I fell for the diet spiel, or yearned for a boyish line; and would that I were a Turk, where ladies with curves are treats, and fashions founded on nature's work, if these be Christian eats! A little pastry would ease my heart, but with each tempting dish you defeat my fight, for every bite

(Continued on Page 84)

DRAWN BY MARIE

"I Do Think, Betty, That You Should Try to Restrain Yourself From Laughing When I Kiss You." "All Right, Ogden; I'll Keep My Eyes Shut"

DRAWN BY KATE CORBABY

"Genius? Bah! He's No Genius! Why, People Actually Buy His Paintings!"

If every woman realized how much her husband likes soup ~

she would serve it every day

Where er I go I always know
There is no brighter pleasure,
No thrill so rare that can compare
With Campbell's daily treasure.

THE MAN in the middle of his day's work, or when he comes home tired at the end of it, needs the wholesome tonic of this hot, liquid food. Its appetizing flavor offers just the right invitation to his appetite—he never fails to respond to it.

Soup gives him a warm glow that revives and cheers him. His appetite is at once stimulated; the digestive juices flow more freely; he is in a happy mood to enjoy his food—*and he does enjoy it!*

The truth about soup is recognized. Women everywhere are alive to its importance. Its regular, daily use has grown to such an extent that fifty thousand acres of land each season are required to produce the tomatoes that go into Campbell's Tomato Soup. And this is only one of the twenty-one Campbell's kinds! Read the complete list on the label.

Everybody likes Tomato Soup—it has such an appealing, distinctive flavor. And Campbell's comes right from the heart of the finest, full-ripe tomatoes, sun-sweetened on the vines. You will enjoy it, too, as a Cream of Tomato Soup, prepared according to the simple directions printed on the label. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

'FRAID-CAT

By AUSTIN PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

V

MR. CHASE will be here in a moment," said the stout woman whose desk was in the reception room of M. P. T. Aircraft Corporation. "Won't you wait in his office?"

She opened a door and Lucia Graham entered a barnlike room which, except that it had a desk in it, scarcely answered the description of office. There was a huge drafting table hinged to the wall; racks which held tubular blue prints; a small stove, the open door of which served as a target for cigarette butts. Upon hooks hung an array of grease-spotted flying clothes. Photographs of pilots and planes were spotted over the walls, held by thumb tacks.

Most of the desks that Lucia had seen in her life belonged to bankers and lawyers. They were bare and polished. This desk had a litter of papers upon it, a carburetor, two connecting rods which served as paper weights and the hub of a broken propeller—memento of some violent misadventure—with an aeroplane clock set in its middle. Cigarettes had burned a band of mourning about the edge of the desk, boots had scuffed the surface.

From the big window which looked out over the smooth field she could see the hangars. An aeroplane, surrounded by a half dozen men, set up a roar and a cloud of dust.

The impulse which, wavelike, had carried her here was receding. She was beginning to wonder at her audacity, when the door opened and a man entered. He was a big man, a rangy, Western-looking type, in a leather jacket and faded khaki trousers. His hand, in a sweep, removed helmet and goggles.

"You are in charge of the flying?"

"Yes, I'm chief pilot. Sit down. Wait a second."

He removed a stack of books from the most comfortable chair, dusted it with a flick of his helmet and shoved it toward her. He sat at the desk, threw himself back in his tip chair with sublime confidence that it wouldn't go over backward. Lucia's large brown eyes looked out soberly at him from under the rim of a tight blue hat.

"I've come to see about lessons," she announced.

"For yourself?" She nodded. "We haven't done very much here on the Umpty field about developing a regular flying school. We take a few people—as many as we can conveniently handle. Are you thinking of going into flying professionally?"

"Oh, no—no, just as a sport."

"I see." He studied her coolly with a pair of grayish-green eyes. He didn't appear to think it extraordinary that she should be so audacious. In fact he seemed to think it an everyday sort of matter.

"What are your terms?" she asked precisely. He told her what the charges were, explained the course of training that led to a pilot's license. "And who gives the instruction?"

"I do."

"Well"—she hesitated—"may I ask what your experience has been?"

Fred Chase looked at her and grinned, suspecting that his leg was being pulled. Some friend of his at the Pilots' Club had put her up to coming here—the gang wanted a laugh. But there was no answering glint of humor in the girl's eyes.

"I hope you don't mind my asking," she said.

It Reads: In the Insert, Barnaby Condon, Rich Polo Player, Said by Society to be Miss Graham's Fiancé

This was no natural-born pilot, he decided. Any real would-be aviator who has been well bitten by the flying bug will fly in anything that has a conventional number of wings, consent to fly with anything that calls itself a pilot. And, besides, everyone who knew the difference between a spark plug and a tail skid had heard of Fred Chase.

"I've been flying about twelve years, mostly in the Army," he told her, almost apologetically. "About nine thousand hours in the air. I've taught nearly four hundred men how to fly and I've never killed any of 'em who did as I told 'em to do. If you get bumped off, it'll be your own fault."

"I understand," she said gravely.

Flying, at close range, didn't seem quite so romantic as she had thought it in the first flush of the idea. There were noise and dust and grease, and a certain calm indifference on the subject of getting bumped off.

"That, by the way," continued Chase, "is the first rule of the field. You have to do as I tell you to do. I can cancel the contract at any time, either for disobedience to orders or because I think it's unsafe for you to fly."

Lucia nodded. "I'll think it over and let you know."

They rose and he left the office with her.

When she had gone, he said to the secretary, "Hey, when gals come to ask about flying lessons, kid 'em out of it and send 'em home. I'm busy."

He went back to the field, where there was a new plane waiting on the line, ready for its test flight. Fred Chase wasn't enthusiastic about teaching women to fly. He thought their duties in this world were to nurse in hospitals, incubate babies and sing in choruses.

Lucia, enthusiasm deadened by contact with the actual flying world, headed toward home. She drove slowly, debating whether it wouldn't be better to leave for Europe immediately; the travel agency would be able to scrape up some sort of accommodations for them in place of the passages she had canceled.

And it would mean that she could avoid entertaining Mary Daimer.

For a few minutes she backslid completely and allowed her mind to dwell upon the delights of expatriation; to live in Paris—or Florence, perhaps—surrounded by easy, soft comforts, with people who didn't think that money and a sort of physical courage were the only things worth while in life. Let Barnaby marry his fluffy blond actress if he pleased. It wouldn't last long.

She stopped in Havelport, before going to the house, to get some gasoline.

As she drove away a loutish youth called, "Hey, there's the baby killer!"

His companion yelled after her, "Bag any kids today, dearie?"

She flinched and her body stiffened so that her foot clamped down for an instant upon the accelerator. The car jumped ahead, narrowly missed taking a rear wheel from a grocery wagon, before she could get it under control again. Catcalls followed her down the street.

She was pale and shaking with anger when she entered the house. Her resolutions to quit Havelport were forgotten in the gust of a desire to fight.

The butler told her that Mr. McCumber, the assistant district attorney, had telephoned on a matter of importance and wanted her to call his office when she returned.

"I'll be in the library," she said.

Presently the bell tinkled and McCumber's voice came over the wire.

"Miss Graham," he said, "I picked up a bit of news this morning and I thought you'd better hear about it. It isn't

(Continued on Page 28

Libby's 100 Foods

One of them is HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

New ideas for tempting salads and desserts in the new edition of our booklet "Libby's Luscious Fruits" Write for it. It's free. Address Mary Hale Martin, Cooking Correspondent, Dept C-13, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods . . . ask your grocer for Libby's

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Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
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Cherries, Royal Anne
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Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Berries
Jellies, Jams
Prunes
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork & Beans
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
Tomatoes
Tomato Soup

Milk

Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Canned Meats

Corned Beef
Corned Beef Hash
Roast Beef
Veal Loaf
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak & Onions
Ragon (beef stew)
Meat wich Spread
Lunch Tongue
Deviled Ham
Potted Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Chicken à la King
Sliced Dried Beef
Chili Con Carne
Mexican Tamales
Mince Meat
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract
Chop Suey

(Partial List)

Pickles and Condiments

Pickles—
Sweet
Sour
Dill
Sweet Mixed
Sweet Mustard
Sliced Sweet Dill
Home Made Style
Sweet Cauliflower

Salmon

Red Alaska Salmon

Olives—
Queen
Stuffed
Ripe
Olive Oil
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Chow Chow
Sweet Onions
Sweet Relish

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

"You're Being Sued, That's What's the Trouble—for One Hundred Thousand Dollars!"

(Continued from Page 26)

anything you need worry about. The parents of the lad who was killed are going to bring suit against you for damages."

"But why?" demanded Lucia.

"More of this political fight. The Sentinel is behind it. The story is played out and they have to give it a shot of something to keep it going. The suit won't come to anything, but you'll be served."

"Served? I don't understand."

"A man, a process server, will serve papers on you. I shouldn't try to evade it if I were you."

"Why should I try to evade it?"

"People sometimes do. Perhaps you'd better let Mr. Condon know."

"Yes," she answered doubtfully. "Thanks for telling me about it."

She hung up and rang for Cabot. "Has Mr. Condon called?"

"No, Miss Graham."

She hesitated, gnawing at her lip and scowling, on the point of telling the butler to get him on the telephone.

"That's all," she said presently. If Barnaby took the trouble to call her, she would tell him what McCumber had said; but, almost for the first time in her life, she rebelled against taking her troubles to him.

"Shall I serve luncheon now?" asked Cabot.

"Whenever my aunt is ready."

Presently her Aunt Martha came down and they went to the breakfast porch, where luncheon, rather than breakfast, was usually served in summer.

"What have you been doing this morning?" asked Aunt Martha cheerily.

"Just riding about," answered Lucia. Her tone discouraged conversation and the meal progressed in silence for a while.

"Lucia," said Aunt Martha at last, "people are talking about Barnaby and this Daimer girl. I think that Barnaby ought to be more careful. A musical-comedy actress!" Lucia shrugged. "Of course he hasn't mentioned anything about her to you."

"On the contrary, he's told me a good deal." Aunt Martha stared at her, aghast. "Barnaby appears to be rather much in love with her."

"Why, that's terrible! I had no idea!"

"Terrible?" asked Lucia negligently, and buttered a hot biscuit. "I don't see why, necessarily. She may be a very nice girl for all we know. I suppose she is if Barnaby is in love with her."

The older woman's voice rose in protest: "But, Lucia!"

"He asked yesterday if he might bring her out for dinner some Sunday."

"I've never heard ——" began Aunt Martha, and was lost for words.

"Oh, rot!" said the girl.

"And you're going to let him bring her here?"

"Of course I am! This house is every bit as much Barnaby's home as it is mine, and if he marries her ——"

"Marries her!" repeated Aunt Martha, and then on a higher note: "Marries her!"

"What did you suppose?—that Barnaby is carrying on some little tuppenny flirtation? You know he isn't like that."

"Well, I am astounded!" Aunt Martha put down her fork and stared. "You sit there as calm as can be and say that he's going to marry that girl!"

"And why not be calm about it?" Lucia went on eating.

"Well," exclaimed Aunt Martha, "I don't suppose you know that people have always expected that you and Barnaby would be married some day!" Lucia shrugged elaborately, rang for Cabot and ordered more biscuits.

"Aunt Martha, I'm not in the least interested in what people say," she said patiently—too patiently to be convincing as patience. "It happens that, even as much as Barnaby and I love each other, we're not in love. People may say whatever they please, but Barnaby and I will go on managing our own affairs to suit ourselves."

"And you're going to have that woman here?"

"I am going to invite Miss Daimer to dinner."

"I certainly don't intend to be present!" declared Aunt Martha indignantly.

Their eyes met, clashed, and Lucia's gaze was steady.

"That would make it very awkward for all of us," she said quietly. "In that case I think it would be better if you went to Europe—alone."

"Lucia!" protested Aunt Martha. "Of course I didn't mean that I wouldn't be here if you really wanted me!"

VI

SHE went to her room, got her check book and drove away from the house in her roadster.

At the bottom of the driveway a big hedge hid the sidewalk and road, and it was necessary to creep out; youngsters on roller skates came along like projectiles sometimes. As she let the car slowly project its nose through the opening of the hedge, a man jumped upon the running board, touched her arm and dropped a folded paper into her lap.

"What do you ——" she began.

"Papers, lady." He got off the car and grinned.

"How dare you?"

"Read 'em," he replied. "Read 'em—an' weep." He sauntered away, lighting a cigarette.

She opened the papers. So this was being served!

Even though McCumber had warned her, she felt appalled and she didn't know which way to turn. Not to Barnaby, in any event, if he wouldn't even bother to telephone. But McCumber would know what she should do. She drove to the courthouse, and Ramey, who had arrested her, came along wheeling his motorcycle as she stopped.

"Hello, Miss Graham," he said. "Say, I'm sorry about that. I just wanted to tell you. I'm awful sorry."

She was angry with him for the indignity he had submitted her to, but in the surprise of seeing him again, hearing him say that he was sorry, being warmed by that humble and friendly smile, she simply forgot about being angry. After all, they were in the same boat—there was a bond of trouble between them.

"It certainly caused a row, didn't it?" she said.

"Yeh, I got bawled out to a fare-ye-well."

"By the chief?"

"Yeh"—he grinned—"but more at home—the missus. We've got two kids, you see, and she's sore because I didn't pinch the right one instead of the wrong one."

"I don't suppose there's any chance of getting the man who did it."

One of Ramey's eyes half closed and he nodded his head.

"I've got my own ideas and I'm laying low. . . . Say, I hear they're suing you."

"Yes."

"Aw, tell 'em to take a run around the block an' cool off! That's a bunch of rot, Miss Graham."

"Is it all right to leave my car here?" she asked.

"Run it up a couple of yards. I'll tell the fellow at the door it's yours."

She found McCumber preparing to go into court.

"I didn't know what to do about it," she explained, and exhibited the papers. "I didn't want to bother Mr. Condon. I thought you might tell me."

"Turn it over to a lawyer, that's all."

"Well, you're a lawyer."

McCumber laughed. "But I can't take private practice now, you see. Haven't you an attorney?"

"In the city, but not here."

"There's a friend of mine, Clifford Lane—we used to be partners before I went into politics. He'll handle it. There's nothing to do except file an answer. I hope you're not worried about it."

"No-o; not if you say there's nothing to worry about. It was nice of you to telephone. I would have been worried—terribly!"

"I was afraid you might be. I'm sorry we've stirred up such a beastly amount of trouble for you."

Lucia smiled. "You seem to be getting some of it too."

"Oh, I don't mind that," answered McCumber. "If it weren't

(Continued on Page 57)

"There's Going to be a New Pilot in the World About Next Thursday. One of These Days, When You've Made Four Perfect Landings Without My Touching the Controls, I'll Step Out of the Crate and Send You on Your Way"

"I'll give $2,500 cash

To drive this new Hupmobile away"

Insistent buyer offers Large Premium for The Six of the Century

The New Hupmobile—The Six of the Century—has educed more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since the automobile industry and this century began. The one here reported and others to follow are "taken from life". Names and full particulars may be had on request.

In the earliest days of the automobile people booked their orders in advance. They willingly lined up and awaited delivery.

Such things never happened again until the New Hupmobile Six came to startle and delight a motor-sophisticated world.

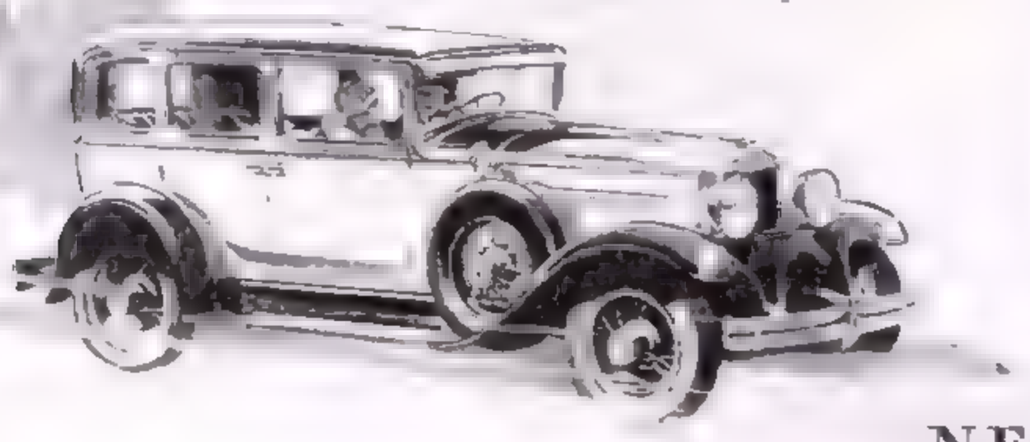
People are actually standing in line to buy the car that public acclaim has christened The Six of the Century. More than that—they are making amazing proposals to hasten delivery.

A man walked into a Hupmobile dealer's salesroom and offered $2,500 cash to drive away the New Model on display.

Hundreds of dollars extra for immediate delivery!

Strange things like this, scores of them, are happening throughout the country. There has never been anything quite so astonishing, quite so exciting in motor car history.

It is hard for the public to believe that so beautiful, so capable, so complete a car does not cost well beyond $2,000—which will surely be your reaction as soon as you see The Six of the Century.



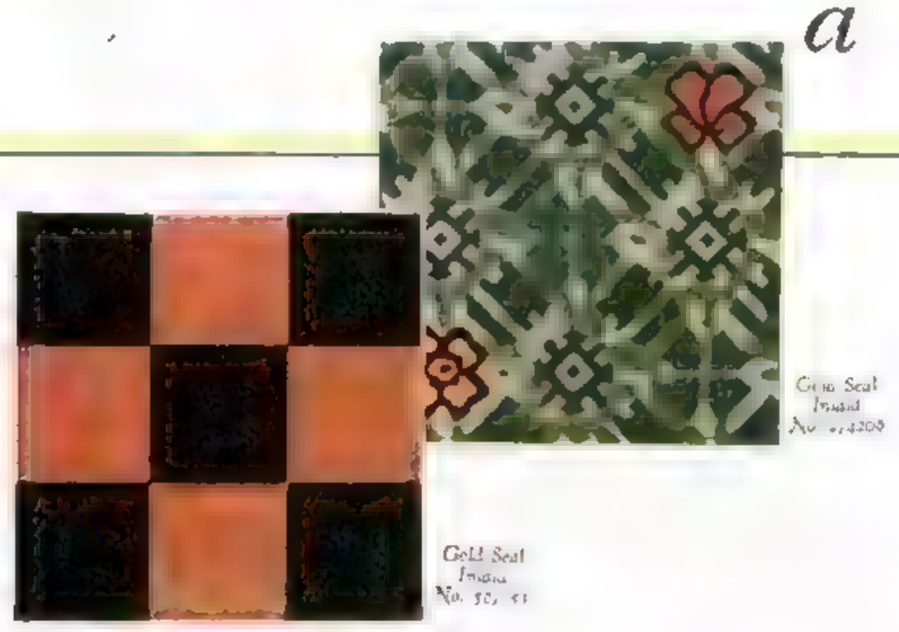
NEW

HUPMOBILE

The Six of the Century

INTRODUCING

smartly-styled designs in linoleum, and— a sensational soil-proof finish!



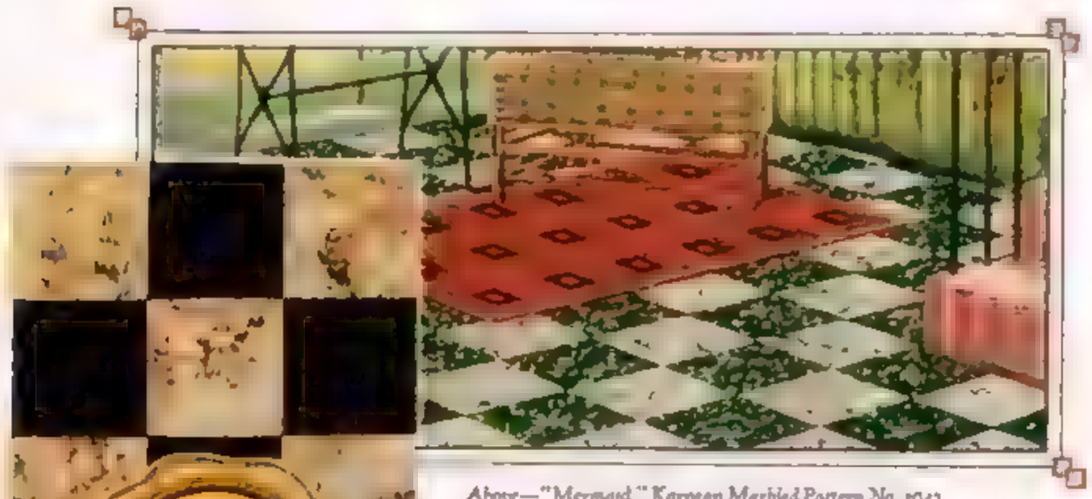
Gold Seal Inlaid No. 5074209

Gold Seal Inlaid No. 5[illegible]

. . . and what lovely things our designers have done with inlaid linoleum. How they have made this flooring—once so prim and practical—blossom out in smart, colorful, wholly enchanting attire.

See their handiwork in the newest GOLD SEAL INLAID patterns. Designs alive with style and modern verve! Colorings bright and dainty—colorings rich and brilliant! Think what this means. You can choose your flooring as you select a chair or a length of upholstery. Not alone because it is beautiful in itself—but because it is appropriate to your other furnishings—adds charm and character to your room ensembles.

And consider all the practical advantages! Soil-proof—immune to spots and stains. Cleaned in a wink. Colorings that will never wear off—they are inlaid through to the burlap back. Comfortable sound-deadening resilience. A lifetime of wear. All at a cost you will agree is moderate and reasonable.



Above—"Mermaid" Karnean Marbled Pattern No. 5043
Left—"Emperor" Karnean Marbled Pattern No. 6061

Here it is at last! Inlaid linoleum that can be cleaned as you clean glazed tile—simply by wiping it off. This revolutionary improvement is due to an entirely new material originated by our chemists for our exclusive use.

What does this material do? It impregnates the body of the goods and seals the tiny dirt-absorbing pores responsible for spots and stains. It keeps dirt from being ground into GOLD SEAL INLAIDS—absolutely prevents grease and liquids from penetrating and staining them. In a word, it gives the goods a *soil-proof Super-Finish* and makes them more durable than inlaid linoleum has ever been before

But remember, this sensational feature is in no sense a surface film or veneer. It is just as much a part of the goods as the coloring matter, and gives them a dull lustre of velvety richness.

"Granada" Karnean Marbled Pattern No. 5031

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

I HAD A HUNCH

Two Rice Mills Were Erected in Port Arthur to Take Care of the Output From These Thriving Farms of Nederland, the Colonizers of Which Established Themselves as Hard-Working, Industrious Citizens

By Arthur E. Stilwell and James R. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

AN INCIDENT of the utmost importance in my whole life had taken place about a year before I received the disheartening news from my good friends in Holland telling me that, owing to the Bryan free-silver panic, they would be unable to take the $3,000,000 bonds we intended issuing to furnish money for building the Kansas City Southern on its next jump from Mena, Arkansas, to Shreveport, Louisiana. At that time I had gone to Chicago to see George M. Pullman, the car builder, in connection with placing an order for 1000 cars to take care of the rapidly growing needs of our railroad. My plan was to buy them on a five-year car trust, which would provide for the payment of 10 per cent cash and the balance in monthly installments. The price of a good box car in those days was $580, as against $2500 to $3000 for the same thing today.

Mr. Pullman listened to me attentively, all the while twisting his thumbs, as he had a habit of doing.

When I had finished, he said, "Stilwell, you are too sanguine."

I said: "No, Mr. Pullman, I am not too sanguine. As a matter of fact, if I knew where I could buy a ton of sanguineness at $30,000 a ton, I'd take at least two tons. My grandfather was always considered too sanguine, but he did remarkable things."

"Who was your grandfather?"

"Hamblin Stilwell, of Rochester."

An expression of the keenest surprise came into Mr. Pullman's countenance. It was evident he had been profoundly shocked by my casual statement. Jerking around in his chair, he grasped my hand and shook it vigorously.

"You don't mean it—you don't mean you're really the grandson of Hamblin Stilwell!"

"I do, indeed, and I'm mighty proud of it. But why does it agitate you so?"

Mr. Pullman sat back in his chair expansively and twisted his thumbs with great vigor.

"Why shouldn't I get a little wrought up about it? Hamblin Stilwell was my dearest friend. He gave me my start in life." He looked at me sharply for a few moments and continued: "And now I see the resemblance between you."

We sat chatting for quite a while about this new bond between us. Mr. Pullman reminisced at length on the days, now long past, when he would lie in wait for Hamblin Stilwell on the towpaths of the Erie Canal, of which my grandfather was one of the chief builders, and gain permission to drive the mules pulling the canal boats.

"The old gentleman was a fine old soul—yes-sirree. When I'd ask if I could drive the mules, he'd say, 'Sure, my boy, and it's great fun, too, now isn't it?' He'd walk along for miles with me, talking to me in my own language and dropping little hints now and then about the big problems of life I was to face so soon. Stilwell, I was certainly fond of your grandfather. And say, Stilwell, how about having dinner with me tonight? I want to take you out home and introduce you to Mrs. Pullman. She's heard me talk so much about Hamblin Stilwell, it will be wonderful for me to drop in on her and say, right out of a clear sky, 'Dear, I want you to know Hamblin Stilwell's grandson.' Come on, what do you say?"

"I say it will be a real pleasure for me to go to your home. But if you don't mind, I would like to get your verdict about the cars we need."

Mr. Pullman laughed with boyish good humor.

"Oh, the cars! Confound them, I'd almost forgotten all about them. Why, of course, you can have all the cars you want—and on any terms you want."

And there was the beginning of a friendship I prized beyond anything I have ever had in the world except the companionship of my wife. From that moment George Pullman and I were in constant touch with each other. Never a day passed until the time of his death that he did not communicate with me in some way—by spoken word, by letter, by telegraph or by cable. The daily message from this truly great man became a more regular institution in my life than my breakfast.

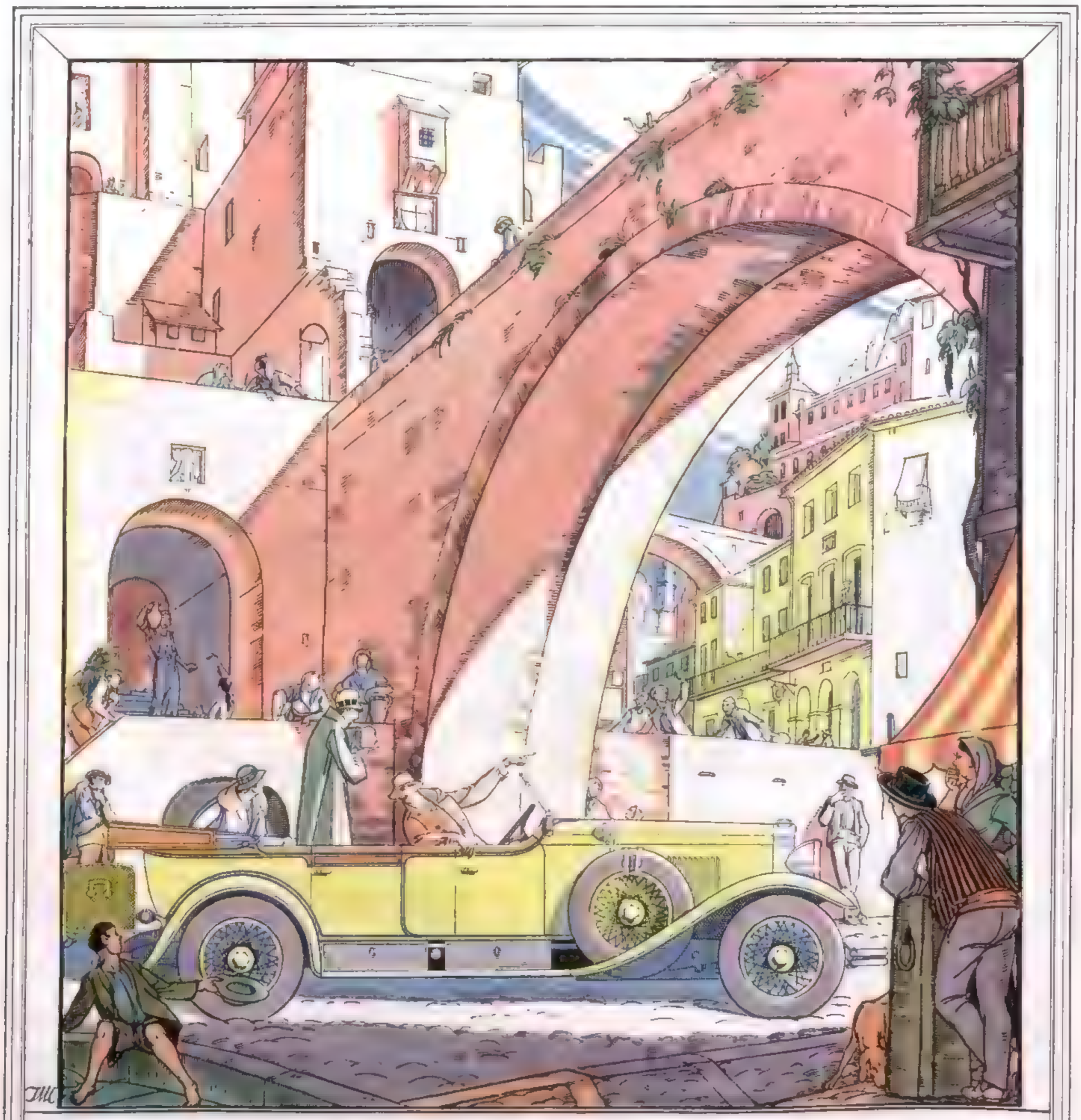
In the intervening twelve months I had come to count heavily on his counsel in business matters, which was not only sound but given so willingly that I never felt I was imposing on his time. So in this emergency I followed my usual habit and went to Chicago for a chat with him. But this time I found him so upset about the possibility of Bryan's election and the distress his free-silver program would undoubtedly bring to the country that I refrained from burdening him with my own woes and spent most of our time together trying to convince him the Nebraskan was certain to be beaten by McKinley.

A week or so elapsed before I returned to Kansas City. When I got there and went to the Kansas City Southern offices, I was surprised to find the directors holding a board meeting, all of them except Mr. Stotesbury being present.

"What's the explanation of this meeting?" I inquired, after taking my seat at the directors' table.

Mr. Martin, who had preceded me as president and was now one of the vice presidents, said: "Mr. Stilwell, up to this moment there has been no problem in connection with our road you could not solve. Now we have one you can't solve, and I called the directors together to take a drastic step."

(Continued on Page 70)



MOTORISTS everywhere acknowledge the New Cadillac for its modern charm, its size, its luxury. But those who drive it will be so enthralled by its amazing resources of eager power that, to them, the New Cadillac will ever mean power—power in abundance that does the exceptional with matter-of-fact ease and brilliant finality.

More than 50 exclusive body styles by Fisher and Fisher-Fleetwood

CADILLAC

A Notable Product of General Motors

THE STRANGER AT THE FEAST

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XVI

DOWN in the living room a strange scene was being enacted. With Paula, Tappen and Joan gone, Mrs. Newcombe directed a nervous look at Oliver, left alone on the couch, and abruptly began to put away her work. Absurd as it might seem, she had a feeling that the blind man was watching her. In her hurry she dropped her ball of wool and it rolled far across the polished floor, urged farther and farther by her frantic jerks at the strand she still held. Mr. Newcombe watched it go and frowned, debating whether he could with propriety turn the remaining two cards in his hand before getting up to retrieve the ball.

"Dropped your wool," said Oliver quietly, but the weirdly unexpected words boomed in Mrs. Newcombe's ears.

Without stopping to think why she did it, she snapped the thread remaining in her fingers, let it fall and started to rise, but Oliver forestalled her. He gathered in his long legs, got up and came tap-tapping toward her. Halfway of the distance he sensed a chair, annexed it and dragged it along to place it within the circle of light cast by the high lamp shared between Mr. Newcombe at his games and Mrs. Newcombe at her knitting.

"A bit lonely over on the couch," he explained.

She tried to say something—anything at all—but her dry lips refused their office. She glanced at her husband with instinctive appeal, a pitiful hunted look in her eyes.

"Glad to have you join us, captain," said Mr. Newcombe absently. He had already forgotten the ball of wool

"And it's going to be a lot lonelier with Tappen gone," resumed Oliver.

"Yes, indeed," murmured Mr. Newcombe, shuffling the cards for another try. Then, realizing that he was being rude to the blind man's supersensitive ears, he frowned again, laid the pack aside and looked up.

"By the way," said Oliver with deceptive casualness, "you weren't thinking of going, too, were you?"

Mr. Newcombe, staring with awakened curiosity at the speaker, perceived not only that he himself was not being addressed but that the question actually excluded him. It was directed unmistakably at his wife.

"Yes," Mrs. Newcombe managed to answer. "We shall have to be going very soon."

Oliver's face began slowly to smile from the eyes down. It was a startling process. More than ever his fine head appeared to be completely divorced from the frail wreck of his body. In addition, he seemed to have shed all his mannerisms of speech. His "right you are's," "what ho's," "top hole's" and "bit off the crisp's," had verged on jargon to Mrs. Newcombe, but now that they were eliminated he became actually less intelligible than ever.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," he remarked.

"My dear sir!" gasped Mr. Newcombe, thunderstruck.

"Oh, I didn't mean you," said Oliver easily. "We all recognize that every male American is subject to the sudden call of business. I was speaking to Paula's mother."

He Caught His Breath at the Sight of the Shining Helmet of Joan's Hair and His Hands Moved More Carefully

"I'm afraid I'll have to go with Mathew," said Mrs. Newcombe weakly. She was terrified, not at the suggestion that she stay with her daughter but at the manner of its making. To do her justice, it had never occurred to her that her continued presence at the château could be considered of benefit to anybody, least of all by Paula, who in the past few days, ever since their memorable talk, in fact, seemed to have withdrawn into another world.

This withdrawal had not been pointed; it was not from her mother alone she had receded but from everybody. Indeed, so impartial and complete had been the recession that one might say Paula had crept equally away from herself. She had changed so much that a man as dull in such matters as Mathew had noticed it—Cornell Tappen, too, and now John Oliver. He had not said it in so many words, but there was no doubt in Mrs. Newcombe's mind that in some such feeling rested the explanation of his present amazing behavior. Strangely enough, she did not regard Paula's aloofness from herself—her mother—in the light of an estrangement.

Of course Paula had changed—she had expected and intended her to change. What she had not anticipated was that, once convinced of her error, Paula should make a martyrdom of doing the right thing. If not profoundly, Mrs. Newcombe was at least genuinely sincere. To her, compromise was not anathema; it simply did not come within her range of vision. Once you realized your duty—and there were ample rules to guide you to it in all the major questions of life—you performed it more or less automatically and as a matter of course.

To a nature so elementary all such phrases as mitigating or extenuating circumstances, contributory considerations, or even a recommendation for clemency were not only meaningless but nonexistent. Once you knew what you had to do, there was no use marshaling all the reasons why you did not wish to do it, or all the factors which made its doing particularly unpleasant. Such a course could only add to the just burden of retribution for the fault committed.

In common with most people who live by rule of thumb, she was capable of an easy-going content and a lovable sweetness only while among those who bowed to the same regulations. To all such there is a single unfailing bugbear—the demand that they put on a thinking cap; that they balance reason against specific belief. Immediately they recoil in an instinctive defense of a happiness based on the conviction that all thinking has long since been done for them as an incidental appanage of the one supreme vicarious sacrifice. Paula, it is true, had made her think, but only to the extent of a forceful declaration of an established faith.

Mrs. Newcombe had emerged triumphant from that encounter because she had been sure of a common ground of understanding, of talking a language that meant the same thing to speaker and audience. But face to face with Oliver, she was conscious of no such support. She felt that she would not know what he thought even if he told her, and the mere premonition that she was about to be called upon to perform the impossible—to make intelligible to this utter stranger the principles behind her conduct—was enough to transform her strength into scatter-brained futility. She was quite simply afraid of him—afraid as she could never have been of Tappen or of any other mortal.

"I'm afraid I must go," she repeated almost inaudibly.

"I think you'll change your mind," he said, still smiling. "In fact, I'm jolly well sure of it, because, if necessary, I'll make you."

She began to tremble, and spaced tears fell from her eyes and rolled unheeded down her cheeks.

"My dear sir—Captain Oliver," spluttered Mr. Newcombe, "you have surely forgotten yourself. I express myself mildly only on account of your affliction. Just the same, I'm amazed and distressed at your astonishing outburst. I'll have you understand, sir, that my wife will leave here whenever she sees fit."

"Outburst?" demurred Oliver mildly.

He turned his head and the half smile faded from his face. "We'll let that pass, but I must correct your estimate of my affliction. You've seldom met anyone less blind than I, sir."

Looking into his luminous blue eyes, Mr. Newcombe could almost have believed the statement in its most obvious sense. "All the less excuse ——" he began, but Oliver stopped him with a raised hand, thin to the verge of transparency.

"Don't let's bicker. I am absolutely incapable of quarreling with anyone. I was merely going to say that seeing things has become my principal diversion—a sort of major

sport, for lack of anything better. Blind, I can perceive things that you evidently can't see without bumping your nose on them. So I'm going to bump your nose."

"But not quarrel?" interjected Mr. Newcombe sarcastically.

"Certainly not quarrel," affirmed Oliver. "Your wife and I made the same discovery, though it took her a lot longer than it did me. It was something that has given me only the most exquisite pleasure, but it seems to have troubled her profoundly." He turned his head to face Mrs. Newcombe with a movement which seemed to her to carry a suggestion of relentless pursuit. "Will you tell him, or shall I?"

"No, no," she murmured ineffectually, not answering him, but merely voicing a weak prayer for escape.

"Nonsense, all this fuss," muttered Oliver, "mountains of rot. Your wife and I discovered, Mr. Newcombe, that I am Joan's father."

"What ——" stuttered Mr. Newcombe. "What do you ——" He felt he was taking things too seriously, and continued, frowning, "Is this some sort of English joke?"

"Really, you're amazing!" said Oliver. "Even after bumping your nose, you can't see the open door! What I meant, sir, was that in accordance with the usual processes of Nature, I am Joan's father."

"Unbelievable!" gasped Mr. Newcombe. He was like a child who has been paddling and suddenly finds the water up to his ears. If Oliver's assertion was no pleasantry but the simple truth, he did not wish to admit it, because it would definitely sweep him beyond his depth. "Quite so," he murmured soothingly, "quite so." But in his panic he could not have told whether it was Oliver or himself he was endeavoring to soothe. Then his uneasy glance fell on his wife, now weeping openly, and his face began to turn ashen. His eyes grew round and staring. He sank into deep waters.

"Why the discovery should have been manhandled so as to force Tappen to leave his own home," continued Oliver with phlegmatic calm, "I confess is completely beyond me. I suppose it's the sort of thing that requires brains to see, as well as sight." He continued almost in the manner of a soliloquy: "The pity of it is he isn't going to go, he's gone—gone away from Paula already, or she from him, which amounts to the same thing. They've lost each other here in this lovely place where they were so happy.

"Mind you, I'm not arguing that it would put things right again if Corny simply changed his plans and stayed. I mean at this stage of the farce. It's what I would do, of course; but the way things are, I suppose he thinks he's got to go to save his soul and Paula's the soul they owned together."

"That's all I meant," whimpered Mrs. Newcombe, doubting her ears.

"The soul they owned together," repeated Oliver, "until somebody scared it off—got it by the throat and choked it blotto. But somehow you can't harm the stuff that Corny's made of. Put it through the mill, and it will come out stronger than it went in, and a lot finer. Now me—I'm not like that. I've got a coarse-grained brain that refuses to bend beneath a burden of suds and flapdoodle."

He looked directly at Mrs. Newcombe with that concentration of his features which made his blind eyes doubly baleful; then his lips twisted in an enigmatic smile.

"For instance," he continued softly, "speaking as one conventionalized fossil to another, I would say that you are a person of unquestionable breeding and considerable charm. But speaking with the voice of naked and indecent truth, I'm forced to add you're the sort of superholy terror that chops down the tree of life at the roots to make room for the weeds of misery."

"Oliver!" cried Mr. Newcombe, springing to his feet and half overturning the table before him so that the cards slithered to the floor. His face was white and he was trembling from head to foot, but he was shaken by helpless rage and not by fear. "Only a vile man and a coward could speak to a lady as you have spoken to Mrs. Newcombe. I demand an instant apology."

"You're out of luck," said Oliver placidly. "I won't apologize and there's nothing you can do about it except go to bed and boil all night. If you would only let yourself think for a moment you would realize that I'm neither vile nor a coward. I'm not even trying to be rude. I'm only being sensible. I'm merely saying I have reason to be peevish because Mrs. Newcombe has wiped out the happiness of Paula, Corny, Joan and myself and left bitter ashes in its place. Anyone who denies that fact—man or woman is an unconscionable liar."

"You are vile, you are a coward," whispered Mr. Newcombe, clasping and unclasping his hands. "If you weren't blind -if only you weren't a wreck, a cripple ——"

"Exactly," said Oliver. "You could fly at me like a terrier and I would admire you for it. But let's return to our muttons. Since there isn't a hope of your wife's setting things back where they were, she needn't think she's going to leave me alone with Paula and Joan. She's going to stay here and eat her own mud pie to the last crumb. You can make up your mind to that, because I've thought out a simple way to force her to do it. I'll blow out my brains the minute she goes through the front door. Word of honor, Mr. Newcombe. If she likes she can turn back to clean up that mess instead of staying to see this one to a finish."

"I don't know what you're talking about," groaned Mr. Newcombe, driven beyond the bounds of exasperation into a species of numb calm. "I don't know what you think my wife has done, and I don't care. All I know is that your conduct is vile and cowardly and that we'll leave here whenever we see fit."

"You've said all those things before—twice in fact," remarked Oliver. "As for what Mrs. Newcombe has done, she's kicked Corny out of his wife's arms and out of his home. That sort of thing is common enough, but somehow it's never been listed as a crime. It wouldn't be fair to call it murder, because it's ten times worse."

"I did it for Joan," whispered Mrs. Newcombe, to her husband's further consternation. She spoke half to herself, in a visible agony of vindication. "How could she have faced the world? If she learns --and she must know some day—what could she say, what ——"

Oliver laughed aloud—a rare sound. "Oh, sorrow!" he cried gayly. "So you were worrying about Joan!" Again his

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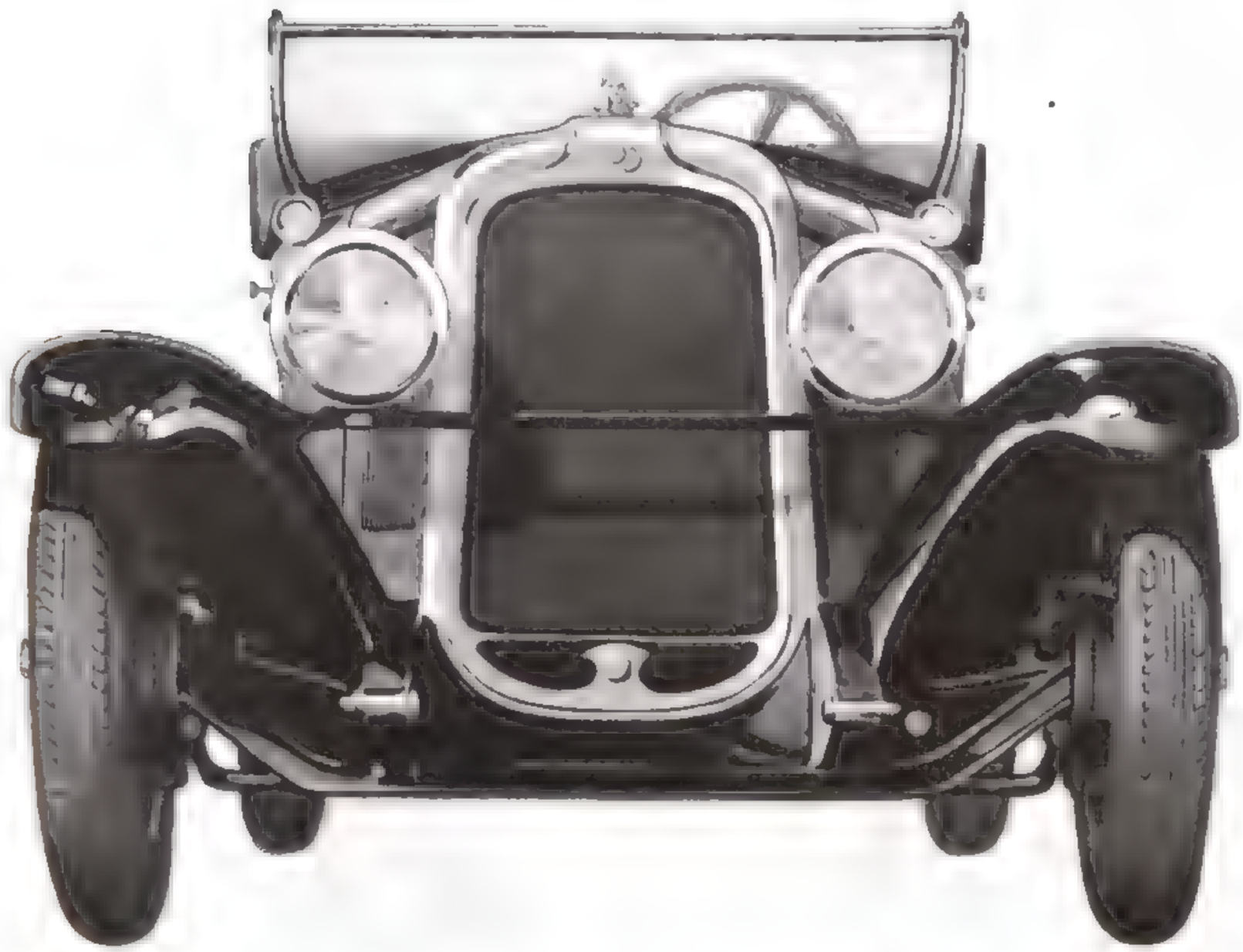
He Fled Along the Paths, Taking One Turn and Then Another, Scarcely Knowing Where He Went



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PASSWORDS

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"So That's It?" She Giggled Once More. "I Wondered How He Managed to Square Himself With Paula"

THE puggy nose of Mrs. Bertram Cadogan's Fouradora sedanette thrust itself up to the curving concrete curb with a certain suggestion of intentional and complacent impertinence, as if, Mrs. Cadogan reflected enviously, the car actually enjoyed intruding on the intimate reserve of the other motors parked in the circular space before the junction station.

Elbowing its way in between Mrs. Buller's dusty little car and the shimmering dignity of Mrs. Bischoff's limousine, it emitted a noisy sigh that drew, from the group of ladies on the platform, the inattentively amiable nods and glances to which Mrs. Cadogan was unhappily accustomed—glances of casual and tolerant politeness which, more effectively than disdain or hostility, forbade her to descend and mingle with the other wives who were in afternoon attendance on the 4:15.

Returning the fixed smile of her habit, Mrs. Cadogan leaned back and affected an absorbed interest in the operations of track laborers, engaged in the mysteriously perpetual task of lifting and sifting, with skeleton spades, the crushed-rock ballast of the right of way. She arranged her features in the expression suited to this familiar inspection, her eyes thoughtfully narrowed, her lips curving to an intent, approving smile; but the soul within her took no part in these dissemblings. It was the soul of the rebellious alien—a soul embittered by padded rebuff and sweetened snub; a baffled spirit, sore and smarting, and still—ignominiously—wistful.

The little mirror above the windshield provided Mrs. Cadogan with a reassurance that but intensified her puzzled resentfulness; it showed her a woman quite as superficially agreeable as any of those who laughed and chatted on the platform. Inspecting her reflection with the eyes of those other women, Mrs. Cadogan decided once more that she wasn't pretty enough to have made any of them jealous. She wasn't too smartly clad; they couldn't possibly hate her as she sometimes hated wives and mothers who retained the flat curveless contours of their adolescence. She wasn't fat, to be sure, but she certainly wasn't thin enough to be hated—even by Mrs. Bischoff. She hadn't bobbed her hair. She looked—she chose the words with the absolutely impersonal detachment of a doubting woman—she looked like a perfectly nice person, reasonably soothing to the eye, tolerably prosperous, conservative rather than radical in dress and deportment, neither stupid enough nor clever enough to be tiresome.

She looked, in short, exactly like what she was, and she'd lived long enough in the constricted society of Weymouth for every one of those women over there to have found it out. The community was too small to contain accidental strangers. You might detest your neighbors with all your heart, but you couldn't help knowing them, even if their desire to avoid acquaintance was as cordial as your own.

Mrs. Cadogan's lips tightened. They knew her as well as they knew each other, and the only reason why, after a year of daily contacts such as this, she was still inexorably excluded from their cheerfully casual intimacy must be that they unanimously didn't like her. That, she assured herself, certainly wasn't her fault. She hadn't pushed or climbed, but she'd unquestionably met everybody halfway—even such horrible bores as Gilman Bray, with his spats and his strut and his exasperating manner of suggesting, in the flourish of his silly pearl derby, that its removal was designed to flood your drab existence with the glorious sunshine of his notice.

Glancing northward along the rails, Mrs. Cadogan felt a dim apprehension at the thought of Bert. Even he was beginning to have a blurry male notion that something had gone wrong with their Weymouth adventure. If he'd been like some husbands, he'd have been catty about it. A soprano giggle from the platform focused Mrs. Cadogan's irritation upon Minnie Oliver. It was all very well for her to laugh that way, pretending that there wasn't a thing on her mind except that fluff of bobbed flax; it might fool those other women, but it didn't deceive Mrs. Cadogan for a minute. Her laundress, who was mother-in-law to Minnie Oliver's upstairs girl, had repeated just what Bill Oliver had said at breakfast. Mrs. Cadogan moved her eyes ever so slightly, the extreme corner of the left one now contemplating Mrs. Oliver with an intricate blend of compassion, superiority and envy, Bill Oliver's sarcastic repartee echoing in her consciousness.

She'd have known that something had happened, of course, from the fact that Oliver had ridden over to the junction that morning with the Bullers, and that Mrs. Oliver's eyelids, flickering toward her with tolerant indifference at their ten-o'clock encounter in Dowson's grocery, had still been eloquently pink. It was only to check her inferences that she'd gone down to the laundry afterward to find out what the yellow daughter-in-law might have been telling Myopia.

If Bert had been like Bill Oliver, his wife's eyes would have been red long ago and pretty often. That he'd never even hinted at reproach only made things worse. One of these days he'd be bound to realize that none of the Weymouth women liked his wife; and good sport that he was, even in his domestic relations, Bert was human and male and married. He wouldn't say anything, perhaps, but he'd think.

Mrs. Cadogan braced herself to the afternoon ordeal as a remote whistle warned her. Deliberately, she descended from the sedanette and achieved with the other ladies that which chemists describe as a mechanical mixture. When the 4:15 groaned to a pause she was in the group and, to a masculine eye perhaps, of it. Her smile was as cheerfully uncankered as that of little Lollie Jessop, butterflying toward her Peter. Waiting, while Bert ambled back from the forward smoker, she nodded pleasantly in response to greetings from the men who filed past her—greetings that somehow repeated to her ear the very note with which their womenkind addressed her.

"Hello, there, Min! Hello, Albertine!" A swift transition to formality. "Howjuhdo, Mrs. Cadogan?" And then, again carelessly intimate, "'Lo, Loll."

It occurred to Mrs. Cadogan that she was waiting not so much for Bert himself as for the sound of somebody calling her Lib. It came home to her that she was beginning to think of herself stiffly as Mrs. Cadogan. The name was suddenly hateful.

She watched Bert's sauntering progress down the platform between Perry Landreth and Johnny Bischoff; pride in him quickened against a background of envy. He was manifestly quite at his ease in the company of these substantial citizens; it was apparent that they accommodated their pace to his. He slowed it as he approached. The other men unmistakably relished the climax of his anecdote, laughing as they moved forward. It rubbed salt shrewdly into the wounds of Libby Cadogan's spirit to observe that their voices, after the grave courtesy with which they had saluted her, warmed again in taking leave of Bert. He, masculinely misinspired, chose to phrase his greeting in jocular burlesque of theirs:

"Howjuhdo, Mrs. Cadogan?"

She managed not to wince, but even Bert seemed to understand from her look that she was not jovially inclined. "Anything wrong?"

She shook her head impatiently. It would be just like Bert to insist on standing here on the platform and trying to cross-examine her with all those people looking on. In the sedanette she felt his inquiring gaze while he fumbled for the switch. Avoiding his eyes, she noticed the reconciliation of the Oliver family, her lips curving downward at the unmistakable candy box that was Bill's apology. No wonder Minnie Oliver had to put up with his peevishness, when he knew that he could square things with a lollypop! Gus Pendleton had bought a new hat; that other package suggested gin. The Bullers paused for a moment beside the Gilchrists' car—another bridge game, probably—five or six easy dollars for the Gilchrists, if what Myopia said was true.

"Anything on for tonight?" Bert had evidently decided against pursuing his inquiry into the reasons for her look.

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FISHER BODY and Fisher Body alone made it possible for Chevrolet to demonstrate what wonders can be accomplished in beautifying a car of popular price. There is an obstacle which quite literally *prevents* any car from giving that which only Fisher gives. This obstacle is the stubborn fact that nowhere in the world is there anything even remotely approaching the unrivaled facilities of Fisher Body in the creation either of beauty or of value. For that reason the several new cars with Body by Fisher which are arousing unusual admiration cannot be duplicated or rivaled because Fisher Bodies cannot be duplicated or rivaled. Chevrolet was able to draw upon these unrivaled Fisher Body resources and the result is an exquisiteness of appearance so unusual and so advanced that it places the car absolutely alone and supreme in its class

G E N E R A L M O T O R S

(Continued from Page 36)

He spoke cheerfully, straightening his shoulders as he always did when the car headed homeward.

The invariable question seemed for once to have a special meaning. Libby Cadogan glanced sharply at her husband, wondering if he'd begun to realize, to suspect why they never had anything on for any night except when something happened to assemble the entire population.

"I haven't planned anything," she said, keeping her voice colorless. "We might drive down to Stenton and see what the stock company's playing this week. Or we could go over to the Red Mill and dance a while, if you like."

He hesitated. "Sort of fed up with that. Let's just stay home and take it easy for a change. Go if you want to, but ——"

"Oh, I'd rather not. I was just trying to amuse you." She spoke quickly. He seemed relieved.

"Everybody happy then. What's new?"

Mysteriously, as always, the second of Bert's two inevitable questions lightened Libby Cadogan's mood. She giggled softly. "The funniest thing! You know how upstage the Bischoffs are. I told you they were going to have a frightfully snorty house party over this week-end, didn't I? That Mrs. Laniston was coming down from Long Island, and the Montgomery Blakes and ——"

"Thought they'd called it off," said Bert. "You said ——"

"I know. That's what they gave out. But the real reason ——" She leaned closer and whispered. Bert's eye twisted incredulously toward her.

"Oh, come, Lib!"

"Oh, it's true. They're just frantic about it. They've had a man down from New York—an ex—exterminating engineer, I think he's called. He's been there two days, but the place is still simply swarming, and so, of course, they had to call off the party. Isn't it just too funny—those high-hat Bischoffs, of all people!"

Bert's incipient grin faded. "High-hat? I'd hardly call 'em that exactly. Always been mighty decent to me, Bischoff has. Takes himself a bit seriously, maybe, but a man with Bischoff's money has to, I guess." A dimly worried look sobered the face that he twisted briefly toward her. "Don't tell anybody about it, Lib."

"Of course not!" Mrs. Cadogan was indignantly innocent, with the innocence of one accused of offense not only foreign to her nature but wholly beyond her powers. Who was there in Weymouth to whom she could confide the truth about the Bischoffs' house party?

"I'm not accusing you of anything," said Bert, answering tone rather than word. "Only wanted to be sure you realized—we're new people here and it'd be easy to get off on the wrong foot. So far everybody's been nice to us, but"—he wagged his head—"it doesn't take much gossip to make a lot of enemies, Lib."

"Gossip!" The injustice of the word bit deep. Gossip, when, except for Myopia and Carline and Miss Dimmick, the hair-dresser, there wasn't a woman in Weymouth to whom Libby Cadogan could talk about anything more exciting than the weather! "As if I'd ——"

"Well, people tell you a lot of things," said Bert doggedly. "This bug story, for instance —— Mighty hard to listen to gossip without giving some back. And this town's so small ——"

"Myopia told me, as it happens, before I could stop her." Libby's voice was thickly frosted. "Even if you believe I gossip with my friends, you might possibly give me credit for not doing it with my laundress."

"You thaw, dog-gone you!" Bert's grin, as always, made it hard to stay decently angry at him. "How would I know you picked that particular bit up from the wash lady? All I'm trying to tell you is that there's such a thing as a speed limit to making friends. And although we've gone ahead faster and farther since we came to Weymouth than I ever hoped, we haven't got to the gossip stage yet. Probably I don't say it right, but what I mean is that people don't mind it if their friends say things that they'd resent like a shot when strangers said 'em—to 'em or about 'em. And you're such a whiz of a mixer, Lib, I got afraid you might ——"

"Mixer!" In the face of refuting fact, the word jeered at her.

"Smoothest one I ever knew," said Bert serenely. "I never kidded myself that it was my fault we had so many friends in Hanover. Never would have thought of moving to Weymouth if I hadn't known you'd get right into the best crowd here. You've done it, too—better than I ever thought you could. Might have been living here all my life, the way those fellows treat me—Landreth and Bischoff and Oliver. Your doing, of course. I never had any gift for making friends."

He grinned and nodded complacently. Catching his amiable eye in the mirror above the windshield, Libby Cadogan suffered a prodding stab of self-reproach. Men, she thought, clung to their illusions with the naïve trustfulness of children.

"Did you hear anything interesting on the train?" She asked the question chiefly by way of escape from the unpleasant topic. Bert shook his head.

"Nothing much. Bill Oliver's expecting a visit from his brother-in-law this week."

"I thought so." Mrs. Cadogan brightened. "That must be the one from Milwaukee who married that grass widow and borrowed some money from Mr. Oliver to start in the insurance business out there. The Olivers have just about supported him ever since he was expelled from college and ——"

Admiring envy was implicit in the wag of Bert's head.

"You're a wonder, Lib! We've only lived here a year and you've got so thick with these people that you know the inside dope on their fourth cousins! Darned if I see how you do it!"

The tribute stung. Mrs. Cadogan repressed a sudden impulse to enlighten him, discovering that his faith in her, however fallacious, was still too precious to be rudely shattered.

"You can see why I get a little anxious sometimes," he continued. "You've got a marvelous knack of getting on confidential terms with people you hardly know. I'll bet there isn't another woman in Weymouth who could have found out why Mrs. Bischoff called off her house party. It'd be natural enough to repeat a thing like that, and it'd make all sorts of trouble if you did it."

"As if I would!" She was righteously indignant.

"I didn't say you would. I just wanted to point out that we're still on a sort of probation here, and gossip that would be perfectly harmless back at Hanover, for instance, would make us as popular here as a couple of dog catchers!"

"Oh, don't, Bert! I, too, have been to night school, little as you seem to suspect it! You keep warning me against gossiping as if I were about five years old, when you know perfectly well that you got the idea from me! The only reason I tell you things is because I know better than to tell them to anybody else."

"Well, keep up the good work," said Bert. "I'm just low-minded enough to get a kick out of it." He whistled cheerfully as the car spun blithely into the curve of the bluestone drive. "East west home's best, what?" His arm dropped about her shoulders on the way up the uneven flags of the walk. "Glad we don't have to doll up and go out, Lib." The arm tightened. "Lucky thing for me you're not like some of the female jazz hounds that drag the tired business man out every night!"

Guiltily Libby Cadogan suffered him to harbor his fond illusion. Dinner measurably lifted her own spirits. During this year of Weymouth she had discovered in her husband conversational possibilities that had lain dormant since their honeymoon days. His attention stimulated her tongue; she made a sprightly story out of poor old Gilman Bray's hazardous endeavor to brighten with a sunset glow of romance the definitely spinster estate of Miss Jane Penney. On the way home from Dowson's grocery she had witnessed, covertly, from the corner of an eye, the pompous descent of Mr. Bray upon Miss Penney's conventual garden. Bert leaned back and roared at her version of a purely hypothetical dialogue between them.

"You're wonderful," he assured her as they moved to the shaded lights of the living room. "It's easy to see why you're so popular."

The shadow descended abruptly upon her mood; again, for a moment, she half suspected him of ironic intent, but he continued to chuckle as he set out the chessmen, and distracted by reminiscent amusement, he stumbled presently into the pitfall she had dug for him. He played more carefully in the second game, and again outgeneraled, conceded defeat.

"You're getting too good for me," he said. "Been beating me right along."

Mrs. Cadogan's lips tightened. She'd had plenty of practice since they'd lived in Weymouth. One of these days it was going to dawn on Bert that unless they drove down to Stenton for the movies or over to the Red Mill to dance, they spent the evening above a chessboard.

They hadn't been asked anywhere since the Bischoffs' garden party, to which everybody in Weymouth was annually bidden; the only successful attempts to entertain at home had involved expedients for which Libby Cadogan hated herself: "Oh, Mrs. Buller, what evening this week could you come to dinner?" Or, with poor little Lollie Jessop cornered at the golf club: "Wednesday? Oh, I'm so sorry—Thursday, then? Well, Friday—you see, I'm perfectly determined to have you."

Even these humiliations no longer served; Libby Cadogan couldn't possibly deceive herself as to the sudden pressure of affairs that came upon women who, before they observed her approach, had been visibly at leisure. "Oh, howjuhdo, Mrs. Cadogan? Good-by, Minnie, I've got to tear home this morning." And Minnie, galvanized to a like dispatch, would give Mrs. Cadogan the absent smile of one also in hot haste upon her own concerns and sidle past her to be discovered, presently, in unhurried conversation at Dowson's store or in the post office. Over the telephone they hardly bothered to disguise evasions: "Oh, I'm so sorry, but I've promised Mr. Gilchrist I wouldn't make any engagements for the next two weeks. He's so frightfully busy just now that I simply can't ask him to go out in the evening."

And Libby Cadogan had carried her head high, back there at Hanover. There, never dreaming of retributive justice, she had done and said these very things without more than a mildly agreeable reproof from her conscience. If people couldn't help being tiresome or noisy or crude it was their own fault when they bumped their heads into polite rebuff.

Replacing the chessmen in their box, Mrs. Cadogan surveyed her husband with a disloyal doubt. It couldn't possibly be her fault that Weymouth people didn't like the Cadogan family; all those years at Hanover she'd been the focus of their popularity, carrying Bert with her into friendships wholly of her making. Here, from the beginning, she'd taken special pains to avoid offense and awaken liking.

She'd been on guard against the dangerous bent for gossip. At Hanover, as Bert kept saying, it hadn't mattered; everybody there had always known Libby Pollard and nobody minded her interest in neighborhood affairs, her keen eye and ear, her gift of intuitive deduction, her relish for sharing knowledge with a willing listener. Of course she'd known better than to imagine that it would be the same at Weymouth, where nobody knew her, where, as Bert kept saying, they were both on probation, with every eye and ear alert for offense. Of course she'd been wise enough to avoid anything that remotely resembled gossip. The consciousness of her utterly blameless innocence in this respect served now to aggravate her sense of injustice.

The telephone bell stirred, as always, a forlornly persistent hope. Before Bert could unfold himself, she was answering, her voice, as Bert jocularly asserted, creamed and sugared.

"Speak to Mr. Cadogan, please?" It was, she guessed, Gifford Buller whose brisk speech came over the wire. Hope still stubborn in the face of reason, she responded cooingly that she would summon Mr. Cadogan, and this, infusing into her contralto hail of "Oh, Ber-rt!" a particularly silken amiability, she did.

"That you, Mrs. Cadogan?" The voice in the receiver warmed a little. "Mind if we lure Bert away from the home fires again?"

It needed a perceptible effort to preserve the creamed and sugared voice. She might have known it—another poker game at the club, from which, long after she'd gone dismally to bed, Bert would return, saturated with smoke and prepared with the inevitable evasions as to his fortune. Even the use of his abbreviated name was like an affront. They all called him Bert now—even that stiff-necked Mr. Landreth. She almost hated him as he took the telephone from her.

"Hello. . . . Oh, yes, Giff. . . . What? . . . Wait a jiff till I find out whether I can get permission." He covered the transmitter, his manner the blend of apology and defiance, normal, under the conditions, to the domesticated male. "They want me to make up a little game at the club—Giff Buller and the rest of his gang."

"And you really don't want to go, but you think you'd better, because it's a chance to get better acquainted with them and there's nothing like poker for making friends," she continued, quoting from familiar statement. "Run along. I'm tired and I'll take a book up to bed."

He offered an excellent counterfeit of disinclination. "I don't feel like going out, but if you think I'd better ——"

"Of course you'd better go." She was in earnest. Every such distraction postponed by just so much the inevitable discovery of her baffling failure. "I'll really be glad of a chance to turn in early."

She woke, some hours later, to blink at her initials emblazoned on the wall in yellow bank notes pinned to the plaster, to learn from this and from Bert's complacent grin that the blind gods had smiled upon him. The flexibility of the feminine conscience which enables good women to condone gaming when its event is favorable dismissed a brief, hereditary disapproval; she conceded Bert, ocularly, the admiring gratitude he manifestly expected.

"I just outsmarted 'em all evening," he said. "Seventy of the brightest and best, and every jitney for my best pal and severest critic."

Libby giggled dutifully at the venerable pleasantry, wrinkling her nose at the heavy echo of tobacco that hung in the air. "Who lost it?" she demanded. Bert, fumbling with his tie, chuckled contentedly.

(Continued on Page 40)

There are two distinct new body styles at the automobile shows this season and both of them are on the

115 horsepower

armored

AUBURN

chassis !

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO.
AUBURN INDIANA

(Continued from Page 38)

"Ernie Hazzard, of course. Got a chronic case of misplaced confidence in four-card flushes, Ernie has."

The wholly human malice natural in a woman snubbed quickened in Libby Cadogan. The bills pinned to the wall acquired an added charm in the knowledge that they proceeded, via Ernie, from Paula Hazzard's bank account.

"I wonder what she'll say to him." She contemplated the thought with approval. Paula had an exceedingly definite chin and the habit, on occasion, of forthright speech.

"She won't know it," said Bert, engaged now with shoe laces. "Ernie's got a private account over at the Middlesex for his little personal expenses like this. He'll tell her he won about four dollars." He paused. "Don't you give it away, Lib. It'd get straight back to her and she'd never let Ernie play again."

Libby Cadogan's brief contentment vanished. "You're always lecturing me, Bert! It isn't fair. You know I don't gossip."

"Might let it slip by accident. That's all I meant." He snapped out the lights and his box springs whined softly. "Get me out by eight, will you, Lib? Playing golf with Bill and Gus and Giff at nine."

Libby sighed very faintly. Another Saturday morning all the more solitary because Bert, staying away from the office, would yet be unavailable as company! Dimly, lying wakeful and staring at the starlit windows, she almost hated Bert; she was suddenly homesick for Hanover. As an abiding place it wasn't to be compared with Weymouth—an ugly, sprawling little city just in its awkward age, its most congenial residents less amusing than even the duller crowd at Weymouth, but at least it was able to appreciate Libby Cadogan! Over there Bert had been mildly popular chiefly because he'd married Libby Pollard. Here, quite manifestly, he had made his friends in spite of just that circumstance.

Libby Cadogan contemplated wistfully the thought of going back; resolutely, reproached by the aureate initials dimly visible against the wall, she put it from her. Bert liked Weymouth; she'd stick it out for his sake. There must be some way of making these—these snooty people like her.

She drifted into sleep, escaping thus a perplexing conviction that if they liked her she'd be just weak enough to like them back.

II

RESOLUTELY, after parking the Fouradora in the intimate inclosure at the back of the golf club, Libby Cadogan approached the group of women who waited on the front porch. She was unmistakably aware of a change in the atmosphere as she responded, with counterfeit cheerfulness, to little nods and words of greeting. It wasn't possible to avoid the knowledge that her presence had instantly checked the flow of chatter, had imposed upon the casual quality of the talk the constraint of a forced and formal politeness. Distantly she recognized a dismaying impulse toward tears, tempered by an artless desire that concerned itself with slaps and hairpullings and outspoken words.

She endured bravely the politeness that enveloped her like a medieval martyr in a hollow wall. Smiling, she agreed in her creamiest voice with Mrs. Bischoff's favorable reference to the weather, her lips thirsting the while for the gratefully acid taste of speech that should have to do with canceled house parties and exverminating engineers. To Mrs. Oliver's inquiry she responded brightly that she had indeed called for the purpose of driving her husband home, her look and manner suggesting that it had been frightfully clever of Mrs. Oliver to suspect her of this errand, and in no way revealing that her thought was of family strife, subdued and healed by drug-store sweets.

Other topics were produced, discussed, abandoned: The irregularity of the 7:49 from the junction, the difficulty of catching the 5:15 after a matinée, Dowson's prices, the perpetual disrepair of the junction road.

Even on these safe topics, Mrs. Cadogan spoke with caution and restraint, avoiding positivity; her secret bitterness welling up within her behind the fixed smile and below the creamy voice. If she weren't here they'd be talking about interesting things; last night's family bridge at the Gilchrists', perhaps, or the dinner party at the Pendletons'. Paula Hazzard not being present, there might have been spiced comment on poor Ernie's duplicity in the matter of his poker losses. Libby Cadogan drew back from the brink of that inviting topic; she refrained heroically, when Mrs. Gammell's name was mentioned, from sharing Myopia's confidential information as to the origin of the recent coolness between the Gammells and the Allertons. Slowly, visibly, the conversation sickened and died.

Libby Cadogan knew too certainly its ailment and the source thereof. To a vague murmur of good-bys she strolled away, elaborately deliberate. Behind her, magically, the talk was resuscitated, a blurred hum and buzz, punctuated with a laughter unmistakably in check. Her cheeks burned; she found it necessary to unclench, by conscious effort, the tightness of her hands and teeth. Instinct led her to the refuge of the locker room, where, if that sting in her eyes succeeded in dissolving into tears, it wouldn't matter.

She managed to hold them back, sitting on a low stool before her locker in the darkest corner, her thoughts turning again to the prospect of admitting defeat, of going back to Hanover, where ——

Voices and footsteps startled her. They mustn't find her here, hiding in a corner like a little girl skulking in the dressing room at a dance where she wasn't wanted. She sat still; the double rank of metal lockers screened her; the voices identified themselves—Albertine Buller and Irene Pendleton, talking of the informal tournament scheduled for the afternoon, cheating a bit in the supposedly accidental choice of partners.

"I don't care. I've stood her twice and I'm not going to do it again!" Irene was resolute about it. "Let Fannie have her this time."

"She'll make such a fuss about it," said Albertine doubtfully. "She just can't stand her, she says."

"Well, I can't either, and I've done it twice. I'll default if I've got to go through another such afternoon as the last one."

Irene's locker door slammed with decision. "If you're afraid of Fannie, play with her yourself. I won't; that's absolutely flat."

"Perhaps I'd better." Albertine's voice rubbed salt on the wounds of the eavesdropper. In spite of everything, it wasn't possible to hate Albertine Buller; the discovery was like finding a traitor in one's sorely beleaguered keep. "Oh, dear! And Giff says her husband's a perfect peach too! Isn't it a pity that nice men have to pick out such dumb-Dora wives?"

"Looks," said Irene. "She must have been pretty. She isn't bad right now. Come on; there comes Gus up to the eighteenth and we've got to put up the list before the crowd leaves."

Libby Cadogan managed to escape undetected. In the sedanette, presently, Bert found her; the sound of his farewell repartee with his late partners twisted the iron in Libby's soul beyond a stoic's endurance. There was no doubt, at last, about the tears.

Discovering them as he swerved into the driveway, Bert nearly wrecked the trimmed privet hedge. His instant and unequivocal reaction to her woe deepened her distress with a guilty realization that this very morning she'd detested him.

"They—they're so hateful to me!" She pressed her cheek into the hollow of his shoulder, speaking through muffling tweed. "They—they treat me as if—as if ——"

Between sobs he got the whole miserable story of their year—the year that he had fatuously regarded as her triumph as well as his—the endless succession of rebuffs, of evasions, of courtesy that was infinitely more insufferable than insult. At first disposed to skepticism, he faced, at last, conviction forced home by the tale of that overheard conversation in the locker room. She felt him draw in a deep, stern breath.

"Nasty little cats," he said. "There isn't one of 'em that's in your class and that's the whole trouble. They're jealous."

Healing flowed in upon Libby's bruised spirit. Half consciously she'd been afraid that Bert would infer some motivating word or deed of hers; to find him absolutely on her side was instant medicine. She sat up, dabbing at her eyes and sniffing.

"I've really done my best, Bert. I've - I've turned the other cheek so often that they're both just slapped to pieces. You don't realize how it feels to be snubbed day after day."

"Ought to have told me right off," he declared. "I thought you were having a perfectly corking time here, or I'd have ——"

"I didn't want to spoil it for you," she confessed. "I kept thinking that they'd like me as soon as they got better acquainted with me, but they don't—they only hate me worse! That Albertine Buller was wondering why you ever came to marry such an awful thing!"

"Huh!" Bert's arm tightened loyally. "Nobody's noticed me trying to marry her, I guess." He wagged his head. "We'll pull out of here the minute our lease is up, Lib. We'll go back to Hanover."

"But you've liked it here so much! I'm a pig to spoil everything for you just because I'm a failure!"

"Shucks! I like the men here all right and I've had a good time with them, but that's all. I was just as happy over at Hanover—honestly. It doesn't matter to me where we live as long as you're there and happy We'll see if we can't get our old house back. That's settled. We're done with this gang right now! High-hatting you! Where do they get that stuff? I don't notice any exverminating engineers around our place! And it wasn't my brother-in-law that married a grass widow and went broke trying to keep her pace! And ——"

"You're sure you don't mind? You won't blame me?"

"Mind?" Bert laughed scornfully at the idea. "Think I want to hang around with a crowd that hasn't got enough sense to appreciate you?" He used one of his infrequent and therefore eloquent expletives. "We're on our way right now!"

They discussed it less emotionally over the lunch table. Libby referred to the afternoon tournament as, in the light of their decision, an ordeal that she would escape. Firmly Bert overruled her on the point.

"Not on your life! We're going back, but we're marching out with the band playing! Think these pin-headed women are going to think they froze us out? Not so's you could notice it! The old flag never touches the ground. You go out there and show that Mrs. Buller that you don't care two whoops in Columbus, Ohio, what she thinks! And while you're at it you might as well hand her a high-grade trimming too. You're ten shots better than she is."

Curiously, as Libby Cadogan envisioned the prospect, she found it alluring. Her eye brightened, and the tip of her tongue, touching her resolved lips, found on them, in anticipation, a consolatory tang of acid.

III

"NOT really?" Albertine Buller paused in the act of addressing her ball, just short of the eighteenth green. There was in her voice, unmistakably, an interest wholly artless; with a glance at the clubhouse veranda, she gave the question an indubitable quality of confidential intimacy. Libby Cadogan nodded, her own glance flickering in turn toward the slightly statuesque figure of Paula Hazzard on the club steps.

"Oh, yes, didn't you know? He keeps a private account at the Middlesex just so that she won't see his checks." Her voice found a spice of malicious drollery. "I don't blame him either, do you? Just look at her!"

Mrs. Buller thoughtfully dubbed her approach. She giggled, however, as she resumed her stance a few feet nearer the green and again performed preliminary waggles with her mashie. "So that's it?" She giggled once more. "I wondered how he managed to square himself with Paula. He almost always loses and"—she waved a careless greeting to Mrs. Bischoff, who was about to drive from the ninth tee. Libby Cadogan's eye pursued the gesture and the curve of her lips assumed a slightly deepened suggestion of relish.

"I suppose it's mean to laugh about such things," she said, with an impenitent amusement in her lowered tone, "but I can't help it, can you? Calling off that house party for such a—a plebeian reason!"

(Continued on Page 42)

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A Sunset on Lake Michigan

THE OPTIMISTS

THIS year again, two million American youngsters will stride gallantly forth to meet and conquer the threatening ogre of living expenses.

Without experience, with few set preferences in merchandise . . . and with enthusiasm as their only ally . . . they will demand from the national market the inevitable requisites of home making.

A million boys will set off for a million jobs with high purpose and renewed determination.

A million girls, wondering a little, will plan a million homes . . . and three million meals a day.

Together, they will excitedly ponder the spending of millions of dollars.

What kitchen utensils? What furniture? Which curtains? The selection of a rug becomes a problem of infinite dimensions. The buying of a vacuum cleaner is a great adventure! Silverware. Linen. China. Glassware. New food products to meet their divergent tastes . . . which they stoutly maintain are *exactly* alike!

Young hopefuls. More alert than any generation the world has ever produced. A generation of readers, trained to recognize advertising as a source of information and a guide to values.

They want a million talking machines . . . radios . . . cars. Some will be able to buy them now. The rest will *choose* them now.

During this year, advertising will give them established preferences in merchandise. Familiar trade-names will spring to their lips . . . laying the foundation for the buying habits of a lifetime. Next year they will be added to those other millions who buy advertised merchandise as a matter of course.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

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Albertine's golf ball trickled weakly to the edge of the green. "What reason?" She moved nearer to Libby. "I just knew there must be something queer. What was it?"

She listened with unmistakable satisfaction to the shameful secret. "How lovely! An ex—what was that perfectly delicious name? Ex ——"

"Exverminating engineer." Libby Cadogan caressed the words. Albertine echoed them softly.

"Wouldn't you just know that she'd manage to be swanky about even -even that!" She picked up her ball. "Let's not putt out. You've beaten me disgracefully as it is. Come on home with me, won't you? There'll be a crowd dropping in for tea and ——"

Amazingly she slipped a hand through the bend of Libby's elbow. For an instant Mrs. Cadogan was almost deceived into believing that the speech and gesture were sincere, and a stab of wistfulness brought tears very near her eyelashes. It was just a pretense, of course. Albertine Buller was a little nicer than the others and carried her feigned friendliness a little farther, that was all. She shrugged her shoulders carelessly.

"I said I'd wait for Bert, but it doesn't matter, I suppose, if I leave the car for him." Resentment quickened anew in her as Albertine cooed approval. She pressed her lips together, and riding homeward beside Mrs. Buller, remembered sundry items of information that had not been mentioned during an exceedingly conversational round of golf.

Other women drifted into the pleasant room that overlooked the brick terrace; their instant change of voice and manner at the sight of her in the deep chair beside the tea service stiffened Libby Cadogan's bridge-burning resolve. She found herself repeating, at Albertine's urgency, certain of her least discreet revealments—the fuss between the Allertons and Mrs. Gammell, for example.

"It was circumstantial evidence, you see, Mr. Allerton stepped on a piece of chalk and picked it up just as Mrs. Gammell happened to look out of her window, and now she honestly believes he's the one who's been scribbling perfectly terrible things on her sidewalk. They had a frightful time persuading her not to call in the constable."

Enjoying bitterly something of the melancholy satisfaction of the convicted malefactor who finds himself briefly but indisputably in the center of the stage, she went on, recklessly contemptuous of consequence.

A sudden qualm of guilt checked her in the midst of animated description of the devious financial expedients adopted by the intimidated Ernie Hazzard; among the blurred male voices that boomed suddenly in from the hall her ear infallibly singled out that of Bertram Cadogan. She rose abruptly, bewildered by the discovery that she didn't want to go, startled by the realization that for half an hour she'd utterly forgotten that she was here on sufferance—an alien in a hostile land. Something in the chorused protest gave her a silly illusion of sincerity behind it.

Gifford Buller stopped her as she moved toward Bert.

"Hold on, Mrs. Cadogan, you're not going to take him away just yet. He's got to tell the girls why the Bischoffs' big party went blah before he gets away! Got Gus and me laughing so hard about it that he stuck us for three bucks beside the caddy-fare! Speak up, you old scandalmonger!" He slapped Bert jovially across the shoulders. "Any time you want the low-down on what goes on around this town just ask old Bert Cadogan, he knows!"

Dazzled by the light that burst blindingly upon her as Bert's gaze cringed guiltily away from hers, Mrs. Cadogan heard Albertine Buller speaking as if from far away.

"You mean about the exver—exverminating engineer? Huh! I'll bet Bert doesn't tell it half as well as"—the infinitesimal pause fascinated Mrs. Cadogan's rapt ear—"as Libby!"

Something was said about everybody's staying for impromptu dinner, about charades afterward. Exchanging with her husband a brief but eloquently matrimonial thrust and parry of the eye, Libby Cadogan laughed softly. As if in answer to the bidding of an imaginary sentinel at a frowning, guarded gate, she advanced confidently, her lips relishing in anticipation the pungent flavor of her passwords.

GOOD WILL AT HAVANA

(Continued from Page 12)

Tacna-Arica. It demands that the United States surrender the Panama Canal and suffer it to be "internationalized."

But does it proclaim any Latin-American unity toward the accomplishment of these high aims? The one touch of realism in its whole activity is that it does not. On the contrary, it calls upon its members to go to their graves in pursuance of the following order:

> Struggle to the death against the traitors Leguia of Peru, Machado of Cuba, Gomez of Venezuela and Chiari of Panama.

Now what does that mean? It means simply that President Machado of Cuba and President Gomez of Venezuela and President Chiari of Panama, as well as President Leguia of Peru, are guilty of pro-American preferences and policies.

A Reaction From Manias

Latin America is not one color toward us. It is a spectrum of all colors toward us. This result cannot possibly, for many reasons, be avoided. For instance:

Latin America contains many anti-capitalistic radicals. The United States practices the capitalistic system more happily, more successfully, more prosperously, than any other country in the world. The radicals of Latin America, even if they had no reason at all to hate the United States as Latin Americans, would still continue to hate it with unabated envy and frenzy as radicals.

And yet, for a precisely parallel reason, we daily gain new friends among Latin Americans of another temperament—that is, among Latin Americans who conservatively desire economic stability, economic development, economic Latin-American progress and prowess.

A company from the United States entered recently into negotiations with the Brazilian Government for the establishment of new rubber plantations on Brazilian soil. There was at once manifested a striking union of the traditional political friendship between Brazil and the United States and the new enlarging Brazilian economic estimate of the value of imported North American capital. The American company's proposal to the statesmen of Brazil was officially most hospitably considered and journalistically most warmly defended.

A Rio de Janeiro newspaper remarked that in regard to North American investments in Brazil "a healthy reaction away from hostile hallucinations and manias is now occurring in the Brazilian mentality."

Another Brazilian newspaper remarked that the "patriotism" which would prevent North American capital from restoring to Brazil its ancient primacy in the rubber industry was nothing short of "morbid."

We have then today the political friendship of certain Latin-American countries and the economic friendship of certain business elements in all Latin-American countries.

We may accordingly put down two facts as established:

1. Latin America is not a unity toward the League. It is partly for it, it is partly against it.

2. Latin America is not a unity toward the United States. It is partly against it, it is partly for it.

We may now add a third fact: Latin America is not a unity toward itself.

There is the well-known quarrel among Bolivia and Peru and Chile regarding Tacna-Arica and other territories on the Pacific Ocean. There is the well-known rivalry and recoil between Argentina and Brazil, existing now through ten decades, all the way down from the distant days when those two countries faced each other and fought each other over the territory now possessed by Uruguay. There is the recent—and still existing—total rupture of all diplomatic relations between Venezuela and Mexico.

We have to be on our guard against the illusion of the political bindingness of a common language. The English language did not prevent Bunker Hill. The Spanish language does not endear every Panamanian to every Costa Rican. The Spanish language, in fact, did not dissuade the Costa Ricans from invading Panama in 1921; nor did it dissuade the Panamanians from accepting the assistance of the English-speaking North Americans in driving the Costa Ricans back.

One Abstraction, Twenty Realities

Nations are nations, whatever their speech, and language and propinquity plead in vain against patriotism. To this truth we have a new and strong witness in the person of Dr. Max Jordan, whose interview with President Ibanez of Chile we have already mentioned. Doctor Jordan has now completed an extended tour through many South American capitals. As a European, he has been able to gaze at the Americas with an objective eye. He has not hesitated to record numerous expressions of hostility to the United States. At the same time, in a statement to the writers of this article, he has said:

"Latin America, just like Europe, has heretofore always been—and probably will remain—a geographical notion only, with no consciousness of political unity lying at its bottom. There are just as many national rivalries and boundary disputes in Central and South America as in Europe, if not more; and it is very unlikely that they will be composed in the near future. There is an obvious lesson to be drawn out of this state of affairs for the United States. Instead of having to deal with one powerful Latin-American bloc, Washington can face—according to the circumstances—one nation or another at a time. There is no Latin America as a political reality, and I doubt whether there ever will be."

We may therefore advance in confidence to the following proposition:

At Havana, in the Sixth International Conference of American States, our solution of the problem before us must begin with the realization on our part that we are dealing not so much with one unified abstraction called Latin America as with twenty jostling realities called Cuba and Chile and Guatemala and Paraguay, and so on.

How then shall the United States display good will toward these twenty realities assembled around the same table with us in a common search for Pan-Americanism?

Etiquette for Neighbors

Two ways have been continuously and conflictingly suggested. The one is political, the other is economic and cultural. We may well examine the political one first. It is expected to provide the throbs and thrills at Havana. It will provide them—most especially—out of a report which will be presented to the conference at Havana from the International American Commission of Jurists which met and labored at Rio de Janeiro in the spring of 1927.

This report cannot be evaded at Havana. It is on the official program. It is bound to be considered. It consists primarily of a so-called Code of Public International Law. This code proclaims certain numerous rules of conduct for the acceptance, and then for the future guidance, of all twenty-one Pan-American republics in their international intercourse with one another.

There are Latin-American elements which have numerously and continuously advocated the establishment of such rules. The United States, on the other hand, in practice, has equally continuously proceeded toward them with great caution.

The first of the present series of International Conferences of American States took place at Washington in 1889. Latin-American elements in that first conference proposed a rule which would condemn all acquisitions of territory by conquest. The United States demurred. It could not admit that there was any flaw in its title to California, which it acquired from Mexico in 1848 by conquest. It could not admit, either, that there was any presumption that California would be better off, or that the world would be better off, if the people of California were still under Mexican rule. It did not see its way clear to any sound generalization on the subject of conquest. The proposed rule therefore, although it received fifteen Latin-American votes in the Washington conference, was negatived by our Government and failed.

An exactly similar combat of thought will arise at Havana. The proposed Code of Public International Law there to be considered contains the following fixed and absolute prohibition:

> No state may intervene in the internal affairs of another.

Several Latin-American countries intend at Havana to move that this proposed prohibition, strong as it is, be made even stronger. Argentina will suggest that every Pan-American country should be required to abstain not merely from the internal affairs of its neighbors but also from their external affairs. Thus the United States could not interrupt Haiti if it should offer to lease Port-au-Prince for a naval station to Great Britain.

The Dominican Republic and Mexico will suggest that every Pan-American country should promise never, for any reason, to "occupy even temporarily any portion of the territory of another state." They will even suggest that it should be agreed that "the consent given to the occupying state by the state occupied will not legitimatize the occupation." Thus the United States would have to evacuate Nicaragua even if—as at present—the Nicaraguan Government and the Nicaraguan opposition party should both of them be imploring the United States to remain.

A Bridle and Bit

Paraguay will suggest that no state should intervene within another state even by "moral coercion." Thus the United States would have to refrain even from rebuking in ethical language, the confiscatory legislation of Mexico.

Now this whole round of restrictive ideas has manifestly just one object—the bridling and bitting of the United States. The United States is the one American country which is physically able to apply effective measures of dissuasion to any near-by government which may insist upon making itself into an intolerable international nuisance.

Let us see how the proposed restrictions upon intervention would have operated in the past. (Continued on Page 47)

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A timely warning on too-light oils

A SINGLE short purr from your self-starter. Your engine has started. But—

Those easy starts, if made possible by *extra-thin* lubricating oil, may go hand-in-hand with greatly increased engine wear.

Too-thin oils—commonly sold as "winter oils"—have increased dangerously since added winter driving was brought in by the closed car. Closed cars now make up 72% of all automobiles built.

These too-thin oils give you a quick start on a frigid morning. But after that—what?

Instead of coating cylinder walls, piston rings, and pistons with a rich oily film, they may break down and fail to seal the piston clearances. In starting, you use the choke and flood the combustion chambers with raw gasoline. Not all of this raw fuel can turn into vapor. Some of it breaks through the too-thin piston seal. Gasoline blows by and further dilutes the oil.

In only 100 miles of driving, you may mix a full quart of gasoline with your lubricating oil!

Then comes danger. Friction has free play. Expensive surfaces are exposed direct to WEAR.

AN ideal oil to meet winter conditions in most cars must be (1) fluid enough to permit easy starting*—*but*—(2) rich enough to give adequate protection against dangerous gasoline dilution. Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic *is* such an oil.

Mobiloil Arctic is made from especially selected crudes. Its full rich body and lubricating character give you the necessary margin of safety against the many dangers of oil dilution.

Freezing weather is at hand. One week of incorrect lubrication may cost you more than a whole year's supply of Mobiloil. So it will pay you to drain your crankcase *now* and refill with the correct grade of Mobiloil—which is probably Mobiloil *Arctic*.

Consult the Chart at the left to make sure. This Chart is the lubricating guide which is approved by 182 automobile and truck manufacturers.

*Warning: No oil will permit easy starting unless the battery is fully charged and spark plugs and distributor are clean and properly adjusted.

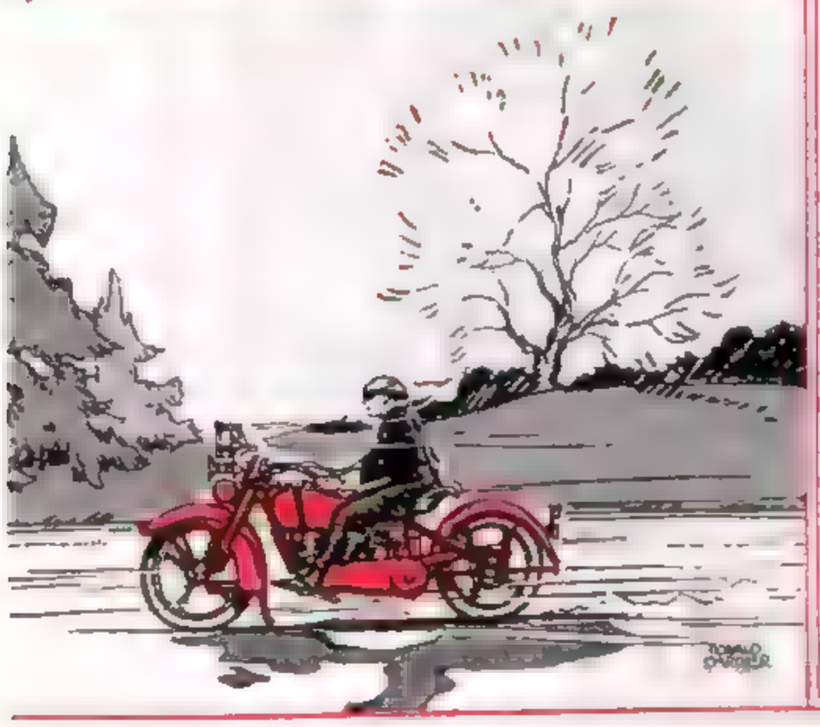
SPECIAL WINTER CHART

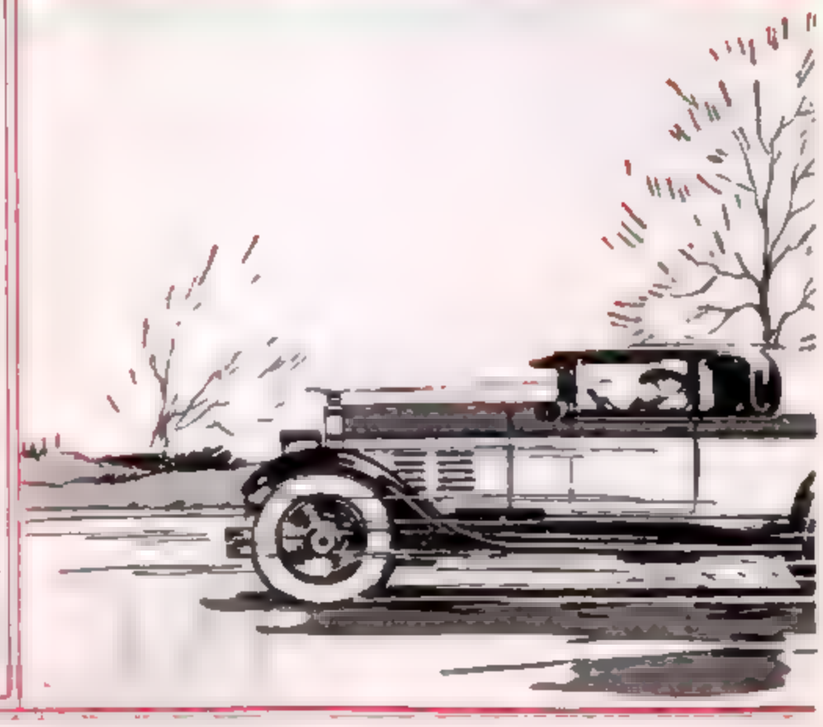
Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in Winter (below 32°F.) in all cars marked *.

PASSENGER CARS	1927	1926	1925	1924
Auburn *all except Models 6-44 & 6-66*	*	*	*	*
Buick	*	*	*	*
Cadillac	*	*	*	*
Chandler *except Special Six*	*	*	*	*
Chevrolet	*	*	*	*
Chrysler *6-cyl*	*	*	*	
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	*
Elcar *all except Models 6-65 & 8 cyl*	*	*	*	*
Erskine	*	*	*	*
Essex	*	*	*	*
Flint	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Jordan	*	*	*	*
La Salle	*	*	*	*
Locomobile	*	*	*	*
Marmon *8-cyl*	*	*	*	*
Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
Overland & Overland Whippet	*	*	*	*
Packard Six	*	*	*	*
" Eight	*	*	*	*
Paige	*	*	*	*
Peerless *Models 68, 80 & Eight*	*	*	*	*
Pontiac	*	*	*	*
Reo	*	*	*	*
Star	*	*	*	*
Studebaker	*	*	*	*
Velie	*	*	*	*
Willys-Knight	*	*	*	*

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.





VACUUM OIL COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

Here is the greatest advance in radio since the beginning of broadcasting

A Radiola instantaneously reproduces in your home—direct from the stage, concert hall or studio—the voices of famous singers and the music of great orchestras—and with amazing realism.

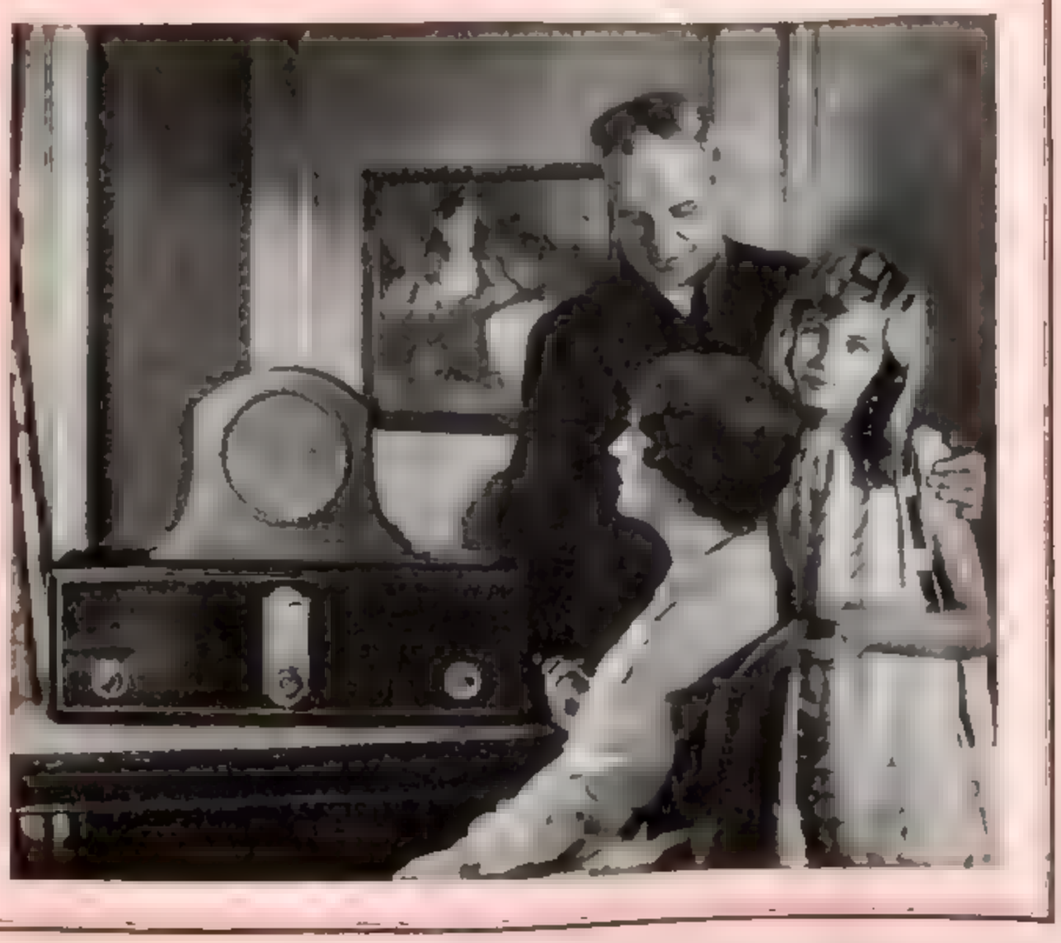
The simplified socket-power Radiola that electrical engineers dreamed of has now been achieved

The new Radiola 17—from the laboratories of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse—has rightly been called a "wonder box."

By means of the remarkable new alternating current Radiotrons, it takes all its power from your electric light circuit. No batteries or liquid-containing devices. Just plug it in and turn the single knob to select your programs.

So simple that a child can operate it in a dark room—but so finely designed and constructed that it reproduces with amazing fidelity the fine programs from the broadcasting stations.

Radiola 17 is the culmination of years of research by the great corps of electrical and acoustical engineers, in the service of the Radio Corporation of America, who are making the "impossibles" of yesterday the commonplaces of tomorrow.



The new Radiola 17, shown in the photograph at the right, is $157.50 with Radiotrons. The RCA Loudspeaker (Model 100A) is $35.

RCA Radiola

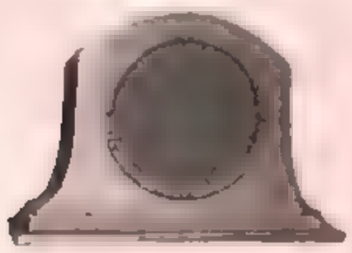
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse have designed these perfected Radiolas

RCA RADIOLA 32

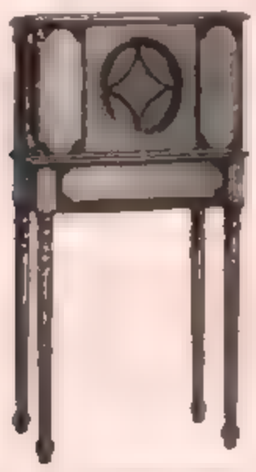
Custom-built. De luxe combination of the famous Super-Heterodyne and the incomparable Loudspeaker 104, the two finest achievements in radio. Socket-power operation, A.C. or D.C.

Complete with Radiotrons $895



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100A

Built for long life. Rich, mellow tones. Amazing capacity and musical range. Equally efficient with battery or socket power sets $35



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 104

Universally recognized as the finest reproducer ever designed. In combination with Radiola 28, it eliminates all batteries and provides socket-power operation.

RCA Loudspeaker 104 (A.C.) $275

RCA Loudspeaker 104 (D.C.) $310

Radiolas and RCA Loudspeakers, the product of the same engineers who built the high-power broadcasting stations, set the standard in the radio art.

Exclusively chosen by Victor and Brunswick for use in their finest instruments, these receiving sets embody the world's knowledge of radio design.

If you are about to buy your first radio, or if you are going to select a new set to replace your old one, ask an RCA Authorized Dealer to demonstrate these wonderful instruments for you.

Be sure that you listen to an RCA Loudspeaker. The performance of the finest receiver can be spoiled by an antiquated reproducer.

All Radiolas are equipped throughout with RCA Radiotrons—the heart of the receiving set.

RCA HOUR Every Saturday Night

Through the following stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company

8 to 9 p. m. Eastern Time

New York	WJZ
Boston	WEEI
Hartford	WTIC
Providence	WJAR
Worcester	WTAG
Portland, Me.	WCSH
Washington	WRC
Baltimore	WBAL
Rochester	WHAM
Pittsburgh	KDKA
Cincinnati	WLW
Detroit	WJR

7 to 8 p. m. Central Time

Chicago	KYW
St. Louis	KSD
Minneapolis—St. Paul	WCCO
Davenport	WOC
Des Moines	WHO
Kansas City	WDAF
Omaha	WOW
Louisville	WHAS
Nashville	WSM
Memphis	WMC
Atlanta	WSB

8 to 9 p. m. Pacific Time

San Francisco	KPO
Oakland	KGO
Los Angeles	KFI
Portland, Ore.	KGW
Seattle	KFOA KOMO
Spokane	KHQ

"Buy with confidence Authorized Dealer RCA *where you see this sign*

RCA RADIOLA 30A

Custom-built. De luxe cabinet set, with concealed loudspeaker. Employing the unrivalled RCA Super-Heterodyne, it operates directly from the electric light circuit—either 60 cycle A.C. or 110 volt D.C. Extreme sensitivity, selectivity, tone fidelity and ease of operation . . . . . $495 complete

RCA RADIOLA 28

The Super-Heterodyne, supreme achievement in receiver design, in the popular table model. Ideal in combination with RCA Loudspeaker 104.

Radiola 28, with Radiotrons $260

A.C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for A.C. operation with RCA Loudspeaker 104 . . $35

RCA RADIOLA 16

The new RCA storage battery set. Very compact. One-dial control. For selectivity, sensitivity and tone quality, it sets a new standard for receivers in its price class. With Radiotrons . . $82.75

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA, NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

RCA Radiola

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

PARAMOUNT greater than ever in 1928! . . . .

¶ "Beau Geste," "Chang," "Underworld," "The Way of All Flesh," "Wings"—only a few of the high spots, but enough to show that 1927 was Paramount's year by a wide margin. ¶ Now look at 1928! These eight are only the start! Then there are Clara Bow, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Adolphe Menjou, Pola Negri, Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, Thomas Meighan, George Bancroft, Esther Ralston, Florence Vidor and the rest! ¶ Paramount will be greater than ever in 1928! Because Paramount is making pictures for this "new world" with stars attuned to these changing times! ¶ See them or you miss the best screen entertainment of 1928!

Paramount Pictures

Produced by Paramount Famous Lasky Corp.
Adolph Zukor, Pres.
Paramount Bldg.
New York City

HAROLD LLOYD IN "SPEEDY"
THE WAY OF ALL FLESH
EMIL JANNINGS' LAST COMMAND
GEORGE O'BRIEN IN "THE ARIZONA WILDCAT"
"LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED"
FRED THOMSON IN "SILVER VALLEY"
"COLD IRON"
"THE FOUR FEATHERS"
IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN
Paramount Pictures

(Continued from Page 42)

In 1898 Spain was an American power. If all intervention then had been unlawful for the United States, Cuba could not have been liberated from Spanish territorial sovereignty and from perpetual internecine warfare and horror.

In 1903 Panama was part of Colombia. If all intervention then had been unlawful for the United States, President Roosevelt could not have put any obstacles in the way of the Colombian troops which were seeking to reconquer the rebellious Panamanians and today there might be no such thing as a free Panama and no such thing as a Panama Canal.

It is for such reasons that the United States will go with slow feet at Havana on the political way toward known rules for an unknown and unknowable future.

At Havana, however, in addition to this project in the matter of rules, there will be another political good-will project even more specious and gorgeous.

An Opportunity to Meddle

Like the first project, it springs from the new proposed Code of Public International Law. It aims high. It contemplates nothing less than a supreme mediating and conciliating and recommending tribunal for all the international controversies of all the American republics. For the honor of composing and being that tribunal, this project nominates the governing board of the Pan-American Union.

What is the governing board of the Pan-American Union?

It is the Secretary of State of the United States plus the twenty Latin-American ambassadors and ministers accredited in the city of Washington to the United States Government. It is a diplomatic body. It is a political body.

Upon its twenty-one members, representing diplomatically and politically twenty-one diverse sets of interests and ambitions and open jealousies and covert intrigues, the conference at Havana will be asked to confer the following powers:

Firstly, if any American state thinks that it has been "directly injured by a violation of international law," it may appeal to the governing board of the Pan-American Union for a general exchange of views.

Secondly, whenever there is a war the governing board of the Pan-American Union may "ascertain the common interests of the American states" and "suggest to them fitting measures."

Thirdly, whenever there is a war the governing board of the Pan-American Union may appoint commissions to observe the conduct of the belligerents and to guide the board to the issuing of comments and protests.

Fourthly and finally, if any serious international question endangers the peace of the Western Hemisphere, any country concerned may appeal to the governing board of the Pan-American Union, whereupon all parties to the dispute shall instantly cease to try to settle it by their own exertions and the governing board of the Pan-American Union shall probe it and diagnose it and ultimately hand down a recommendation.

In plain language, we are to have, if this proposal is adopted, a certain broad and loose species of Pan-American League of Nations; and the Secretary of State of the United States, as chairman of the governing board of the Pan-American Union, will get a chance to say a presiding word about every dispute in every nook and corner of the Western Hemisphere.

The opportunity thus presented to us will be called new. It will be hailed as proof of change. It will be blown to the world as the clarion note of a freshly divined brotherhood of man in the Americas.

It will be in truth nothing but the very same opportunity that was handed to us 102 years ago—in 1826—along with our invitation to attend the Inter-American Congress convoked by Simon Bolivar at Panama.

That congress was perfectly progressive and modern. It fancied and formulated a Covenant for a Confederation of American States. At the head of the proposed confederation it placed an Assembly of Ambassadors and Ministers. And what was that assembly to do? It was to do precisely what it is now suggested that the governing board of the Pan-American Union should do. It was to act for all American states as "a point of contact in common dangers, a council in times of great conflicts, a faithful interpreter of public treaties and a conciliator of controversies and differences."

That was the chance that we had in 1826. We simply and merely have it again in 1928.

Embracing it in 1826, we could even then have thrust the United States into every political question from Chihuahua to Patagonia. We could have made the United States the spear point of an American league, to rival and to oppose the European league then called the Holy Alliance. We could have caused the United States to be the determining makeweight in any and every contest between any two Latin-American powers. We could have strengthened our then special friend Brazil against Brazil's then special enemy Argentina. We could have backed our then special favorite Salvador—which had offered to annex itself to us—against Salvador's special antagonist Mexico. We could have achieved a continuous practice of incessant political meddlesomeness, and we could by now have transformed the whole of the Americas into the same grand scene of perpetual political combinations and recombinations, of endless peace palavers, and of ceaseless wars and rumors of wars that Europe today exhibits.

We thrust that glory from us. Our Senate was so frightened by it that it came within four votes of advising President John Quincy Adams to refrain even from naming any delegates to proceed—even as observers—to attend the Inter-American sessions at Panama. Our delegates, though named and sent, happened never to reach Panama. That was an accident. The deliberate and instructive feature of the incident was that the Confederation of American States, desired by Bolivar and designed at Panama, received never a moment of recognition or of sanction from the Government at Washington.

The Economic Road

That policy has come down to us through the years with virtually undiminished vigor.

In 1902, when we went to the Second International Conference of American States at Mexico City, President Roosevelt gave our delegates the following instruction:

With respect to political differences subsisting between the states of Central and South America, the general principle should be to enter as little as possible into these questions.

In 1906, when we went to the Third International Conference of American States at Rio de Janeiro, Secretary of State Root said to the conference:

According to your program no political questions are to be discussed, no controversies are to be settled, no judgment is to be passed upon the conduct of any state.

Our skepticism therefore with regard to the political pathway to international good will is a double skepticism. We are doubtful of the value of imposing immutable rules for future political behavior upon ourselves. We are equally doubtful of the value of taking part in imposing the concerted opinions of alliances, or of leagues, or of Pan-American Unions, upon the political behavior of others.

We shall be asked to weaken both those skepticisms at Havana. We shall be asked to tread the political pathway toward more political pledges and toward more political joint judgments. Our whole tradition will bid us recoil.

There remains the economic and cultural pathway. Do we recoil from that pathway too? We may emphatically answer that we do not. We hold that if we perform daily practical international works that are good, we shall be going by the fastest feasible route to an international political will that can be good.

We therefore, in the Pan-American Union and in the successive International Conferences of American States, have given ourselves with the utmost energy to all such humble and heavy and humdrum things, to all such prosaic but prophetic things, as more travel, more communication, more acquaintance, more commerce, more finance, more education, more interchange of teachers and scholars and artists, more science, more health, more general physical and mental and moral well-being, for the 200,000,000 individual human beings who live beneath the sway of the governments of the Americas.

The Pan-American Union and the successive International Conferences of American States have thereupon grown far beyond their own native original limits of activity. They have produced a bewildering progeny of other unions and conferences and commissions and committees—and good works.

Where There Is Unity

In preparation for Havana we might well succinctly summarize the interests that we have pursued in Pan-American—and related—affairs. They can be stated—with many omissions and with relentless condensations—as follows:

We have been interested in bringing the American states physically closer together. We have been interested in the promotion of the Pan-American Railway, which ultimately will continuously connect New York and San Francisco in the north with Buenos Aires and Santiago de Chile in the south. We have been interested in a quicker and better intercarriage of letters and parcels, and we have helped in convening and holding two Pan-American Postal Congresses.

We have been interested in an improved interdelivery of messages by wire and by wireless; and we have willingly attended the sessions, even if we could not accept all the results, of a Pan-American Electrical Communications Congress. We have been interested in the development of motor roads throughout the two continents; and we have exhibited our own road system to a great delegation of visiting Latin-American inquirers; and we have carried our technical knowledge and experience to a Pan-American Highways Congress.

We have been interested in the advancing and regulating of air transportation between American countries; and we have effectively participated in a Pan-American Aviation Congress and in the writing of a vitally valuable commercial aviation treaty which will go to the Havana conference and which will give it one of its chief opportunities for effective useful action.

We have been interested in the upbuilding of the physical vigor of the Americas. We have taken what can be justly called the leading part in the movement which now has produced eight successive Pan-American Conferences on Sanitation.

The seventh of these conferences established an Inter-American Maritime Sanitary Code which now, for many American countries, is a strong bar to the international spread of communicable diseases.

In direct result from the Pan-American Conferences on Sanitation there has recently been held, for instant technical purposes, a First Pan-American Conference of National Directors of Health, bringing together a large number of the authoritative health officers of widely separated American governments.

In the same line of development there have been five Pan-American Congresses on Child Welfare and two Pan-American Congresses on the humanitarian work of the International Red Cross.

In the meantime our Rockefeller Foundation, operating through the International Health Board, with money and with leadership, has virtually eradicated, throughout

"FUDGE!" said the Princess "that's what's inside Oh Henry!"

Fudge, to be sure — and a layer of caramel, then choice Spanish nuts — all wrapped round with rich and sumptuous milk chocolate. Whether in the palace or the cosy bungalow, the brownstone front or the uptown flat, folks love the home things best. That's why they all love Oh Henry! made the home-made way:

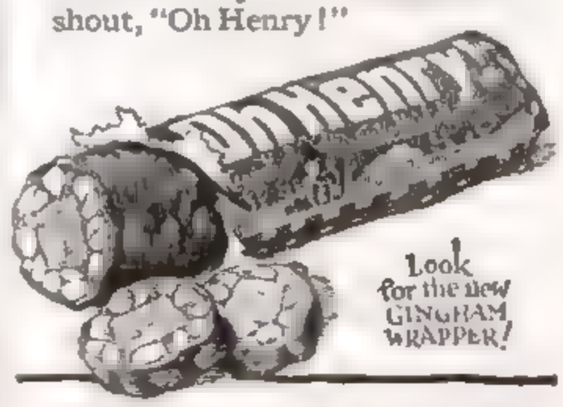
FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter, 1½ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk, ½ teaspoon salt

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

So when folks feel that home-made candy appetite mounting, one and all head straight for the nearest candy counter and shout, "Oh Henry!"



Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

REGINALD DENNY

Re-enters his original field

REGINALD DENNY is back in the kind of rôle which gave him his original fame and his almost immediate popularity Doubtless you remember him as the "Champion" in H. C. Witwer's series of prize-fight comedies entitled *"The Leather Pushers"* which were shown in nearly every moving-picture theatre in America.

He makes his re-entry as a prize-fighter, this time in a comedy entitled *"On Your Toes"* in which he is the heavyweight champion's son, who would rather be a dancing master, or tea hound, than chief of the leather-pushing fraternity. But when he sees he is about to lose his sweetheart to his rival, things change in a rush of screaming comedy.

The cast is ideal. Beautiful BARBARA WORTH plays the leading female rôle, and HAYDEN STEVENSON does his entertaining best as the prize-fight Manager. I know that you will take to this comedy and I suggest you ask the manager of your favorite theatre to show it. You will like the action, the speed, the drama and the laughable situations. The director is Fred Newmeyer, who has produced many comedy successes.

Universal's production of *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* has aroused the keenest thought amongst American authors who see in it the great possibilities of the screen. The picture is a revelation.

Did you see *"The Cat and the Canary"*? If so, write me what you think of it. It is being shown in the great theatres of the country and is "running like mad."

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of your favorite Universal star

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Latin America, the infinite sufferings and losses caused by yellow fever. Not for three years now has the Public Health Service of the United States been obliged, by reason of yellow fever, to quarantine a ship or a passenger or a seaman from any Latin-American port. No political debates in the Fifth International Conference of American States at Santiago de Chile in 1923 could prevent Latin-American appreciation and courtesy from promoting and passing a resolution commending in the warmest terms the Rockefeller Foundation of the United States of America for its "eminent and generous services."

In the same spirit there is maintained, in the building of the Pan-American Union at Washington, and principally at the cost of the United States Government, a Pan-American Sanitary Bureau, which diffuses to all Pan-American countries the benefits of the researches here made and of the information here available. The Minister of Health of a Caribbean republic sends in, for instance, three questions:

1. If I mail you a collection of injurious mosquitoes, will you classify them for me? ANSWER: We will.

2. Will you tell me the value, or lack of value, of certain specified antituberculosis vaccines? ANSWER: Of course.

3. Will you inform me as to the most improved methods for the supervising of establishments producing ice for human consumption? ANSWER: At once.

Interested thus in the physical betterment of the Americans, we have been equally interested in the betterment of the purely intellectual and cultural relations of the American peoples. We have assisted at three Pan-American Scientific Congresses and we look forward to the establishment—during the coming conference at Havana—of an Inter-American Institute for Scientific Investigations.

An Exchange of Civilizations

Many of our institutions of higher learning in the United States now offer scholarships to Latin-American students to help them to be able to pursue their studies among us. We now have some 900 young Latin Americans on our university and college campuses.

One of the steadiest efforts of the Pan-American Union, under the influence of its director-general, Dr. Leo S. Rowe, is to intermingle the thought of Latin America with the thought of so-called Anglo-Saxon America. The Pan-American Union thereupon descends—or rises—from public life into private life. It persuades publishers of geography textbooks in the United States to eliminate erroneous and disparaging allusions to Latin-American character and capacity. It provides some 500 women's clubs in the United States with courses of study in Latin-American history and civilization. It circulates new Latin-American musical compositions to our United States Army schools and gets them played by all our army bands. It gives recitals, in the Pan-American Union Building, in the Hall of the Americas, by distinguished Latin-American musicians, and thus officially introduces them to the concert audiences and radio audiences of the United States. It even bestirs itself to launch into the United States the new Colombian ballroom dance called the Pasillo and to give to a local popular Washington restaurant the technical information to enable it to produce a Mayan Room in authentic reminiscence of the prehistoric Mayan culture of the Central American region.

Does our civilization penetrate Latin America? It does. Does Latin-American civilization penetrate us? It does.

We are also interested in commerce. We most certainly are. We are interested in all its lowest—that is, its most laborious—details.

Out of the successive International Conferences of American States we have extracted Pan-American treaties for Pan-American protection of trade-marks, of patents, of copyrights. We have provided most of the initiative and most of the endurance for the grubbing and grinding sessions of two Pan-American Financial Conferences, three Pan-American Commercial Conferences, two Pan-American Conferences for the Standardization of Materials and Commodities, and one recent Pan-American Conference for the Standardization and Simplification of Consular Procedure, which undoubtedly was one of the tamest and most tedious, one of the dullest and most dismal international conferences ever held, but which, if its results are accepted at Havana in the Sixth International Conference of American States, will undoubtedly save millions upon millions of dollars in consular expenses for the exporters and importers, the producers and consumers, of the American continents.

The Balance of Trade

Let us candidly admit that this sort of thing is a great bore to some of our Latin-American friends. At the close of the last International Conference of American States at Santiago de Chile in 1923, the newspaper El Mundo of Havana gloomily and wearily remarked:

> The conference was entirely under the control of the United States. The same old trade-marks! The same old patents! The same old sanitation!

We have to console ourselves by reflecting that our Latin-American friends are nevertheless abundantly willing to take advantage of the improved facilities and increased opportunities of Pan-American trade.

In the period from 1910 to 1914 the Latin-American countries were selling goods to us at an average annual rate of $435,000,000. In the last fiscal year their sales of goods to us amounted to $1,050,000,000.

They simultaneously have enormously strengthened their power of buying. In the period from 1910 to 1914 the Latin-American countries were buying our goods at an average annual rate of $302,000,000. In the last fiscal year their purchases of our goods amounted to $869,000,000.

Two observations may be made on those figures. First, the Latin-American countries are selling to us much more than they are buying from us. If selling is exploiting, then it is they that are the exploiters and it is we that are the exploited.

Second, hostile Latin-American occasional oratory has not prevented a most remarkable rise in friendly Pan-American continuous commerce. The politicians of the Americas may at times seem to be widely sundered from one another in their views. The producers and consumers of the Americas, the peoples of the Americas, are closer and closer together all the time in their exchanges of the fruits of their labors. For us Pan-Americanism means primarily more welfare for human beings rather than more diplomacy for governments; and we can successfully maintain that the cold statistics of trade are an incontestable proof of the victorious and spectacular accomplishment of that purpose in the Pan-American area.

Our nonpolitical road to international good will in the Western Hemisphere has brought us at least to an extraordinary height of coöperation in the mutual exchanging of the weapons and products of peace. It represents, to that extent, a manifest and magnificent triumph.

But will it—at Havana—in compensation and retribution, produce for us a political chastisement and a true and genuine storm of Latin-American political ill will? Perhaps. But perhaps not.

In the first place, the disputes and divisions which we already noted among the Latin-American states themselves are steadily at work to frustrate the possibility of any combined political attack upon the United States.

An emissary of the Nicaraguan Government, Dr. Gavry Rivas, has been reported on tour in South America conveying to the governments of that continent the following message:

> If you at Havana attack the policy of the United States in Nicaragua, we Nicaraguans will attack the policy of Mexico in Nicaragua.

Such thoughts are capable of a wide and widening application. If the United States is to be attacked, and if then Mexico is to be attacked, about Nicaragua, why might not Chile be attacked about Tacna-Arica?

It is perhaps natural then that one of the Chilean delegates to the Havana conference—Señor Carlos Silva Vildosola—should have issued a most pacific statement of prospective Chilean policy at Havana. President Ibanez of Chile, some time ago, as we have already observed, stated to Doctor Jordan that all Latin-American countries at Havana would oppose the United States on the Nicaraguan question. Now, however, Señor Vildosola states that at Havana there ought to be no attacks whatsoever on any of the policies of the United States and that the conference should give itself to "commercial communications, commercial facilities, industrial developments, social conditions and intellectual relations." In other words, it should follow the nonpolitical Pan-Americanism which the United States has always especially led.

But besides the internal disputes and divisions of Latin America, there is an even deeper and stronger reason why the storm against the United States at Havana may be less devastating than is sometimes prophesied. That second reason is that nonpolitical Pan-Americanism has already produced an extremely large number of distracting and absorbing problems for optimistic solution.

When Results are Compared

This state of things has been ably analyzed by His Excellency Señor Don Orestes Ferrara, ambassador of Cuba to the United States, in a statement to the writers of this article. He said:

"There will be no real disagreement at Havana. Harmony is inevitable. The Pan-American Union has very wisely concerned itself chiefly with the ordinary everyday things of life. It has studied business problems, social intercourse—the problems of sleeping, eating, living and earning. Some Latin-American delegates at Havana will undoubtedly argue for argument's sake. Some of them will raise some political questions perhaps. Underneath it all, however, there will be harmony, because there cannot help being harmony in a hemisphere in which so many essential practical interests in common have been discovered and developed."

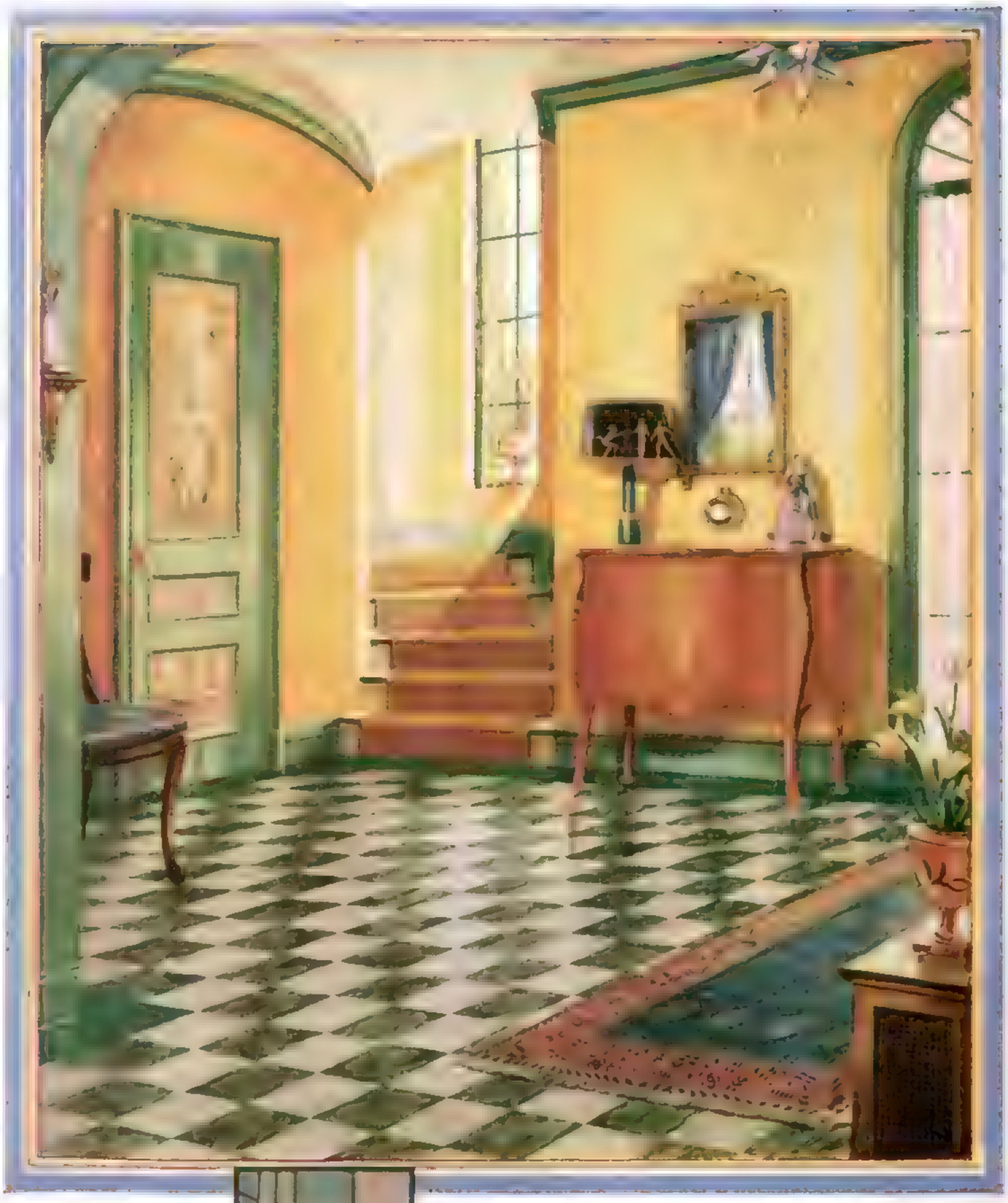
That statement gives the Pan-American situation its absolute summary.

Europe, seeking international good will, looks by preference to the pathway of politics. It is her right. We, as is our right, choose the nonpolitical pathway; and if it is unambitious, if it is inglorious, we can at least, and even from the standpoint of politics, compare our results with those of Europe and inquire:

Relatively to the rest of the world, what is the condition of the Americas? Is there any region more free of war? Is there any region more free of upsetting and demoralizing fears of war? Is there any region more free of diplomatic strokes and counterstrokes, lunges and parries, sparks and flames? Is there any region which politically and internationally is less dedicated to arms and less sacrificed to military anxiety and agony? In a word, politically and internationally, is there any region in the whole world actually happier?

We can securely abide all efforts to retort to those questions. They can only fortify our confidence in the American method of international good will.

BEFORE Hazel Dell Brown, decorator, planned this entrance hall, opportunities for decoration seemed very limited. But by a clever use of color in walls, woodwork, and floors, Mrs. Brown has created a smart and unusually attractive introduction to the home. She really began this room's decoration with the pattern floor—a rich marble effect in Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum, design No. 87.



Home Beauty Begins with the Entrance Hall Floor

Fashionable for your entrance hall floor is this hand-set tile effect in Armstrong's Moulded Inlaid Linoleum, design No. 3008. It is one of the lowest-priced inlaids you can buy, too.

Here's a floor that is at home in any room of your house. Terra cotta in color, it seems to grow even prettier with wear. It is Embossed Plain Linoleum No. 40.

REGARDLESS of shape or size, an entrance hall can easily be made an attractive and tempting introduction to your home. Begin with the floor. Make it part of your room picture.

That, in a nutshell, is the secret of the room shown here. What you really like about this room, the one thing that more than anything else makes you long to see the rest of the house, is the patterned Armstrong Floor.

The design of this floor makes the room look larger than it really is. Its color-tone makes ordinary furnishings assume new character.

With all its richness and modern beauty, this floor—or any other Armstrong design you select at local stores—has many practical virtues

Mud and water can't harm it. Heedless feet can't scar and track it. And it's cleaned jiffy-quick—a twice-yearly waxing and a dry-dusting when needed. Nor can time dim its full, rich colors. They're *inlaid*. The floor itself is *cemented* over builders' deadening felt—lifetime wear without a cent for refinishing.

You can have such a floor—in *your* entrance hall—laid in less than a day. It's surprising the great difference a few dollars spent this way will make.

Make it a point to see the new Armstrong Floor designs. To help you select one of correct color and pattern for any room in your home, write for "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration."

This new 32-page book brings you up-to-the-moment suggestions that do not cost a great deal to carry out. Hazel Dell Brown, its author, has helped thousands of women plan prettier homes. Her new book contains an unusual offer of her free personal services. For your copy of this color-illustrated guide, just send 10c to cover mailing costs. (Canada, 20c.)

Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 300 W. Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN . . . INLAID . . . EMBOSSED . . . JASPE . . . ARABESQ . . . PRINTED

Pipe Smoker Hunts Two Years For Right Tobacco

Finally discovers it within reach of everyone

The good old maxim, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," evidently applies to tobacco as well as anything else.

Many a man has quit trying after a few different brands have failed to give him pipe-smoking satisfaction. Here's the story of a man who persevered until he found the kind of pipe tobacco he spent two years searching for:

Dallas, Texas,
March 23, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen

The worst thing in the world to try to find is a good pipe tobacco that is well within the reach of everybody, and at the same time does not taste like it had just come out of the cabbage patch.

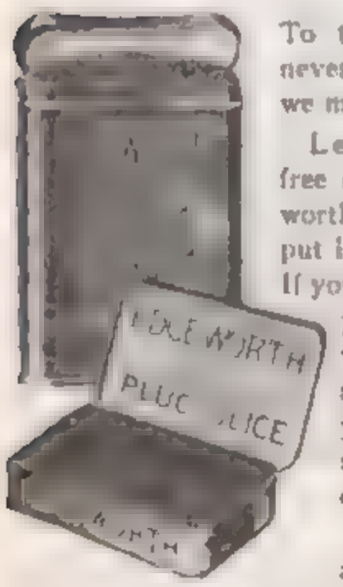
I have been smoking a pipe for two years and have just this month started to smoke a real smoke, Edgeworth. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Believe me, I tried for two years and finally success is more than mine.

I have just been looking around, and have found to my delight that I can get Edgeworth practically anywhere. I even found it out at the lake near Dallas where I go fishing. Oh, boy, what a combination—a perfect day, a can of good tobacco, and your pipe.

I always thought these ad letters were the bunk, but this time I know somebody is wrong and that is me.

Here's to old Edgeworth,

Edmund Condon.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles

CORAL

(Continued from Page 17)

that was said; that, she recognized, was his most noticeable characteristic—he was always actively engaged with whatever surrounded him. He saw and briefly studied everyone near; he regarded the tables and chairs, the dancing floor and orchestra. He knew, she was certain, their waiter in particular detail.

There was champagne, but it wasn't in pitchers, the bottles stood in a row under the table. Ellery, of course, had brought it. He was sunk, Coral noticed; Alice Gordon was obviously trying to keep him cheerful. She changed glasses with him and put a touch of lipstick on his cheek. All that, Coral found highly obnoxious. Alice Gordon, she had always thought, couldn't be worse. She couldn't imagine how she had kept Ellery hooked. Coral wasn't, in view of this, wholly pleasant. She sat close to John Lacy and talked to him in tones clearly not meant for anyone else. She danced, however, with Tony Boyd.

"I've seen nearly everybody in the world with you, Coral," he proceeded, "but John Lacy ——" His expression finished his sentence. "I have to hand you a great deal on that. There is nothing you can't do in New York now. I hope you'll let me have a case of Cointreau." "Don't be silly," Coral directed him. "I like this Lacy man and there is nothing I want to do." Suddenly she was weary of Tony Boyd. Even the thought of Ellery Vaile fatigued her. Ellery and Alice Gordon—inexcusable. But then all that life—the life, Coral told herself, she was deserting—was simply unthinkable. She was sorry now that she had come to the Paso Doble. The leader of the orchestra bowed to her and abruptly changed the music to Messing Around. At one time she had thought Messing Around was divine. Now it seemed no more exciting than just another monotonous racket. "I must sit down," she told Tony Boyd. "I'm getting old." John Lacy said confidentially that he had missed her. "That was why I came back," Coral replied. "I wanted to hear you tell me that."

She was amazed at the pleasure his admission gave her. A very unfamiliar warmth burned in her cheeks. Coral felt exactly like sixteen.

There was a stir beside them. She looked up and saw Asa Hess. "Hello, Coral," he said cheerfully, then, it was evident, he first saw John Lacy. He shook Lacy's hand stuffy. "You turn up in the damnedest ways and places," Hess said. "So I do," Lacy agreed. "Times it's a good thing and times it's not." Asa Hess sat beside Coral. Lacy was politely dancing with Mrs. Carpenter and he said irritably: "It's foolish to ask who brought Lacy here. It was Coral, naturally. Well, this time it is too bad. It won't do. It really won't." She asked, "What really won't?" Associating publicly with John Lacy, he told her explicitly. "I oughtn't to need explain just why not. But I don't mind. He's a common gambler, and worse; he's one of the New York liquor ring, and worse. Why, damn it, Lacy is no better than a thug! He had Parker Sims killed. He was in the Brigham outrage."

"If that is all true," Coral Mery interrupted him, "I should think you'd be more careful. There might be a Hess outrage." A cold anger possessed her. All her rebellion against the waste, the futility, of existence expressed itself in bitter and careless words. "It doesn't matter if it is true not to me. There could be a great many murders without much loss. I wouldn't miss you, for example, not too much. Almost everyone, I should think, including Ellery, could do without Alice Gordon." Ellery Vaile said, "Don't, Cora. You are simply impossible when you are cross. And Asa, you'd better shut up. You sound like a committee of fifty or some such thing." It was Asa who was cross, Coral informed them. "His frightful son lost some money at poker and wept about it. Asa wanted John Lacy to get it back for him."

Mrs. Carpenter and Lacy returned to the table. "Asa Hess was so surprised at Coral drinking milk he nearly exploded," Vaile explained. "He is still practically speechless." Ellery Vaile glared at Coral and she nodded indifferently. Her hatred of all that had constituted her world infinitely increased. She didn't see how she could stand it another moment. Asa Hess' face was red—no, it was purple—with a futile anger. His hand shook violently. He actually did look as though he might explode. Vaile was haggard and spent disillusion. Alice Gordon's face was silly with approaching drunkenness. Tony Boyd was conventional and ineffective. Mrs. Carpenter was just another sob, with the inevitable pearls, from Philadelphia.

She rose. "I'm tired, if you don't mind," she said to Lacy. Coral added needlessly, "It would be nice if you'd take me home." In the cab, he laughed at the memory of Asa Hess' face. "That was because he ran into me," he added, "with you. It upset him. I could see he spoke a piece while I was dancing." "Did he?" Coral asked listlessly. "I don't know. I really don't. I can't remember." She was more sunk than she had ever been before. Her gloves lay in her lap and she put out her hand for Lacy to hold. He closed it between strong hard palms.

"You don't think I mind what Mr. Hess perhaps said?" he asked. "Why, no! Why should I? How do you like that?" "I like it," Coral answered. "I didn't actually think you minded. I did. It was so stupid. But what I said was worse." He gave her hand a slight squeeze. "You were watching out for me." She sat up. "I was not," she told him with a surprising vigor. "If you have to be watched out for, I'm done with you. I hate people who are like that—sensitive people." John Lacy laughed immoderately. He dropped her hand and lighted a cigarette. "Sensitive," he echoed her. "That is a swell one. Me sensitive! I'd like certain people to hear that. I would for a fact." "Don't be dull," Coral told him crossly. "You may be very sensitive—socially."

"If I am, I'll keep it from you," he promised her. "I've spent a good deal of time with what you call society. It's not so hot. I get a lot of easy money from it. Yes, there's nothing much to it—just good and bad like the rest." She didn't want to hear about it, she told him. "I'm sleepy. Do you mind?" Coral dropped comfortably against John Lacy's shoulder. He continued smoking. "You're back," he said, after a little; "I'll keep the taxi. . . . Good night." She liked it because he hadn't tried to kiss her. Coral changed that—because he hadn't kissed her. Distinctly splendid.. She wondered when he would kiss her. The burning returned to her cheeks.

"I won't see him," Coral Mery told Angot. She hesitated. "It is Mr. Lacy," Angot insisted. "I tried to tell you I wouldn't see him."

Coral's voice was disarmingly pleasant and the maid left quickly. Coral wanted to see John Lacy. She wanted to see him more than anything else she could think of. And that, she added, was why she wouldn't—not just then. She had to think. He had kissed her—last night. He had kissed her, and for a moment, at last, she was lost, dizzy, with emotion. Yes, definitely, it was the first time that had happened to her. Coral wasn't sure she had liked it. She didn't know. It was all very peculiar. Now she had to think—seriously—about herself and John Lacy. No more than a month ago she wouldn't have bothered: she would have accepted any experience with a usual direct curiosity and self-confidence. Her self-confidence, it seemed, had grown weak. The truth was, it had deserted her. Oh, quite! It had as good as vanished last night.

The thing, of course, was—did she want to marry John Lacy? She would have to decide that at once. He was at the point of asking her. That was the heart of why she hadn't seen him this afternoon—when he saw her again he would want to marry her. Coral didn't, yet, know what she would say. Of course she would say no. Anything else would be too ridiculous. How could she marry him and be a part of his extraordinary life—his mad existence? It wasn't possible. She'd say no, of course. At the same time everything was turning out as badly as possible in her own world. She had been overwhelmed, sunk, by a series of annoyances—frightful people at dinners· Zinc Bent, taking her to the Colony Restaurant, had beaten up the taxi driver; Pierce Fallon, tighter than usual, had again asked her to marry him, this time in a loud voice at the theater; her Aunt Elena was coming home three weeks earlier than she had planned and Coral would have to move unexpectedly out of her present engaging surroundings; there was a lot of gray hair in her head.

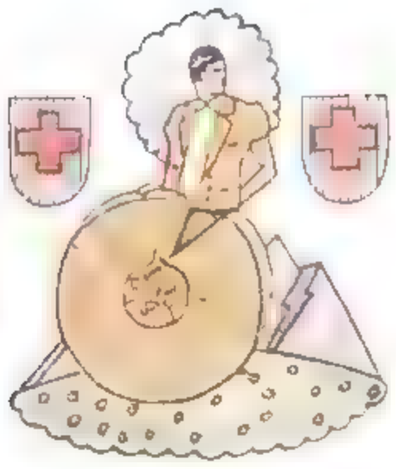
These trivial mishaps, one upon the other, had practically destroyed her. She had never been optimistic about life, but now her conviction of imminent disaster had become physical. It was like a weight in her stomach. She sharply missed the familiar support of Bourbon whisky. She had been a fool, she decided, to stop drinking, to have announced she had stopped. But nothing could be done about it now. She had stopped! If she failed in that engagement with herself, she didn't know what she would sink to. Coral really couldn't say. At any rate, John Lacy's world could not be worse than her own. At least it was bright and swift. She wasn't afraid of danger.

It was, certainly, quite different from all she had planned for herself—the nice young man and tranquil place outside Philadelphia. As she examined it, however, the difference, she saw, was unimportant, the principle was the same. Actual marriage. She could be as faithful to John Lacy, to herself, in New York, as she could to someone else in, for example, Haverford. What she had determined on was an actual marriage, a complete surrender to an obligation at least partly not herself, since the other, the opposite, had failed. There was still no idea of nobility in this; it was, she told herself again, purely selfish. Coral began to recognize the element of Thomas Mery, her Scots grandfather, in her. "Thomas"—Coral addressed herself—"you can't be happy and wasteful at the same time. You can't be wasteful at all. You are, at bottom, a moral person." That commonplace discovery really surprised her.

Coral had taken for granted her innate social smartness; she regarded herself as fundamentally an aristocrat, when suddenly it appeared she was nothing of the kind. The morality of which she had convicted herself was the reverse of aristocratic. "It is quite common," she proceeded. "It is exactly what I detest." But it was in her. It was she. Willing Yonge had pointed out that she wasn't gay. Perhaps that, all the time, was what was the matter with her. It was very possible she had been trying to be what she wasn't—what, really, she could never be—an aristocratic person. The more she thought about this, the more probable it seemed. It was very clear in the people she knew; none of them, practically, were aristocratic. They weren't nearly free enough. Wildness and freedom were quite different. Their manners were bad. They were too familiar, too sentimental.

Against that, however, was the fact that her world was the best, in any recognized social sense, that existed. Coral couldn't help it—it was wrong. It conspicuously

(Continued on Page 52)



LA SUISSE EST FIÈRE DE SON FROMAGE. LE RENOMMÉ FROMAGE
DU PAYS D'ORIGINE, FROMAGE D'UN GOÛT QUI NE PEUT PAS ÊTRE IMITÉ,
EST MAINTENANT TOUJOURS MARQUÉ "SWITZERLAND."

The Pride of Switzerland

Rare, true cheese from the homeland — with the flavor that can't be copied — now always marked "Switzerland"

As LONG ago as the Roman invasion, the native cheeses of Switzerland were considered a delicacy. Decade after decade, ever since, their renown has spread throughout the world. The making of delicious cheese has become a Swiss tradition—a Swiss art to be handed down from father to son.

Any product so excellent, any success so general, would be naturally copied. Switzerland Cheese has been imitated by every dairy nation in the world. No doubt they have tried to follow the method faithfully, but they have missed the flavor inevitably. That belongs to Switzerland alone. It comes from milk produced on glacier-fed Alpine pastures such as no other country has or can duplicate.

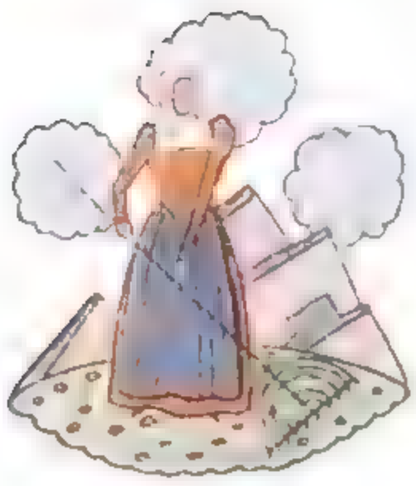
No longer can you ask for "Swiss Cheese"—or even for "Imported Swiss Cheese"—and be sure of getting this rare, true flavor. You must ask for Switzerland Cheese—and look for numerous imprints of "Switzerland" on the rind. The great chefs in American hotels and restaurants appreciate this distinction. They insist on Switzerland Cheese. They serve it on their special menus—introduce it in their choicest dishes. And in the finest homes this appreciation is constantly expressed by the appearance of Switzerland Cheese at luncheons, dinners and buffet suppers . . . with salads . . . as a dessert . . . in hors-d'œuvres.

Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere. It sometimes varies in its natural color from a cream to a butter-yellow, depending upon whether the milk is produced in winter or summer. The size of the eyes also varies from medium to large. But the rare, true flavor and quality of Switzerland Cheese never change. It is better to buy Switzerland Cheese by the pound, half-pound, quarter-pound or ten-cent piece instead of sliced thin. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

The most appetizing sandwich ever invented consists of two slices of bread lightly buttered, between which is a generous slice of Switzerland Cheese. When the last nut-sweet morsel passes your lips, you'll start making another Switzerland Cheese sandwich.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland



Harvesting scented Alpine hay for winter months

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

Wouldn't you like to join these herdsmen at lunch?

THE WALLOPS

[Number six of a series]

Something's wrong with the drinking water

"Clara," said George Wallop, holding his glass of water up to the light, "I understand now what poets mean when they write of 'dancing water.' This water's doing the Black Bottom."

"If you're talking about the sediment in the bottom of the glass you know as well as I do, George Wallop, that it comes from our rusty plumbing pipes," retorted Mrs. Wallop.

"Well, why doesn't Arburus let the water run awhile until it gets clear?"

"She does, but those rusty pipes make all the water that goes through them like that. If we had good pipes in this house we'd have clean water to drink."

"What we ought to have is brass pipes," said Lily. "Everybody's using them now. Betty Richards is building a new house and Tom Richards says that cheap pipes always rust and have to be replaced and that it's cheaper to put in brass to start with. They're using brass pipes."

"Well, we didn't," said father. "Our builder didn't tell us anything about them, and, believe me, if I'd known then what I do now about cheap pipe—leaks—repairs—rusty water, low water pressure from clogged pipes—if I'd known all that I'd have put in brass too. I guess people know more about brass pipe nowadays."

"Why don't we start now?" asked Lily. "Next time we have to replace some old rusty pipe, why not replace it with brass?"

Why not? There is every reason in the world why brass should be used for replacement either all at once, or little by little. And remember Alpha Brass Pipe, for it is better than others.

All brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is different from ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead.

Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints.

It positively cannot rust, and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

ALPHA BRASS PIPE

made from a special kind of

Chase Brass

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Incorporated, Waterbury, Conn.

(Continued from Page 50

wasn't right. It was self-conscious and uncertain. John Lacy's world couldn't be so—so futile. She wondered what, exactly, his world was. She knew vaguely. It had to do with gambling and the illegal sale of liquor; a special sort of politics. It would be very exciting, very adventurous, a life without security or peace. Coral was not certain of what kinds of security and peace she was searching for. It was all getting very difficult, very confused. The trouble with her was that she was so dumb. She didn't make sense. She didn't like what she was and what she was she didn't like. But that realization was of no use to her now. It didn't help her about John Lacy.

She had not been entirely honest with herself where he they were concerned. The thing was—when he asked her to marry him, would she be able to say no? Would her mind have anything to do with it? She remembered her feeling last night. If he had asked her then she would have said yes. He hadn't. He had been more considerate than that, too conventional. The thing was—perhaps a wrong marriage might be the only right one. As she went on, she got worse. Marriage, it might be, couldn't be made reasonable. Like that, it might be horrible, impossible. Thomas Mery, she felt, came to her rescue; she partly regained her coolness of mind, her balance. That, however, was all very well now. Would she be cool with John Lacy kissing her? Well, she wouldn't let him kiss her again until she knew—unless she knew. Coral realized that she could manage that, where he was concerned. But she was capable of an extreme folly. That trait was in her too.

She might be a splendid wife for John Lacy, far better than a girl from what could be called his own class. She'd understand him better. She knew the world he skirted. She was familiar with gambling; she was especially alive, engaged, at night. Yes, they could do very well. She wouldn't bother about the future, about tomorrow. It didn't matter much how long you lived. Happiness could not be measured that way. "Someone will kill him," Coral reflected, "this month or next year, if he keeps on being what he is." Then almost all her present world would desert her. A very few would be unchanged—the best, she discovered. Coral smiled briefly. What a possibility for Thomas Mery! He would be dragged into speak-easies and gambling rooms and probably worse. She hadn't, Coral realized, decided anything. She must. John would be back before dinner.

"I can't stay," John Lacy informed Coral; "there is a little trouble. . . . What was the matter this afternoon?" "I didn't want to see you," she explained. "I had to think." He cut the end from a cigar—Lacy was perpetually smoking cigars—and frowned. "You don't want to do too much of that," he said absently. "Anyhow," he went on more directly, "there is no trouble here, with you. I've been thinking about Coral and it's a right funny name for you to have. It means a lot of dead ones. You'll have to get another." That was really very acute of him. She would never have thought of it. "Tell me about the trouble," she demanded. He glanced at her swiftly. "A man got hurt in the café," he briefly replied. "You mean killed," she said calmly. A sharp conviction, the memory of a crushed face, possessed her. "You mean killed, and it was the man who tried to make me dance." John Lacy was gloomy.

"You're the quickest girl alive. Right. It was the man who tried to make you dance. That wop hit him too hard. That wouldn't have mattered—he was the special friend of the special friend of somebody special. There has been more of it. They are going to get Gino. His half a million in the two banks won't do him any good." Coral asked, "Can't you protect him?" John Lacy shook his head negatively. "It would cost too much. Gino isn't big enough." He rose.

"Wait," Coral told him, "I'm going with you." "You are not," he replied decidedly. "I told you there might be trouble." She said calmly, "I am getting my hat." In the cab she asked, "Is there any chance of them getting you, as you call it?" "Perhaps," he admitted. "Look here, Coral," he went on impetuously, "I'm all shot up now. I got to hold my own hands to keep them from shaking. You are the reason and you know it. You're so indifferent with it all. I'm in love with you, see? I want to marry you. I don't want to be killed now by some dirty rat. A week ago I wouldn't have noticed any of this. My nerve's gone."

"I don't want you killed, John," she replied. "But I don't know what I do want—not yet. That is why I had to think this afternoon. I'm frightfully fond of you. I've never, really, liked anyone else—not in the same way. You can kiss me if you want to." Coral abruptly deserted her contrary determination. As a result, she almost collapsed into her corner of the taxi. "It's not all gone," John Lacy added. It was clear he was speaking of his nerve. "You've shown me something different, that's all. I've been lucky, Coral; but never as lucky as this. If you don't know what you are going to do about me, I do. You are going to marry me." "Perhaps," she admitted. "Only you mustn't try to hurry me. I am not like that. I am like you. It would mean more than you realize, in little ways."

He contradicted her: "I do realize the whole works. You mean if you married me your friends would throw you. They would and we know it. It all depends what you think of them. How valuable they are. If they are what you could call friends. I wouldn't hang much on the ones I've seen with you. I know them on my own account, remember. You don't like your life. You told me you were sick of it. I can show you another, that's all. You'll have to choose. I don't know how much you've got and don't care. I have enough, even for us. I'd fix it so no matter what happened to me you would be safe. I'd give you everything, Coral." She slipped her hand into his. "Of course you would. And I do hate my life. I discovered I didn't belong in it. I'd like yours better. At least I would be alive. The thing is I don't know if I could do it properly. I think so, but I must be sure."

"Do it properly!" John Lacy echoed her. He laughed. "Could I make any such grade? That's it." They had reached Lacy's café. "I want to sit by the door," he proceeded, "facing it. I could go back in the office, but that would be bad. It would be noticed. . . . Milk," he told the waiter—"two. A chicken sandwich with toast." A man came up and spoke to him in a cautious voice. "Gino is all through," Lacy turned to Coral. "Shot out of a car on his doorstep. Somebody's going to pay for this." He was, she saw, dark with rage. "I won't bother with the rats either. They will get it at the head. It makes me look as if I was just some peddler of sacrificial wine."

"John," Coral Mery asked quietly, "is there any way to get in here except by the door?" He didn't move. His voice was even quieter than hers. "Yes," he replied, "on an alley—for delivery. It should have been watched." She said, "Two men came in then. I thought it was from the kitchen, but it wasn't. They are at a table behind you." "Near enough?" he asked. "I think so. One is quite small. He has an overcoat on. The other is fat and cheerful looking." He was, John Lacy said grimly, but it didn't mean anything. "Coral, I begged you not to come here." He drank from his glass of milk steadily. Dancing started. "John," Coral continued, "I want to dance, do you understand? When I get up you must be very quick. Not yet, darling. Now!"

Instantly, almost, they were behind some dancers. They were lost in the crowded floor. "I'm going to take you home," Lacy asserted. "What I think of you—Coral, there isn't any words. We'll go out the way

(Continued on Page 57)

The question

is not "Can we afford a Steinway?"

but rather "Can we afford to be without one?"

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Picks you up when you're feeling low . . . . gives you lasting, all-day energy . . . . also aids in recuperation after illness

We offer you a 3-day test

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It is a delicious, new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. It is not an artificial stimulant. But a building-up beverage that picks you up instantly. That gives you new vitality and stamina—the glowing health that wards off colds, La Grippe, and current illnesses. That is why doctors recommend it to *keep* you healthy as well as to build you up after illness.

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"I took Ovaltine to restore my health and strength. I am beginning to gain weight and feel wonderful. Ovaltine has done wonders for me."

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All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c, to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10 cents.

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One package to a person

(Continued from Page 52

they came in." He motioned to a captain. "By the entrance," he said. "Big Albert Goossens and a bird with him. I'll want fifteen minutes." "I thought," Coral admitted, "I saw a pistol under his overcoat." "No doubt," Lacy agreed. "They have a very neat one now. For killing. But just like you said, it's hard to hide. A kind of a baby shotgun. Two barrels—buckshot." They were back in her Aunt Elena's apartment. "You had better take some Bourbon," he advised her. "Thank you," Coral replied, "I don't drink."

"There is one thing I got to know," John Lacy proceeded. "Did you call me darling?" "It doesn't sound like me, does it?" she answered. "What are you going to do about Big Mr. Goossens?" Plenty, he assured her. "I'll have to begin now, too. I'll see some men you meet around at dinner parties, and if they won't behave, I'll see some you don't. They'll behave though. They got to. . . . Coral, did you call me darling?" "I practically never do" "When," he insisted, "will you marry me?" She would marry him any time, she said, if she married him at all. "You will?" He had both her hands. "Perhaps." Her voice was listless. She was very tired.

"Don't ask me now," she begged him. "It's been very—very exciting tonight for me. I'm not used to all these little murders. I will be better later." "No one else in the world could have saved me," John Lacy declared. "You are not indifferent, Coral; you are cold—the coldest I ever knew." He started toward her, but caught and restrained himself. "I don't intend to lose you," John Lacy warned her. "Not now. Mind this, too—I'll never let you walk in another jam. When I say stay home, you will stay home. How do you like that?" She smiled at him. "It would be marvelous, if you could do it. . . . I'm going to bed." He kissed her lightly and happily. "Tell me"—he was at the door—"did you say darling?" "If I did, I was rattled." Coral added, "How do you like that?" Nothing, however, she realized, had been settled—in her head. She knew nothing in the world about her heart.

The following morning Coral Mery realized definitely that her situation was dangerous. She hadn't been able to come to any conclusion about John Lacy and herself. Her head simply wouldn't work. Her head was useless and her heart was an enigma. As a result of all this, she had a frightful headache. Coral had never before even known, she realized, what it was to be sunk. "Mrs. Thug and the little Thugs," she said to herself. She laughed nervously. Martha Fleming arrived unexpectedly before lunch—a part of her planning, it turned out, to be with Fisher Alles—and she thought Coral looked like a positive ghost. "Actually," she added, "I'm terribly bothered about you, Coral. If that is the effect of not drinking—where is Angot and the cocktail shaker? Where is she anyhow? I have to have gin and a girdle pressed."

"It's quite all right for you to come here like this," Coral told her, "if you don't expect me to be bright. And if you have to be bright, it's not the place for you. Specially don't tell me what I look like." Coral was having one of her poisonous moods, Martha declared. "I've known you too long to be impressed by them. You will forget and act as if I were someone from the flower shop. You look like the devil and I couldn't be brighter. Fisher sent me three telegrams yesterday. Tony Boyd told me you came to the Paso Doble with some terrible man. He said an assassin named De' Medici. That's nonsense, of course, because I know French history. Who was he, Coral?"

It was John Lacy, Coral told her. "He's an American. That's why he would seem foreign to Tony Boyd. He hasn't seen an American for lots of years. I may marry Mr. Lacy, Martha." She accompanied this information with a long level stare. "It isn't really any of your business. That is why I told you, so you couldn't keep on. He is coming at five this afternoon and it would be perfectly marvelous if you were somewhere else."

John Lacy arrived at five exactly, in the dark resplendent shoes. He wore a suit of gray flannel, some scarlet geranium in a buttonhole; his appearance was better than ever. "Did you see the papers this morning?" he demanded before he sat down. No, Coral admitted, she hadn't. He was clearly disappointed. "I'd have brought them, but I was sure it would all be old to you. Anyhow, then, I can tell you. Well, everything is set." She had a wild idea that he had brought a minister who, that minute, was concealed in her hall. "It's all fixed," he added. "I'm regular. You did it, Coral," he swept happily on. "I told you last night my nerve had gone on account of my loving you. It had. But I got it back, Coral. I'm regular," he repeated. "You did it." "What do you mean, exactly?" she demanded.

He went on, "I'm going to tell you:

"I knew soon as I saw you I was all upset. I didn't know then how much; I couldn't get it figured. On one hand—well, I was on one hand and you was on the other. What I was and what you were. They didn't go together. At first I thought they did. We were both pretty good sports, I thought; we knew life. It seemed to me I was pretty good and you were better. Nothing could be sweeter. I was wrong, see? My nerve had went and I was afraid to move around in my apartment. I wanted to marry you and inside me I knew I had no business to. What was all right for me wouldn't do for us. Some of my actions were pretty raw. How do you like that?" "I don't mind," she replied. "I knew a great deal about—about your actions. They didn't frighten me much."

"That is where you are wrong," he told her earnestly. "You heard about them or read the papers. It's different when you see them, when you have your fingers in it. Red," John Lacy said shortly, "blood. Anyhow, Coral, it's all washed off now. You haven't anything to be afraid of."

"I wish you'd tell me what you do mean," she said with an increasing sharpness. "I hate mysteries."

"The past is buried," John Lacy declared. "I'm out of my old game forever. I'm respectable." "You are respectable," Coral repeated. Her voice was dismayed. "It sounds absolutely dreadful. What do you mean?"

"I've changed my life," he asserted. "You made a good man out of me." He laughed at her expression. "It's not quite as bad as it sounds. I haven't turned into an evangelist. No, there was a conference last night between certain parties—and me. I agreed to retire from the ring. I said I'd go to Albany and spend the rest of my life laboring for the citizens of New York. But don't figure they didn't have to give me something good. They did. I'm fixed. You're fixed. We're fixed." He leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

"Someone else can have the cafés and the night clubs. The Ginos can shoot each other right down into the inferno, if that's the wop hell. Me and you are going to live in Albany in a gray-stone house with a lawn and flowers and a big iron gate. I'll drive home from the Capitol and find you on the porch playing cards with your friends, and sometimes we'll have them to dinner and sometimes we'll have just ourselves—me and you. How do you like that?" Coral felt faint. She literally couldn't see John Lacy clearly. But she heard him: "You saved me, Coral." A gray-stone house on a lawn, playing cards, the porch. Probably five hundred, if there still was such a game. "When can we be married?" he demanded tenderly.

Coral struggled against a terrible impulse to laugh. She twisted her handkerchief like a cord around her fingers. She bit her lips. It was all useless. She laughed in a rising tide of hysteria. She would, Coral was certain, never stop. John Lacy's face was as scarlet as his geranium. "I'm sorry," she gasped, "I am frightfully shamed. Won't you—oh, please, won't you go? Can't you see? Thank you ever so much—but go." He rose. "What's this all about?" Lacy demanded. "Where do I get the laugh? What's your idea?" "I haven't any," she replied; "indeed I haven't. I wish you would get mad—have me killed. I wouldn't mind." She thought, cannas in a round bed on the lawn. A porte-cochère! She couldn't bear it. Coral drove herself into a semblance of restraint. "Thank you," she said; "you have been very kind to me. I made a hideous mistake. I'm not good enough for you—specially now."

"You're the hell of a woman!" John Lacy told her. "You are no kind of woman at all. I ought to have known when I remembered what you came from. You probably never heard tell of a decent idea before. You're worse than any of the broads on the street." An enormous relief invaded her—John Lacy was gone—permanently. It was simply too miraculous she had saved him. By that meritorious act she had saved herself. She had never before been so impressed by the power of good. Coral was, however, more confused than ever. If John Lacy had continued unsaved, if he had kept on in his criminal manner, she would have married him. That, clearly, was wrong. How, she couldn't decide. Such virtue should have been rewarded. But what, then, would have happened to her own? He must be rewarded, she decided, by a righteous life. He'd marry, of course—a pretty creature with quantities of blond hair. Coral thought, "I wonder how he will like that." In a way, it was sobbing.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in the January 18th issue.

'FRAID-CAT

(Continued from Page 28)

this, it would be something else. Just one fight after another." He took up the papers of the suit against Lucia. "I'll put this in Mr. Lane's hands and he'll take care of it. And you can always get me here if anything comes up." They shook hands.

"Thanks ever so much," said Lucia

"Other way around," he insisted. "My thanks to you for being such a mighty good sport about it."

Lucia departed in a radiant mood. To be called a good sport helped. Ramey had helped. She drove slowly, very carefully, through town and reached the open country again. She let the car idle and began to debate whether she should go through with her gesture of the morning.

"Am I always, always going to be a 'fraid-cat, or am I not?" she asked herself.

The car seemed to be drawn helplessly toward the field of the M. P. T. Aircraft corporation, and the check book which she had brought to pay for her instruction burned in her pocket.

VII

FRED CHASE, summoned again from the field, looked both surprised and amused when he saw her.

"I didn't expect you to come back," he admitted.

She didn't like being doubted.

"Why not?"

"I didn't think you were in earnest about flying."

"I'm very much in earnest."

He gave her an application for flight instruction to fill out. She gave only her bank as reference, put down Barnaby Condon as the person to be notified in case of accident, and in answer to the question about flying experience wrote, "None."

"Never been up?" asked Chase.

"No."

"What makes you think you want to be a pilot?"

Lucia smiled at him. "I decided."

"You may not like it once you get up in the air," he warned her. "Wouldn't you like to take a hop before you sign the contract?"

"No, thanks." She made a little gesture of impatience and he pushed a copy of the contract across the desk for her to sign. She read it deliberately, but with her heart pounding, signed it with an air of finality. Then she wrote out a check.

"When would you like to start work?" he asked.

Her breath came short.

"Now, if it's convenient."

"All right, I'll fix you up with flying gear until you get your own stuff. Better wear riding breeches tomorrow. Easier for getting in and out of the ship." He pawed through the clothes hanging on the wall. "Here's a leather coat for you. It isn't very clean, but you can't be afraid of grease in this game. Sometimes the crates throw oil."

She hesitated fastidiously about getting into the coat, then conquered her distaste. He gave her a recently laundered helmet of cloth and a pair of goggles. They started across the field, Lucia with her heart pounding. But she couldn't back out now. It was like a trap.

"We'll go for a joyride today," he said—"just to get you used to the air. Tomorrow you can hold the controls."

The plane—an Umpty 5—was standing in front of the hangars and she eyed it with awe, as though it were some enormous and dangerous insect they were approaching.

Chase racked his brain in search of explanations elementary enough to convey to her some idea of what a plane was, and how it flew. Lucia listened to him with an air of a determined but utterly bewildered student, sometimes frowning in perplexity, brown eyes following his gestures obediently.

He demonstrated the controls, pointed out the various indicators on the instrument board, had the mechanics hoist the tail of the ship so that she could see it in flying level. And he remarked to himself that he might just as well be talking Chinese.

"You'll get the hang of it in no time," he said encouragingly.

A mechanic put a ladder against the fuselage and Chase helped her aboard, got her settled in the after cockpit. He adjusted straps over her shoulders and about her waist, while she watched him curiously. Then he slid into the forward cockpit. Mechanics swung upon the propeller and the engine started with a roar that made conversation impossible.

Chase's finger pointed to the needle which showed engine temperature. The needle was "in the red," slowly creeping toward the white area which marked the limits of flying temperature. In the oval mirror, attached to the upper wing, he noticed that Lucia Graham's lips were tightly set and that she hadn't the faintest interest in engine temperature.

Her attention didn't follow him in the deaf-and-dumb language of instructors to pupils. He pointed out facts which to him, as a pilot, were all-important and which must become all important to her also if she learned to fly. The temperature was right, the oil pump was on the job, the gas pressure was right, the rev indicator showed that the engine could turn its full fourteen hundred. The plane shook and struggled against the chocks, the propeller throwing

Continued on Page 60

The New Marmon 78 ($1895) and the New Marmon 68 ($1395) are on view at all of the leading automobile shows

TWO GREAT NEW STRAIGHT-EIGHTS

THIS is the word that's passing around the automobile shows this year—"Go in and see the new Marmons—they're great!"

And what a lot there is to be seen. Take the New Marmon 78, for instance. It's a car built for the day and the times—large enough to give a lasting impression of luxury and ease—yet mobile in size, with a wheelbase of 120 inches. The motor is a straight-eight, of 86 horsepower, with a top speed way up there safely beyond 70—on up to the peg. The price is medium of dollars—but remarkable for value—after you see the car ($1895).

And now in the "68", Marmon has built a straight-eight of genuine Marmon quality in a price field previously occupied only by sixes and fours. You simply can't match its looks or its performance this side of our own "78" price. Thousands of people have sized it up about this way—"I want a good-looking car with real taste about it—I want a car that performs somewhere near at least the most expensive cars—yet I have just so much money to spend." The "68" at $1395 is that car. (Prices f.o.b. factory.)

By all means see the new Marmons.

MARMON

(Continued from Page 57)

back a hurricane when he opened the throttle.

The engine quieted to a throb and he waved the chocks away. Lastly he pointed to the wind sock, which showed a gentle breeze from the west, and made an elaborate survey of the sky to make sure there were no planes coming in. They lumbered clumsily down the field, gathered speed and took off gently.

Safely in the air, Chase glanced into his mirror. Lucia's eyes were drilling through the back of his neck, never wavering.

"H-m-m—scared stiff," he said.

Below them lay the green, blue, gray patchwork of the countryside, cut by roads, speckled with miniature houses, and beyond was the flat placid expanse of the Sound. It was a lovely sight, but Lucia Graham's gaze was still upon the back of his head and her hands gripped the cowling as though she were holding the plane up in the air.

After twenty minutes of easy flying, Chase let the plane sift toward the field and landed.

"You didn't like it very much, did you?"

She met the cool examination of his eyes unflinchingly.

"It was very interesting," she said.

"And you want to go on with it?"

"Of course."

There had never been a time in her life when she had wanted so passionately to be some place else as during those age-long minutes in the air, but pride kept her from surrendering now. She had run herself into a situation in which any defeat—except, perhaps, the horrible defeat of breaking her neck—was dishonorable.

"There's no sense in driving yourself into the flying game if you really don't like it," said Chase. "Some people are fitted for it and others aren't. If you decide to change your mind, just let me know and I'll return your check."

He was very nice about it, very tempting. She shoved the lurking devil behind her.

"Thank you. At what time should I come tomorrow?"

"Ten, if it suits you. The others have finished by that time and we'll have the field to ourselves."

"At ten, then. . . . Good day."

He gazed after her as she went toward the office and grumbled to himself, "I'd like to know why in the name of ten thousand billy goats she thinks she wants to be a pilot."

She appeared promptly at ten o'clock, wearing riding breeches, boots and a new leather coat. Also she had goggles and a helmet of her own.

"This morning," said Chase, "I'm going to let you put your hand on the stick and your feet on the rudder bar. Just follow my movements. I'll signal what we're going to do so you'll get the feel of it. We'll float around for a while, then make a half dozen landings. Remember that it takes the lightest possible touch on the stick—thumb and forefinger'll do it."

They took off, gained altitude and commenced a series of easy turns. He could feel her gripping the double-control stick in her cockpit, holding it against his movements, and he held up an admonitory thumb and forefinger. Finally he throttled down the engine so that he could speak to her.

"Don't wrestle with it!" he ordered. "Take your hands off and I'll show you."

He opened the throttle until the engine was pulling just enough to keep the ship in line of flight, then he lifted both hands shoulder high to show her that a properly designed aeroplane can fly itself.

Her mouth opened in a gasp of horror and the ship gave a wild lurch. He knew that she had grabbed for the stick and was holding it frantically. They went off to the left in a slow wing slip.

Chase slapped the stick several times, trying to make her loosen her grip, but she wouldn't. She was staring straight ahead, eyes wide open, lips parted. Both her hands were on the stick, holding it rigidly in a paralysis of fear.

It wasn't the first time that this had happened in Fred Chase's twelve years of flying. Once, during the war, at Issoudun, a cadet had frozen onto the stick just as they were about to land and they left a trail of wreckage for one hundred yards. When the cadet was picked up he hadn't the faintest idea of what had happened. Another time a Chinese officer froze when the plane struck a violent bump in the air. Fortunately, Chase was riding in the rear seat. He reached out, hammered him on the head—hammered him into sensibility.

But those were the old days. Chase reached down and yanked a lever beside his seat—a lever which disengaged the controls in Lucia's cockpit and left the management of the plane to him.

He headed for the field, Lucia still gripping her useless stick, landed, taxied to the office and yelled to the secretary, who was the only woman on the field. The bump of landing had brought Lucia to her senses.

"I'm all right," she faltered as he helped her out of the plane. "I—what ——"

"Go inside with Miss Jenks," said Chase. "Give her some ammonia and let her rest. I'll be back."

He taxied to the hangar, grinned at his mechanic as he got out.

"She froze on 'em," he explained. "Hitch up the controls again."

He found Lucia sitting in his office. Color had returned to her cheeks and she smiled wanly at him.

"Will you give me another chance?" she demanded immediately.

"I think you'd better wash out this idea of flying," said Chase. He sat down and lit a cigarette. "It's not your game."

"Won't you give me just one more chance, please?"

He studied her deliberately, as though he were trying to get inside of her head, examine her thoughts.

"Flying's my profession," he said slowly. "It's all in a day's work with me. I'll fly anyone who's sane and over twenty-one just as long as they'll pay me for it—you or anybody else. But I wish you'd tell me what the big idea is."

"I can't explain very easily," she replied. "I'd rather not try to. But will you take me up again?"

"Yes; but with the understanding that there isn't one chance in a hundred of my ever letting you take a plane up alone." She nodded in agreement. "When do you want to try it again?"

"Now!"

"All right." They rose, gathered helmets and goggles. Chase looked at her and smiled. "You've got nerve," he said, "only you don't know how to control it. Everybody gets scared once in a while. The only people who don't get scared are the dumbheads who haven't any imagination. Get as scared as you please—but keep your head!"

VIII

"LUCIA, where have you been?" Aunt Martha's voice rose in exasperation, as though she had been vilely ill used. "Barnaby has telephoned, and I've been trying everywhere to find you!"

"What's the trouble?"

"You're being sued, that's what's the trouble—for one hundred thousand dollars! It's in the papers!"

The spark of Lucia's interest expired.

"Oh, that! Yes, I know all about it. That happened yesterday."

Aunt Martha gazed at her in astonishment. "Well, you might have said something about it!" she declared reproachfully.

"I passed it over to a lawyer," replied Lucia. "Is luncheon ready? I'm starved!"

"Yes." Aunt Martha was baffled. "Have you been riding, dear?"

Lucia nodded and wondered what the explosion would be like if she announced coolly that she had been riding aeroplanes. It was tempting.

Barnaby called again before they had left the table and Cabot brought in the extension telephone. He wanted to know if he hadn't better drop everything and go out to Havelport.

"It's nothing to worry about, Barnaby," she told him. "I've put it in the hands of a lawyer."

The fact that he wasn't needed, in his usual big-brother rôle, seemed to flatten him a little.

"H-m-m—well, I suppose it can go until I come out Sunday."

"Are you bringing Miss Daimer with you?"

"I'm not sure that she can come."

"Let me know in time, won't you? I'll write a note, inviting her."

Lucia smiled as she hung up.

"You and Barnaby haven't had a dispute, have you?" asked Aunt Martha.

"Of course not! Why?"

"I thought you sounded a little curt with him. And I think, dear, that it looks better for the man of the family to handle such matters as a lawsuit."

"Barnaby has troubles of his own."

"It's Mrs. Robertson's tea this afternoon. Will you be ready at five?"

Lucia's head shook. "Sorry—I've an engagement."

Aunt Martha stared at her perplexedly. Since the day she was arrested Lucia had grown more and more difficult.

Lucia's thoughts returned to the Umpty field. The second flight had gone more smoothly—no terror, no panic. They landed and went up again, with Chase letting the plane fly itself; then he gave the controls to her, his own hands resting upon the cowling where she could see them, and she swung the plane about in easy maneuvers for nearly thirty minutes.

At four o'clock she was back at the field.

"We'll try a half dozen landings," said Chase.

Instead of going directly to the plane, he sat down upon the ground, patted the place beside him. They sat there, cross-legged, while he explained, using a piece of shingle to represent an aeroplane, what happened in landing—how the plane loses speed and must be squatted down upon its three points, wheels and tail skid.

They made brief circuits of the field, Lucia's hand upon the stick, trying to get the feel of it as the plane hovered over the ground, losing speed, trying to find that exact moment when she must draw the stick toward her. She made the last landing almost by herself; he added just that touch which meant the difference between smoothness and a galloping series of bumps.

"Good work!" exclaimed Chase, as he taxied up before the hangars.

"Really?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes, really!" he laughed. "You've got a good touch. Come on over and meet your fellow sufferers."

There were four of them besides herself taking instructions—Jones, McCullough, Morris and Kiley. They shook hands gravely, sized her up almost suspiciously. Chase told Morris that he was ready for him and led him away.

Jones, a lank, red-headed youth about her own age, said, "Have a seat, Miss Graham, and help me get the rest of the McCullough bank roll. . . . Fade me four bits."

They sat upon the ground and he patted out the wrinkles of the leather coat that was serving as a table.

"Want to come in, Miss Graham?" asked Kiley.

"I don't know how to play," she admitted.

Jones looked at her sadly and warmed the dice.

"What have you been doing all your life? Watch me! Four bits and four's my point. Oh, lucky numbers! Craps! Oh, hell! Sorry. Four bits."

After a few minutes she asked, "May I play now?"

"Sure!"

She rolled a seven. Jones gave her a whack on the back

"That-a-gal! Roll 'em pretty!"

"Here comes Morris—the poor sweep!" said Kiley. "Watch him bounce!"

The plane came in, bounced as predicted and took off again. They discussed the landing in jargon that was becoming slightly familiar to her and resumed the game. This, she decided, was rather fun.

"Your dice, Angel-Face. Roll 'em out!"

It was breath-taking. To be called Angel-Face! What if Aunt Martha, or Barnaby, should see her sitting upon the ground, shooting craps, being whacked upon the back by a young man she had met just a few minutes before.

She threw the dice. "Eight's my point! Come on, you eight!"

They were amiable young animals, these four lads who were becoming pilots. They ragged one another unmercifully, commented brutally upon one another's flying; they did unpremeditated things such as rolling over on the ground and yelling at a lucky break in dice. It was surprising to be accepted so casually as one of the bunch, and deeply satisfying to know that she was one of the bunch. With these four boys, whom she had never seen before, she had something in common, the same vital interest.

Her new name, Angel-Face, stuck, and they howled her down when she spoke to Jones as Mr. Jones. Jones was inevitably Red, McCullough was Mac, Morris was Morrie, Kiley was Bill. When the last instruction flight was made and the mechanics trundled the plane into the hangar, Fred Chase joined them and they talked shop—the whys and wherefores of flying, how to get out of a spin, how much rudder to hold a plane in a wing slip. They discussed, academically, how So-and-So got bumped off.

When Lucia left, they invited her to stick around after work the next morning and come to the Shack for luncheon. The Shack, Chase explained, was the boarding house near the field. Umpty pilots always lived there.

"I don't want to give you any false encouragement," he explained, as they walked toward her car, "but if you go on doing as well as you did this afternoon, there's no reason why I shouldn't let you solo."

"Drive it all alone?"

Chase nodded. "You've done as well as any of those four boys—after your blow-up this morning. Maybe that got it all out of your system. How did you feel about it this afternoon?"

"Well, I was scared," she admitted; "but I wasn't scared stiff."

"That's all the difference between a happy landing and breaking your neck."

She returned home in a hilarious mood, bathed and dressed for dinner before her Aunt Martha returned. It was difficult to appear unconcerned, to act as though this were just any old day.

That night, as she was slipping off to sleep, her thoughts played a shabby trick upon her; in a flash she had completely visualized herself wrecking the plane, injuring herself. She sat bolt upright in bed, switched on the lights. It had been half dream, half her conscious imagination. A minute passed before she could dispel the horror of it. It had been so real!

"I'll not be afraid!" she told herself. "I'll not! If I let this thing lick me, I'm licked forever!"

She had to argue it all out again, from beginning to end, before she could compose her mind and sleep. In the shadow land of awakening the next morning she found herself wondering, in sly defensiveness, if she didn't have a headache. It would be so easy, so very easy and comfortable, to give in to the idea and stay there in bed. Instead, she whipped herself out, went to Barnaby's bathroom and stepped into his skin-raising shower—cold! She hated a cold shower in the morning more than anything on earth, so she stayed in it until she was chattering. She was in the mood of a mother who becomes impatient with a peevish, refractory brat of a child and tries to slap some manners into it.

It was toward the end of the week when Fred Chase said to her: "There's going to be a new pilot in the world about next Thursday. One of these days, when you've made four perfect landings without my

(Continued on Page 62)

The day of the versatile, economical, enduring *Thrust-Radial* motor is made possible by the exclusive Timken combination—Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken electric steel

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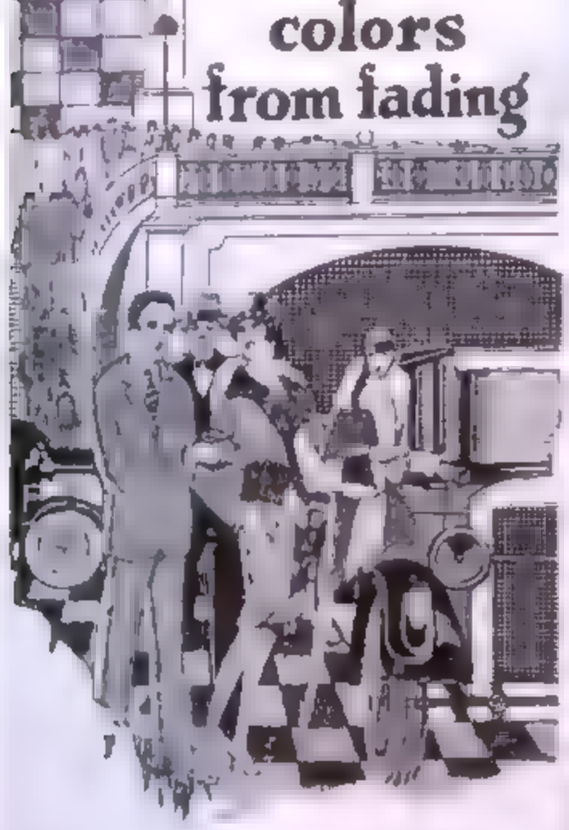

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(Continued from Page 60)

touching the controls, I'll step out of the crate and send you on your way."

It happened the day before the one he predicted. Lucia Graham soloed.

IX

THURSDAY'S market closed with a bang and Barnaby was dog-tired. It was hot, and his mouth still tasted from the night before as though it had been swabbed out with a mixture of lard and ashes. A couple of highballs during the day hadn't helped.

He telephoned Mary Daimer and cautiously suggested that they motor into the country for dinner and come home early. Mary detested both the country and coming home early. After midnight was the only decently cool part of the twenty-four hours, and, as the rehearsals of her new show hadn't started yet, she could sleep most of the day in her sixteenth-floor apartment, where there was always a breeze.

Mary laughed. "I knew you'd pull some rural stuff tonight. But Jimmy and Laura are coming for cocktails and Hendy is bringing some men up from the club. Don't be a stick—we'll go to some roof. That's rural enough."

She had evaded going to Havelport. The knowledge that she could go and be received socially by what Barnaby called his family had been sufficient. Some day, when she had nothing else to do, she would go.

Barnaby got out of the office as soon as he could, went to his gymnasium and had a fast work-out with the pro, then into the steam room and shower. After a hard rub, into the rest room, where he slept for an hour. Up and out, taxi-bent for Mary's.

This being in love with an exquisitely pretty, popular star of musical comedies wasn't all it might be, he reflected. It was good sport, being in the swim, always on the go. But unless he worked, worked hard, he would not have enough money to be in the running; and unless he played, and played hard, he wouldn't be in the running either.

"Like a dog chasing its tail," he growled to himself, as the taxi jerked through traffic.

He couldn't help but think how cool and restful Havelport would be. Havelport, with a cool breeze coming off the water; a quiet dinner, Lucia at the piano playing for him while he stretched out in a comfortable chair. Smoke, talk a little, read a little, and then a bed that wouldn't lurch when he got into it.

Instead, the same people stoking cocktails into themselves; the same noisy dinner, with everyone talking in voices pitched to cut through the noise of the orchestra. Just the same people doing the exact same things they had done before—and how many, many times!

"Nit-wits!" he exclaimed explosively.

Maybe, some day, Mary would get tired of it and want something else. After all, she couldn't be the butterfly forever.

He knew that something had gone wrong the instant he saw her.

Mary Daimer whirled around at him as he entered the room and said acidly, "Oh, I am surprised!"

Jimmy and Laura Mayne were there, and he looked from her to them and back again.

"Well, what have I done?"

"I didn't expect you, that's all," said Mary. "I suppose you've seen that." She pointed to a tabloid newspaper upon the table.

He glanced at it. The headlines, above and below a picture that was too bad to be easily recognizable as Lucia, read: Heiress Heroine Lucia Graham, Society Bud, Recently Accused of Manslaughter, Performs Heroic Aeroplane Rescue of Two Tots.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Barnaby in what was nearly a yelp. He bent over the paper, trying frantically to discover the one thing which was of any importance. Had Lucia been injured in any way?

"And look at that!" ordered Mary, a small forefinger pointing to a picture of himself. "And that!" said Mary. The finger went to the caption. It read: In the Insert, Barnaby Condon, Rich Polo Player, Said by Society to be Miss Graham's Fiancé.

Mary was silent, furiously silent, as she waited for him to make an explanation, a denial. The thought that a newspaper, designed for people who can't read easily, chose to say that he was engaged to Lucia didn't strike him as being vastly important.

He went on reading the paper and discovered finally that Lucia hadn't been injured. She had been dragged from the water, from the wreckage of an aeroplane, "suffering slightly from shock."

"Good grief! I've got to get out there! Mary, will you telephone to the house and say I'm on my way?"

She stood, eyes blazing, between him and the door.

"If you go out there—to her—I never want to see you again!"

Barnaby gazed at her, stunned. Diplomacy, the old incandescent smile that had set things right so many times, failed him.

In a voice that was scarcely audible, he replied, "Suit yourself. I'm going."

He grabbed off a taxi, paid a news vender one dollar for an armful of late editions and headed for the station. Luck was with him; a train was leaving within a few minutes. Other men, friends of his, bound for Havelport, seized him and they excitedly compared the news stories, trying to make out from the brief, sensationally written accounts what had actually happened.

Lucia had been in an aeroplane, piloting it herself—a likely story! She had been flying over the bay—pipe dream! She looked down and saw two children hanging to an overturned canoe. They were being carried by the tide against the rocks of Dobel's Point. No means of warning people ashore; no field at Havelport in which she could land; no time to return to the field from which she had come and telephone. In order to attract the attention of people on shore to the plight of the children she had landed her plane upon the water, wrecked it beside them. The launch which put out to rescue her had found her floating with the children toward the rocks. Rescue in the nick of time.

"Oh, blather and rot!" exclaimed Barnaby. "In the first place, imagine Lucia even riding in a plane, let alone piloting it! There's something fishy here some place!"

"All the stories are the same," suggested one of the men. "Something like that must have happened. Who'd have thought Lucia Graham had it in her to pull a trick like that!"

"Yes, something must have happened," agreed Barnaby. "But this is incredible!"

The driver of the taxi which took him home leaned back to announce: "Say, that was hot stuff that Miss Graham pulled off! I'll tell the world the girl's good!"

"When did it happen?"

"About 4:30. There was sure hell to pay around this burg!"

There were cars in front of the house.

Lucia rushed out to meet him, gave him a hug.

"I thought you were coming, because Miss Daimer telephoned and asked to have you call her when you arrived."

"What's all this about?" he demanded heedlessly. "You—in an aeroplane! What the ——"

"Come on in and meet my gang first." She dragged him into the living room. He was presented to Fred Chase, to Red, Mac, Morrie and Bill.

McCumber was there, and a half dozen men from the polo club, Aunt Martha and a scattering of women.

"Will you tell me what it's all about?" he demanded again. "I've read the papers, but what the ——"

"Maybe I'd better tell you," said McCumber. "Leave it to Miss Graham and she won't do it justice."

His story was practically the story that Barnaby had read. There were a few details different, but they were unimportant: the boys owed their lives to the fact that Lucia had wrecked her plane in the bay beside them.

"I'll say it took nerve!" ended McCumber.

"Well," announced Red Jones rather belligerently, "Angel-Face has got nerve!"

"You bet she has!" agreed Fred Chase.

Barnaby wondered vaguely if Angel-Face could be Lucia by any chance. She had drawn aside, eyes searching his face. Aunt Martha was carrying on an obbligato of ejaculations.

"That's all very well," protested Barnaby, "but what I can't understand is this flying business."

"She's my star pupil," answered Chase—"over at the Umpty field. I've been teaching her to fly."

Barnaby stared at Lucia, his jaw sagging a little.

"You! Flying!" He appeared incapable of saying more.

Lucia nodded.

"You see," she began lamely, "you said I'd been a 'fraid-cat all my life, and I wanted to show you that I wasn't. I mean, I wanted to show myself, first of all, that I wasn't, and ——"

"Good Lord!" exploded Barnaby. "I drove you into doing that! But you might have killed yourself!"

"Yes, but"—she gulped—"what's the use of living if you're going to be afraid of everything all your life?"

"Oh, Lucia!" He moved toward her. "If anything had happened to you ——"

"But nothing did."

"Nothing!" he repeated. "Nothing! Do you call dropping into the bay and almost drowning yourself nothing? Wrecking a plane—to save a couple of kids? Why, you had more courage in one minute than I've ever had in my whole lifetime! Great Scott! Why, you're wonderful!"

They stared at each other.

"The kid's good!" said Morrie fervently. "No two ways about it, Angel-Face, you're good!"

Lucia's eyes were still fixed upon Barnaby; she seemed oblivious of the others in the room.

"I want to tell you about it—the truth," she said faintly. "Everyone has been so nice—to say it was brave and things like that. But it wasn't—really!"

"Call it whatever you please," said Chase; "but what it took to do the job, you had! That's what counts."

"But you don't understand," insisted Lucia, her voice rising in protest. "I want to tell the truth about what happened. Everyone jumped to conclusions and I didn't have a chance to tell the truth."

She spoke almost exclusively to Barnaby, as though he were the judge and she a pleading prisoner.

"You see," she continued, "Mr. Chase told me to take the plane and float around alone for half an hour, just to get used to being in the air. I made my first solo flights yesterday. Well, I got tired of staying over the field and so I thought it would be interesting to fly over Havelport. And then I decided to come down a little closer to earth, and so I closed the throttle about halfway and came down in a glide over the Sound. Then, right near Dobel's Point, I saw something in the water. It was a capsized canoe. One of the boys waved to me. I didn't know what to do."

She stopped and drew a deep breath.

"I didn't know what to do," she repeated. "I knew that they would be against the rocks before I could get back to the field and send word to Havelport. And there wasn't any place I could land here except the golf course. That has too many bunkers on it.

"There wasn't anything to do except go back to the field. I was pretty close to the water and so I opened the throttle. I'll swear, I didn't even think of landing beside the boys! I was in a land plane and it never

(Continued on Page 64)

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SISTER: *Yawns Politely*
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OUT comes the can of Thompson's, and the shaker or double boiler—for sometimes they like it hot, sometimes cold. In fifteen seconds a rich, creamy "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk is ready for the whole family.

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IF IT'S THOMPSON'S IT'S "DOUBLE MALTED"

(Continued from Page 62)

occurred to me that I could land it on the water and attract attention that way."

She gave Fred Chase an apologetic look.

"I'd been so interested in the boys, and so confused about what I ought to do, that I forgot to close the shutters in front of the radiator. The engine started to sputter and spit. I didn't know what was wrong, but I happened to look at the thermometer and the needle was way down in the red!"

Fred Chase nodded his head, glanced at Red, Morrie, Mac and Bill, as though to bid them take heed of a bad example. Pilots who won't watch engine temperature come to bad ends.

"Then the engine coughed and stopped! I wasn't far from the boys, so I swung around. I suppose it was just because misery loves company. And they had a canoe I could hang to if I could ever reach it. I thought the plane would go down like a rock." Again her eyes sought Chase's. "I leveled her off over the water and sat her down. I was so scared I would have wrecked the ship if I'd been landing at the field. I squatted her tail first."

"And thank the Lord for that!" exclaimed Chase fervently. "If you'd made a good three-point landing you'd have turned over sure and been under the wreck."

She didn't appear to understand. It was as though she were back at the field, taking part in one of those talks about the whys and wherefores of piloting.

"Your tail acted as a drag," he explained, "and broke your speed before the wings slapped down."

"Go on, Lucia," said Barnaby.

"Well, there isn't much more, except that the plane came down with an awful smack. The cockpit flooded and I got out of my straps. I was about fifty yards from the canoe and I knew I could swim it, so I began to take off some clothes. Then I saw the plane was floating and I waited. The boys yelled to me and I yelled back to them, told them to hang on. Then a launch came up and rescued us."

She looked from one to another. "That's all. But as a heroine, I'm a washout. I guess I'm still a 'fraid-cat."

"'Fraid-cat, my eye!" announced Chase. "The only trouble with you is that you've got the swell head about being scared. You think you're the only person in the world who has ever been scared. I want to tell you something. One day during the war, when I won three different medals in fifteen minutes, I was scared sick! And when I say sick, I mean sick! And I wasn't the only tin-pot hero in that war who got so scared that he changed his mind about his last meal, either! Not pretty, but it's true. You're only an amateur at being scared—and you're talking to an expert!"

He was so earnest about it that Lucia smiled.

"But I just wanted to tell you what really happened," she said.

"Sure," agreed Chase; "I just wanted to tell you how I copped three medals in fifteen minutes. But if you hadn't done what you did, those two boys would have been goners. That's enough for anyone."

"That's right," said Red. "Call 'em as you see 'em!"

"Come on, fellows," said Chase, "let's dust along and let Angel-Face get some rest."

There was a general exodus and McCumber lingered behind.

"I didn't want to say anything about it while all those people were here," he explained, "but Ramey's found the car that killed that youngster. It's in a garage thirty miles from here. He's waiting for them to claim it so he can make the pinch. They gave a phony address. . . . Good-by, Miss Graham. And it certainly was a great piece of work!" They shook hands and he left.

"I'm dead-tired, exhausted and turned upside down," announced Aunt Martha feelingly, "and I'm going to bed."

Barnaby took Lucia's hand and led her to the couch, sat beside her, still with her hand in his.

"Regardless of what actually happened," he said slowly, "the world is going to give you all the credit for it. The world's funny that way—it's so very generous with both its praise and its blame. But the thing that impressed me—a whole lot more than the rescue of those two kids—was the fact that you had nerve enough to stand up and tell the truth. That took real courage!"

There was a rap upon the door and the butler entered.

"Miss Daimer is asking for you on the telephone, sir. She called once before."

"Tell her I'm out," answered Barnaby. "No, wait a second. Just say that I'm talking with Miss Graham and that I don't want to be disturbed."

(THE END)

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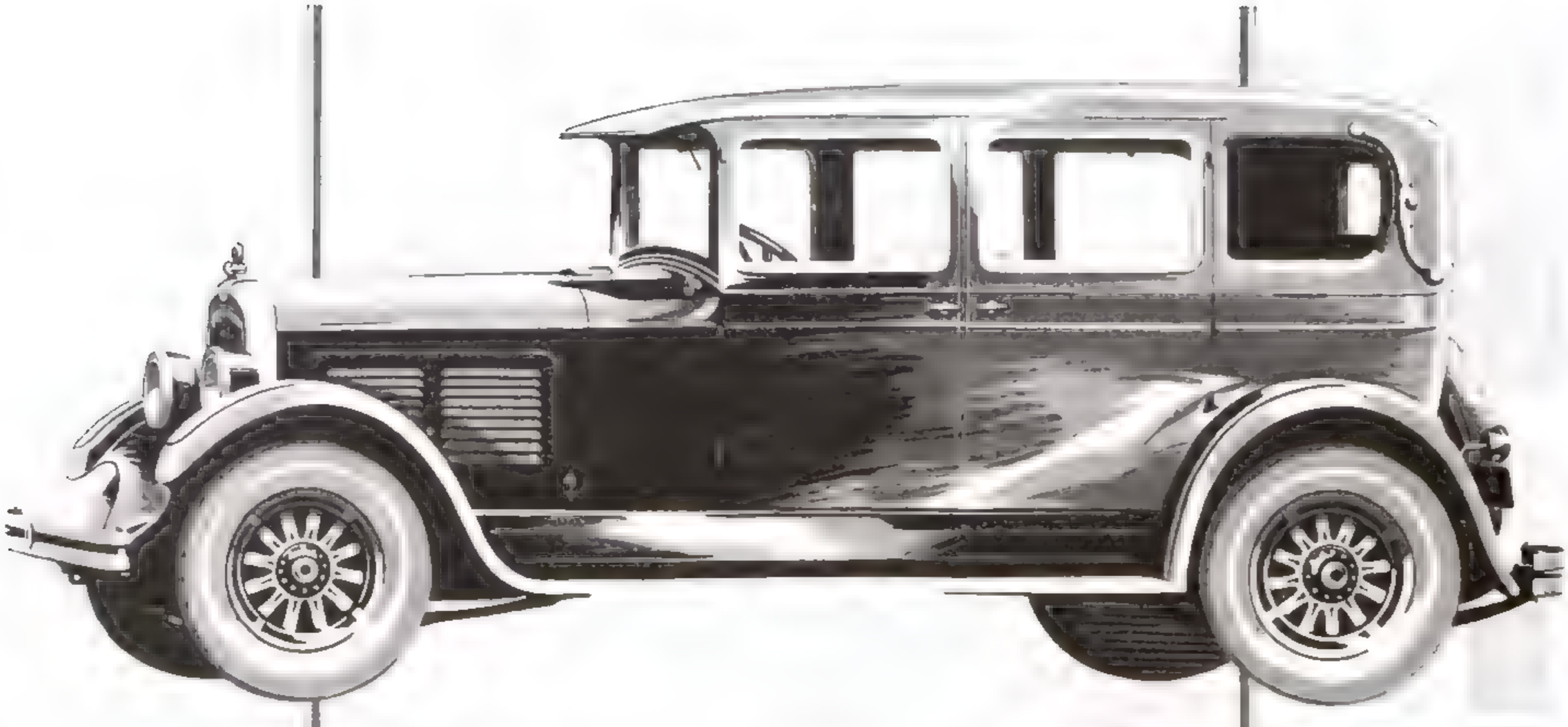

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Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, dealer, South—
Spades 8, 7, 4
Hearts ..... K, Q, 10, 8, 6
Diamonds ..... K, 5, 4, 3
Clubs 3

Wynne Ferguson, New York, West—
Spades ..... A
Hearts ..... A, 9, 3
Diamonds ..... J, 10, 9, 7, 2
Clubs ..... K, 10, 7, 4

Milton C. Work, New York, North—
Spades ..... K, 9, 5, 3, 2
Hearts 7, 5, 4, 2
Diamonds 6
Clubs ..... A, 5, 2

Gratz M. Scott, New York, East—
Spades ..... Q, J, 10, 6
Hearts ..... J
Diamonds ..... A, Q, 8
Clubs ..... Q, J, 9, 8, 6

Tues., Jan. 17, 10 P. M. (E. T.)
WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMJ, WWJ.

Tues., Jan. 17, 8:30 P. M. (P. T.)
KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for time of following:

KFAD	Electrical Equipment Co.	Phoenix
KFUM	Corley Mt. Highway	Colorado Springs
KFYR	Hoskins-Meyer	Bismarck
KGBX	Foster-Hall Tire Co	St Joseph Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KOB	Coll Agr & Mech Arts	Albuquerque
KPRC	Post Dispatch	Houston
KSL	Radio Service Corp.	Salt Lake City
KTHS	Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.
KVOO	Southwestern Sales Corp.	Tulsa, Okla.
KWKC	Rex Broiler	Sioux City
WCOA	City of Pensacola	Pensacola, Fla.
WDAY	Radio Equipment Corp.	Fargo
WDBO	Orlando Broadcasting Co.	Orlando, Fla.
WIAA	Baker Hotel, News-Sears-Roebuck	Dallas
WIBM	Indianapolis P & L Co.	Indianapolis
WHEC	Hickson Electric Company	Rochester
WJAX	Municipal Station	Jacksonville
WJBO	Times-Picayune	New Orleans
WKY	Radiophone Co.	Oklahoma City
WNOX	Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co.	Knoxville
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
WRVA	Larus & Bro. Co.	Richmond, Va.
WSAZ	M. Keller Elec. Co.	Huntington, W. Va.
WWNC	Chamber of Commerce	Asheville, N. C.
CFAC	Herald	Calgary, Can.
CFCL	Radio Assn.	Prescott, Can.
CFQC	Electric Shop	Saskatoon, Can.
CHNS	Northern Elec. Co.	Halifax, Can.
CJCA	Journal	Edmonton, Can.
CJGC	Free Press	London, Can.
CJRM	Jas. Richardson & Sons	Moose Jaw, Can.
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal, Can.
CKCD	Daily Province	Vancouver, Can.
CKCL	Le Soleil	Quebec, Can.
CKCO	Radio Assn.	Ottawa, Can.
CKNC	Canadian Nat. Carbon Co.	Toronto, Can.
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg, Can.

The U. S. Playing Card Company
Cincinnati, U. S. A.—Windsor, Canada
Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York.

BICYCLE *and* **CONGRESS**
PLAYING CARDS

THE NEW WORLD COMPETITION

(Continued from Page 13)

value which must be held fast against theft. The truth is that there is no limit to inventive genius and hence no end to change. And today every manufacturer knows that a wall around his factory keeps out more worthwhile knowledge than it keeps in.

But even after it was learned that the progress of a whole industry, and hence the greatest good of the greatest number, was served by a coöperative interchange of ideas, manufacturers continued to tilt against the windmills of intra-industrial competition. The truth—the new idea of competition—was rather painfully forced upon a number of businesses. We can all think of numerous products, such as cotton textiles, leather, lumber, natural and artificial ice, which learned the true directional force of competition only when their markets were invaded by competitive or substitute products of other industries.

When industry stopped hoarding secrets and began instead to produce new and better products through the aid of active research departments, spending money to accelerate progress rather than plodding along in the same old groove, the flood of synthetic materials and goods with a new sales appeal became truly amazing. And with a public psychology almost eagerly receptive to new styles, new fads and new products, perhaps by reason of the World War's having jolted us out of long-established convictions, customs or habits, new markets have been found for these new things with a facility that almost makes the head swim. So that today it is generally accepted that markets, like products, are what you make them—and the possibilities are quite as endless.

That is why we in the motor industry have not been content to let bankers, economists and statisticians define or delimit our market for us. The youth of our industry and its consequent lack of binding tradition has put it in harmony with this age of youth and enabled it to progress further in many directions through departing from accepted practices which many older industries could not or would not immediately undertake. Early in its thirty-year period of development, from the git-a-horse stage to the present, when more than 22,000,000 motor vehicles operate on our highways, automobile manufacturers realized the need for coöperation. Mass production has been our hobby; mass salesmanship I would call one of the distinct achievements of our National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. If we had limited our efforts according to a fixed notion of our market, motor cars would be produced in far smaller quantity and sold at much higher prices. But we regarded the market for motor cars as a field that could be made to yield in proportion to well-directed, coöperative efforts. We cultivated it with lower costs and sowed better goods and greater values, reaping sales that exceeded even our own expectations.

An International Sales Force

Goods are not made to keep factories running; they are made to be sold, to be used—consumed. The product must be right, but that is only the starting point—the market's the thing. As one big industry after another turned to intensive cultivation of markets, we witnessed a rapid and picturesque upbuilding of mass production in the United States, and our business men began to see the advantage of united efforts to reduce costs and thus increase volume. Trade organizations in each industry followed as a matter of course, and the aim for high prices went into the discard.

With the boldness of thought that now marks successful manufacturing, we are still not content—we want to go further. If the world markets of all industry must eventually be as intensively cultivated as the domestic markets have been cultivated, why not unite the mass salesmanship of the world?

Why should not our organized industries combine their efforts with European and other manufacturing countries to increase world consumption? Bear in mind, though, that this extension of the new form of cooperative competition to international commerce does not in any way include such phases as division of markets between either individual concerns or national groups, or the limitation of output to insure price stability at high levels.

Coöperation to better compete covers only such work as can be done more efficiently and economically by an industry as a whole than by individuals, bearing on perfection of the product, promotional work to increase its use, and other purely non-competitive factors. In my opinion, any industrial or commercial combination which enters into the competitive stages of a business and attempts to divide markets as the visionaries would divide wealth is foredoomed to failure, is a step backward, an admission of static ideas, evidence of a congealing of the normal urge toward courageous enterprising which accepts fair risks to win fair gains.

An Interchange of Secrets

The motor industry, during the last two or three years, has experienced a surprising growth in the world demand for motor vehicles, and other manufacturers with foreign sales activity have noted a similar stirring of the pulse of world trade. Peoples the world around are awakening to new needs and they are willing to work harder to satisfy them. Many so-called luxuries once mistakenly regarded as a drain upon national incomes are gradually being accepted abroad—as has long been the case at home—as really incentives to the extra labor that supplies the goods to pay for more of our products. We have learned in America that production and consumption are not two separate and distinct operations, the one preceding the other and ending where the second begins. The truth is that production and consumption act and react upon each other and are really concurrent. Nearly all of us are both producers and consumers.

The time has come when leaders of American industries should gather around a conference table with the heads of their industries in other producing countries for the purpose of drawing up a plan of coöperating in developing world consumption.

Such a plan, though the expected results would be increased exports for all, would be of a pattern with those enlightened moves which business has often made in the past on a basis of self-interest where the broader results have entailed a seeming altruism. If American industries take the lead in cooperative development of world markets the program will result in a broader distribution of prosperity and the immediate raising of living standards, which is the ambition of every father for his own family, whether in the Americas, Europe, Africa or Asia. The world can only buy more as it produces more.

If competition continues along the old national lines, world trade may become unprofitable for many manufacturers within a few years. Enlightened competition would keep the present world producing capacity busy by increasing world consumption and would automatically add to the wealth of all countries by so doing.

Why should national industries spend any of the money annually appropriated for advertising and promotion of export trade in a sales fight against the goods of other countries? In the light of the new competition, such expenditures are wasteful and may cause much bitter feeling. If these funds are, instead, devoted to a joint stimulation of the demand for the particular goods involved, the immediate results will be far more profitable, and the longer effect, with constructive effort displacing destructive competition, will be cumulatively beneficial.

The automobile industry, which is engaged in coöperating with motor-vehicle manufacturers of other nations, has been organized for coöperation among its own members almost from the start. Until 1913 there were two manufacturers' associations, but in that year the two organizations were merged into the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. Far from cherishing trade secrets, the unity of the industry was revealed a dozen or more years ago when all the manufacturers—more than 100 of them—entered into a plan for interchange of patent rights without any payment, all with a view to improving the motor vehicle to the highest possible point. This arrangement, known as the cross-licensing agreement, worked out so successfully that upon the expiration of the initial ten-year agreement members voted for its continuance with respect to patents owned prior to 1925. The pool now includes more than 1000 patents.

On the surface it might seem that this arrangement would have tended to eliminate competitive effort in designing cars by either keeping newcomers out of the field or by limiting new developments as a result of the pooling agreement. It did neither.

First of all, new companies desiring membership have only to prove that they have been in production for at least a year and are in good standing in the trade financially and ethically, to be admitted into the chamber and the cross-licensing agreement. They thereby receive rights under all the patents of the other members who are parties to the agreement. In return they must contribute rights under such patents as they have already taken out which come within the scope of the agreement. Secondly, the plan did not discourage invention, as there was always an incentive to secure at least a year's start on the other members and achieve a reputation for leadership.

Side Issues of Motoring

In its importance to the industry the patent agreement does not stand out above many other coöperative efforts undertaken. These others include the formulation and dissemination of principles equitable to both the public and the industry in relation to such problems as highway improvement, traffic planning, accident prevention, legislation, standardization, insurance, motor fuels, taxation, advertising, motor truck and bus operation, servicing, factors affecting overseas trade, and related subjects. I cite the matter of patents because it is an easy step from such enlightened self-interest to a policy in international trade which may be plainly stated as coöperation of American automobile manufacturers with foreign automobile manufacturers in selling all makes of cars in all the markets of the world.

The American motor industry took its initial step toward international coöperation by making available to the foreign members of the industry all its vast store of information on building and financing good roads, on legislation, taxation, accident prevention, and other vital problems. In May, 1924, automobile men from more than fifty different countries came to Detroit to attend the first World Motor Transport Congress, sponsored by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, and the four-day program was devoted chiefly to a discussion of the economics underlying motor transport. The marked success attending this initial meeting prompted the holding of two other congresses in New York in January, 1926, and January, 1927.

An interesting sidelight on one of the difficulties which had to be overcome before even these first hesitant steps could be taken in international coöperation is

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As the millions went up the price went down

WHITE OWLS were once priced at ten cents straight. Then, as they rapidly became a national favorite—as millions upon millions of smokers found cigar-happiness in White Owls—the retail price was lowered as volume became greater and greater. Today White Owls sell at 3 for 20c, less than 7c each.

And White Owls now are better than ever. Just as in the motor car field great volume cuts manufacturing costs, so the millions upon millions of White Owls sold every month enabled us to cut their already moderate production cost. With a small fraction of a cent of profit per sale, and following our long-established policy of giving the most outstanding value at all times, at the lowest possible price, we kept White Owls consistently up to their high standard of satisfaction, contentment and mellowness.

Last year even Nature helped us make the finest White Owls in our history. For experts agree that the 1926 crop (from which the White Owls you smoke today are made) produced the sweetest, coolest tobacco grown in many years. As the millions went up, the price went down. But White Owls remain mild, mellow, satisfactory—a great cigar, and never before as good as at the 3 for 20c price which they carry today.

3 for 20¢

White Owl

MILLIONS ARE SAYING, "TASTING BETTER THAN EVER"

The iron test of shoes

THE terrific strains and wear that are put on shoes in foundries and work-shops, on construction projects, on farms. . . . These certainly give the shoe manufacturer something to think about!

Putting wear-value into shoes has made this the largest individual shoe-manufacturing organization on earth. We began with work shoes. We knew what they had to stand. Knew that leathers and workmanship which would stand up under the punishment workmen give them would withstand any kind of wear.

We studied leathers. We were not satisfied with the leathers ordinarily procurable in the open market. So we undertook to tan it ourselves. We built huge tanneries of our own. We invented new tanning processes —to give leather extra strength, durability and resistance to moisture. Today Endicott-Johnson leather is known the country over. And Endicott-Johnson work shoes are the largest-selling shoes of their kind.

And what we have learned in making work shoes we apply to the making of other shoes. The same thought, experience and determination go into the making of Endicott-Johnson dress, school and play shoes for boys and girls; men's and women's shoes of all kinds; dress, sports, comfort and special-type shoes.

Every detail marks the handiwork of real shoemakers—men schooled to the pride of workmanship that characterized the shoemaker of the days when good footwear was completely made by hand to the wearer's measure.

Here seventeen thousand trained workers operate more than thirty immense tanneries, shoe factories and rubber mills—all economically concentrated in one locality. They have the most modern equipment. They produce practically everything that goes into our shoes. All unnecessary overhead expense and middle profits are eliminated.

Endicott-Johnson policies and methods spell EFFICIENCY. They mean the highest skill; the lowest manufacturing costs. They make possible the production of more than 130,000 pairs of shoes a day. They give you the greatest shoe values for your money that you can find! That's why leading stores in most every community sell Endicott-Johnson shoes. Try a pair.

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON CORPORATION
Sales Divisions
Endicott, N. Y. New York City St. Louis, Mo.

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

SHOEMAKERS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

(Continued from Page 66)

furnished by the fact that at each of these meetings the different delegates spoke at least sixteen different languages. The electrical-communications industry was called in to solve this problem. A satisfactory solution was reached by relaying the speakers' words through the public-address system to translators in adjoining rooms, who in turn relayed the discussions in French, German and Spanish over electric lines to radio head sets provided for those who chose to listen in to any of these languages. Thus, in effect, the speakers used four languages simultaneously without any confusion whatsoever among the audience.

Numerous other activities of an international character have also been carried on in the United States during the past three years. In 1924, forty Latin-American highway engineers, from almost every Pan-American country, came here to study our highway system as guests of the Highway Education Board, an organization in which the motor industry takes an active part. A tour of the country was arranged for them so that they might observe every type of highway in use here, the different methods of construction, and the various types of road-building machinery used. They also visited various leading industrial plants. The same procedure was followed in 1926 in connection with a visit of more than 100 Latin-American journalists who attended the First Pan-American Congress of Journalists at Washington, and also in 1927 for a group of Latin-American business men who attended the Third Pan-American Commercial Conference, also held at Washington.

Unofficial delegates represented the United States at the Fifth International Road Congress at Seville, Spain, in 1923, and an official delegation attended the Sixth International Road Congress at Milan, in 1926, and the First Pan-American Road Congress at Buenos Aires, in 1925. Appointment of a central highway committee by the International Chamber of Commerce, in 1925, afforded another opportunity for the motor industry to coöperate on an international basis. A highway-transport session was held at the Brussels meeting in 1925 and also at the Stockholm meeting in 1927. At the latter gathering the American motor industry was represented by John N. Willys, Windsor T. White, Alfred Reeves and the writer.

Motor-Traffic Missionaries

In addition, our chamber has sent representatives, in response to invitations from Europe, Africa, Australia, the Far East, Cuba and South America, to meet with motor groups there. These representatives have outlined, with the aid of motion pictures, before meetings of Rotary Clubs, chambers of commerce, automobile manufacturers, dealers' and owners' associations, traffic control and highway officials and others interested in motor transport, the experiences gained in the United States. The whole idea underlying such projects has been to assist these groups in increasing motor transport use regardless of the manufacturing country which might supply the vehicles. In return, these representatives have brought home with them a fuller knowledge and understanding of the problems met in motor-transport development abroad and many valuable suggestions which could be worked out here.

One field representative recently completed a trip around the world which took in a large part of the territory comprising the British Empire. Some idea of the cordial and eager reception of his program may be gained from the fact that he was invited to discuss the subject of traffic control with the entire police force of Rangoon at seven o'clock in the morning—that early hour being considered best for gathering together the largest possible group. Arrived in Calcutta, he and his films were impressed into a campaign then going on to emphasize to the mass of the people the need for good roads throughout India. In South Africa he was able to give officials the findings of the Hoover Conference on Street Traffic Safety at a time when they were busily engaged in preparing regulations to cover this very important question. On his travels he carried many trunks filled with experience records gathered in the United States and several thousand feet of motion-picture films.

"The fact that the motor industry," said this representative on his return, "was cooperating with the local motoring organizations in their campaigns for good roads and fairer taxation and regulation by sending a representative with complete motion-picture paraphernalia to assist them at absolutely no cost to themselves created a tremendous amount of goodwill."

Another representative has made several trips to Europe, as well as to Cuba and South America. While in Argentina recently he was approached by various interested parties who asked about our experience in highway construction. Argentina has been building roads out of current governmental income, but this does not provide sufficient funds to build the highways which rapidly increasing motor registration demands.

Good Roads and Good Business

Early in the development of motor transport in the United States it was realized that such methods of piecemeal construction were not suited to the requirements. Accordingly, we resorted to the practice of authorizing bond issues to be paid off from land taxes.

It was then possible, under a low scale of motor-taxation rates, so to stimulate vehicle registration that today the revenue produced approaches current annual highway appropriations. It is worthy of note that in 1926 motor-vehicle taxes paid directly by motor owners in this country amounted to $712,272,350.

By setting our own experiences before the Argentinians it was possible to demonstrate to them that the portion of their present income now set aside for highway construction might be very well used to bear a part of the expense of a long-term bond issue which would give them adequate highways immediately instead of at some distant future date.

In many countries the people as a whole have been thoroughly aroused to the need for good roads, but very often they plan highway systems which are wholly inadequate to their requirements. In many cases a small mileage of costly high-type surfaced roads has been laid out when a far greater mileage of dirt and gravel roads would better care for present traffic requirements. In these cases representatives of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce have been able to point out that experience in this country has clearly demonstrated that traffic surveys and systematic planning should precede highway construction, and further to emphasize that improving roads by stages from the lower to the higher-type surfaces as traffic demands allows for the construction of a maximum mileage.

With the success attending these efforts to broaden world markets by our national group of automobile manufacturers, there came a realization of the results which might be obtained were the groups of all nations to coöperate in such an undertaking. By so stimulating the use of motor vehicles on a coöperative basis, individual manufacturers could greatly increase their own business without their competitors being affected in an adverse manner.

This year, therefore, after various minor impediments had been removed the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce became a member of the Bureau Permanent International des Constructeurs d'Automobiles, an international association of automobile manufacturers with headquarters in Paris. As a member of this organization it is now coöperating with the manufacturers of Europe in organizing a comprehensive educational program to increase the use of motor transport in all countries. This program should have especially beneficial results in those countries where the development of motor use has been retarded by either restrictive legislation, high taxation, lack of good roads, or any other obstacles amenable to intelligent corrective efforts.

A first step in this program is a survey of highway mileage, taxation rates and gross tax revenues, as well as numerous other factors, in all the countries of the world. The survey of highways in the Americas, recently completed, reveals some very interesting facts. A comparison of highway mileages in sixteen leading countries of South and Central America with figures for the United States and Canada reveals that in this group of republics whose total area exceeds that of the United States and Canada combined, and is more than double the area of either, there are at present approximately 12,670 miles of surfaced highways and 111,900 miles of dirt roads, while Canada has 54,600 miles of surfaced highways and 323,629 miles of dirt roads, and the United States has 521,260 miles of surfaced and 2,484,822 miles of dirt roads.

Where good roads are conspicuous by their absence we sometimes find the most impressive examples of the economic value of adequate motor transportation. It is worth while noting that bullock carts, traveling at a rate of fifteen miles a day, bring in produce from the hinterland of Granada, Nicaragua. They carry a load of half a ton, and two pairs of sturdy oxen are required to haul them. A dairy farm twenty-five miles from the city—or one hour's journey by motor on a good road—must convert milk into cheese at four to six cents a pound, because fresh milk cannot be transported to town. Lard, cheese, rice, beans and many other staples are sold at cost on the farm, while on the Atlantic Coast, only 100 miles away, these same commodities are imported at high prices.

By spreading throughout the world the knowledge of the economic value of motor transport, the coöperating automobile manufacturers will tremendously broaden the base of their common market, and at the same time they will render an invaluable economic and social service. The simple secret of American prosperity, as I see it, is that we have learned to spend money to make money, whereas many of the older countries still cling to the theory that the saving of money is the only road to wealth. Highways are costly, but we know that it is cheaper to have them than not. So it is with our railroad mileage, the telephone and telegraph, and many other things.

Touchstones to Well-Being

Already evidences of an awakening world economic sense are cropping up in the most unexpected places. In Java, Malaya, India and East and South Africa, plantation owners are demanding the building of roads which will enable them to bring their produce down to seacoast ports, and they are convinced that such roads will pay.

I believe that the average citizen of this sphere is just beginning to realize that there are many things he had thought beyond his ability to own which are worth the extra labor that will bring possession, and once possessed will become touchstones to a state of well-being to which he never before even aspired.

And there is another significant angle to this awakening of peoples. The old mistaken competition in industry held on as long as it did through fear of domination of the stronger units, and this fear was only overcome by a second fear more potent than the first—the fear of substitute products. In the same way, different national groups of industries have distrusted and feared and fought one another in the past because of the imagined menace of commercial imperialism. But now this old bugaboo is fading out in the strong light of a modern movement—the light that is showing the peoples of the world the way to higher standards of living, happier lives, mutual understanding, and peaceful trade.

You can keep strong, thick hair

Worrying a little about your hair?

PERHAPS your hair seems thinner, less healthily vigorous—you have wondered whether "anything could be done to help it . . ."

Two common scalp troubles cause thinning hair—dandruff and sluggish scalp circulation. *Both can be remedied.*

This simple treatment, specialists say, corrects quickly both these hair ills:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Give yourself this Pinaud treatment *every* morning!

Feel the new glow of swift, hair-nourishing scalp circulation!

Notice the absence of dandruff—Pinaud's quickly destroys the dandruff germ. Soon your hair is thicker, younger, more vigorous! You won't need to worry over your hair.

You can buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

Copr. 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

I HAD A HUNCH

(Continued from Page 31)

"What is the problem and what is the drastic step?" I asked.

"It is this: We have arranged to spend more than $2,000,000 and there is no way for us to get the money. We're flat up against it, if you want to know the truth. In this panic you couldn't sell a railroad security at twenty cents on the dollar. That's the problem. The drastic step is to put the company in the hands of a receiver. I was afraid you wouldn't consent to it until it was too late, so I got the directors together in your absence. I think we can get a friendly receiver, and in that event we can hold our railroad intact, perhaps by issuing receiver's certificates. If Bryan is defeated, the Dutch people will buy the bonds and we can take back the certificates."

Mr. Waterall interrupted: "It seems to me Mr. Martin's solution is the only one, but I certainly think we should hear from our president."

It is curious how in a moment of great stress one's mind will oftentimes become absorbed with an irrelevant and minor detail. While Martin was explaining the truly drastic move in contemplation, I had been rather preoccupied with the fact that he had not placed a pad and pencil in front of each director, as I always did. That system of doing things I had picked up in my contact with Philadelphia and New York financiers, and it annoyed me that Martin was running our meeting on hick principles—annoyed me more, in fact, than it did that he had seen fit to act in such an important matter without consulting me and that my cherished enterprise appeared to be on the brink of the blackest period in its history.

A List of Contributors

Mr. Waterall's remark brought me out of my spell of irritation over the pad-and-pencil incident and I realized it was up to me to say something. For some reason or other, I rose from my chair, instead of remaining seated, to say what I was going to, and at that moment I had no real idea what it might be, except that I didn't intend to permit this receivership idea to go any further if it were in my power to stop it. As I reached my feet, another one of those hunches which had a habit of popping up in the nick of time flashed to mind. I looked around for a piece of note paper to jot the hunch down in concrete form as fast as the details presented themselves, but the only thing I could see was a blotter. I used it.

While sparring for time by keeping up a running fire of talk, the general trend of which was that I was unalterably opposed to Martin's scheme, I scribbled down on the blotting paper a list of names, with a sum of money opposite each. I led off with Mr. Pullman, $150,000; and Euritis Blood, owner of the Manchester Locomotive Works, $450,000. Then came a whole row of names with $75,000 opposite each.

In this list were included, as well as I can remember, Mr. Valentine, then president of the Wells-Fargo Express Company; Frederick Bronson, of New York; E. T. Stotesbury, John Lowber Welsh, Samuel Shipley, George M. Troutman, Mr. Procter, of Procter & Gamble; Baldwin Locomotive Works; Sperry & Barnes, of New Haven, Connecticut, Mr. Barnes being one of our directors and Mr. Sperry a large stockholder; Orthwein Brothers, of St. Louis; and Rolla Wells, of St. Louis, later governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of that city. There were other names I cannot now recall, and a quick tabulation of the sums showed a total of $2,200,000.

I wrote these names, as I say, as rapidly as they came to me, without pausing an instant. Both the names and the amounts recorded after them were a hit-or-miss selection, set down without apparent rime or reason. I could not stop to think and reason. No errand I had ever embarked on required greater speed.

"Gentlemen," I said, when the last name was in its place on the piece of blotter, "we will issue notes of $75,000 and we will put back of each note $100,000 of the first-mortgage bonds of the railroad and 1000 shares of stock as collateral. As I have talked to you, I have prepared a list of names with a sum of money opposite each. I shall now read you my list."

In deliberate tones I then read aloud my list.

"I am going to sell the notes to these gentlemen for the amounts indicated. The notes will be for six months, and when they are redeemed I will give each note holder 6 per cent interest and half the difference between $75,000 and whatever I receive for the securities back of them."

Mr. Martin looked at me in amazement. So did all the others. I think it was Mr. Barnes who said:

"Stilwell, that is just a list of names of some of your friends, with certain amounts after them. It all looks quite silly to me. Why, for instance, do you put Mr. Pullman down for $150,000, and Mr. Blood, whom you don't know nearly so well, for $450,000? Can't you see that Mr. Blood will want to know why you picked him out to give three times what Mr. Pullman gives and six times what the others give?"

"Gentlemen, I am positive I can do it. I will raise the amounts exactly as I have them down here."

Martin brought forth another objection: "You've contracted to speak for McKinley all over the United States. How are you going to raise this money and at the same time continue your political campaign? Are you going to call the speech-making tour off?"

"No, I'm not going to call it off. It happens that I'm scheduled to speak before the Business Men's Association in Chicago at noon tomorrow. Mr. Pullman lives in Chicago, and he's first on the list."

Mr. Waterall said: "Suppose we pass a resolution that Mr. Martin be authorized to ask for a receiver if Mr. Stilwell fails in raising the money from the first few persons he sees."

"That will be perfectly satisfactory to me," I consented. "I shall put the question myself." I did, and it was unanimously carried.

Next morning I arrived in Chicago. I was so anxious to see Mr. Pullman that I did not stop to shave, which is the first and only time in my life I have omitted this detail of fastidiousness. Mr. Pullman, twisting his thumbs as usual, was in conversation with his auditor, Mr. Calif, when I reached his office. He greeted me cordially and showed me that he now had on the wall the picture of my grandfather which I had had enlarged from a small photograph and given to him. An onyx paper weight bearing on its silver tablet an inscription, "To George M. Pullman from Arthur E. Stilwell," rested on his desk.

A Good Way to Lose Money

"I think a great deal of these gifts from you," he said.

"Mr. Pullman, I am awfully glad to see my grandfather's picture on the wall and I am glad you enjoy the paper weight. But I have something more important to talk about with you. I want you to take $150,000 of notes of the Kansas City Southern, two notes of $75,000 each for six months, each note to be secured by $100,000 of first-mortgage bonds of the railroad and 1000 shares of stock."

I explained also about the plan I had for dividing profits on the subsequent sale of the securities. A troubled look came into his face.

"Arthur, I am sure Bryan is going to be elected and that I am going to lose every dollar I have in the world."

"Good!" I exclaimed.

He was obviously puzzled.

"Why do you say 'Good'?"

"Because I know that if that condition confronts you you are going to lend me the $150,000. How much money have you in the bank, if that is not an impudent question?"

"How much have I, Mr. Calif?"

The auditor told him that his balance was about $585,000, and I went on:

"Well, then you can spare the $150,000. Anyway, as long as you are positive you are going to lose everything you have on earth, what a satisfaction it's going to be to you after you've gone broke to realize that as your last act of affluence you loaned your best friend $150,000."

Follow the Leader

He and Mr. Calif laughed, and he said, "That argument is unanswerable. All right. Calif, draw Stilwell a check for $150,000."

"Thank you for the speed, Mr. Pullman, but I haven't the securities with me."

"Telegraph Martin. He can send them up. At any rate, here's the money."

At 10:30 o'clock that morning I wired Martin:

I M SENDING MR PULLMAN S CHECK FOR $150 000 YOU MAIL HIM SECURITIES SPEAKING AT TWELVE O'CLOCK

This, as I remember, happened on a Friday and I was scheduled to speak next in Albany. So I had my private car attached at once to an east-bound train and started for Boston to see Mr. Blood, after telegraphing to him to meet me at the Parker House on Monday morning.

On the way East I pondered over Mr. Barnes' remark about the absurdity of asking the locomotive builder for three times as much as I had obtained from Mr. Pullman, my close friend. If the question happened to come up in our conversation—and it seemed quite likely it would—how could I ever explain it, since Mr. Blood knew as well as others did of the friendship between Mr. Pullman and myself? Were I to tell the truth and say that I'd chalked up that $450,000 against him on a hunch, there was an excellent chance he might tell me to go get another hunch. It worried me, but I had not changed my plan when I reached Boston.

As I entered the Parker House Monday morning to keep the appointment, the incongruity of the situation again struck me so forcibly that I almost decided to cut the amount I would ask Mr. Blood for to $75,000, one-sixth of the sum I had originally set. I still had the piece of blotting paper with me and took another look at it to keep up my courage. It had the desired effect. I determined not to be weak-kneed about it any more and to go ahead on the first impulse.

"Mr. Blood, the Kansas City Southern is in pressing need of money," I told him, when we sat down in a reception room of the hotel a little later. "Our Holland investors have sent word that on account of this Bryan business they cannot take $3,000,000 of bonds which they had agreed to buy. We are counting on our American friends to pull us through. I have you down for a $450,000 subscription and I'm here to see whether you can give it."

In a few words I then explained to him the plan of financing I had arranged. He listened attentively and sat in deep thought for a while.

"I'm going to let you have the money, Stilwell," he said finally, and I held tight to my chair to keep from floating up in the clouds. "I'll sell enough of my Burlington stock to raise the funds. I'll give you $150,000 now—three checks for $50,000 each on different banks—and I'll send you the balance in about ten days. How will that do?"

"Splendidly."

He sat down in the writing room and drew the three checks and wrote a letter

(Continued on Page 72)

A BRIEF HISTORY OF A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

IN THE Spring of 1925 Dodge Brothers undertook an important and gigantic task—which is now complete.

Since its inception in 1914 Dodge Brothers had specialized exclusively in a four-cylinder product. During thirteen years more than two million units of that product were sold to America and to the world.

It is unnecessary here to comment on the singular merits of that famous Four.

It was honored on the battlefields of war, and achieved equal distinction on the highways and byways of peace.

Its long life and complete dependability had become an adage.

Meanwhile, however, times were changing and tastes were changing with them.

While still as important as ever, dependability alone was no longer sufficient.

Greater speed and comfort, more style and luxury were the growing prepossessions of the hour.

Six-cylinder motors were gradually becoming practical at popular prices. Progressive engineering dictated the revision and refinement of existing four-cylinder power plants.

Two years ago Dodge Brothers appraised its task and embarked upon a program designed to place it and its Dealer Organization in a position on January 1, 1928, second to none in the industry.

Quietly, with deliberation and dispatch, and without interrupting the regular course of production and service to customers, the new program went swiftly forward.

The astonishing results of this great achievement are now known to the world.

It is doubtful if industrial annals can cite, over a similar period, an achievement so outstanding.

A smart, swift, low-priced and immensely popular quality Four has replaced its famous predecessor.

The Senior Six, outstanding in performance, quality and luxurious appointment, has been created.

Graham Brothers Trucks and Motor Coaches (formerly exclusively Fours) have been supplemented by Sixes. Fifty new types have been added. The capacities are broadened to range from one-half ton to two-ton, all resulting in the most complete and capable line of work cars known, and with prices ranging from $670 to $4290.

Then came The Victory—a Six for $1045 and up—the most spectacular engineering achievement of the decade.

These accomplishments, one following the other in steady progression, have now provided Dodge Brothers Dealers throughout the world with the most diversified and comprehensive line of passenger and commercial vehicles ever manufactured and sold by a single organization.

For every need and purse there is now a Dodge Brothers vehicle built dependably and in full recognition of the progressive ideals of today and tomorrow.

Adhering rigidly to the sound and honorable standards of a great past, Dodge Brothers have met the challenge of a still more exacting future.

THE VICTORY SIX		THE SENIOR SIX	
Coupe	$1045	Sedan (leather upholstery)	$1495
Sedan	1095	Coupe for Four	1570
Brougham	1095	Sedan	1595
		Cabriolet Convertible	1595
AMERICA'S FASTEST FOUR		**GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS AND MOTOR COACHES**	
Coupe	$855	A chassis and body for every conceivable kind of business. Capacities from ½-ton to 2 ton — fours and sixes. Prices ranging from	$670 to $4290
Sedan	875		
De Luxe Sedan	950		
Cabriolet Convertible	955		

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, INC.

(Continued from Page 70)

confirming the fact that the remainder would be deposited in the Drexel account for the railroad, as I remember, within the time mentioned. After it was all settled, I turned to him and said:

"Mr. Blood, I cannot tell you how much I appreciate this. It's a marvelous thing for you to do, and I'm just curious enough, now that everything is arranged, to ask why you have been so kind."

"All right, I'll satisfy your curiosity. My reason is this: The thirty-two locomotives which you bought this year constituted the only order the Manchester Locomotive Works received in the last twelve months. I have an organization of splendid, capable men, and if it had not been for your order they would have had no work. My men would have been scattered far and wide and my organization disrupted. I am loaning you this money as a token of my gratitude for the order which held the company together through a distressing period.

A Wise Man From the West

As a railroad locomotive cost in those days between $10,000 and $12,000, the amount of money which Mr. Blood was loaning us was considerably in excess of the entire sum the Kansas City Southern had paid him for the thirty-two engines it had bought from his company that year.

I rushed to a telegraph office after leaving him and wired Martin:

HAVE SEEN BLOOD AND HE TAKES THE WHOLE AMOUNT STIPULATED ON MY BLOTTER. TOTAL TO DATE, $600,000. BATTING AVERAGE, 1000. THAT RECEIVERSHIP BEGINNING TO LOOK SICK.

I kept my speaking appointment in Albany and continued on to New York, where I saw Mr. Valentine, of Wells-Fargo, on the morning of my arrival. I said:

"Mr. Valentine, I know you appreciate the fact that I give you the business of the Kansas City Southern. You have told me so personally a great many times and you have remembered me often with cases of olive oil, oranges, grapefruit and things like that. Now I want something else besides grapefruit. I want you to take a six months' note for $75,000 of the Kansas City Southern, secured by $100,000 first-mortgage bonds and 1000 shares of stock."

"Sure, you can have it. Bryan is going to be elected. I own interests in more silver mines than any man in the country and it is going to make me millions."

Half an hour later the telegraph wires were carrying my daily reminder to Martin that the receivership scheme was rapidly going up in smoke. I am afraid these messages were a trifle jeering in their tone, but I was determined to rub it in hard, even on as good a friend of mine as Martin was. And I knew he would be so elated over the prospect of the road being saved from disaster that he would forgive me the little fun I was having at his expense.

The next day I went to Philadelphia and spoke for McKinley in the Academy of Music. It was an old-fashioned, typical Philadelphia political rally, and the building was jammed, the galleries being reserved for workers from the Baldwin Locomotive plant. Doctor Converse, the Baldwin head, introduced me.

Addressing himself specifically to his own employes in the galleries, he began:

"Boys, the Bible says that in olden times the wise men came from the East. I am going to introduce you to a wise man from the West. I know Mr. Stilwell is a wise man, because the twenty-eight locomotives he bought from the Baldwin Locomotive Works within the last year were the only order we had in all this time to keep us busy. If that doesn't prove him to be a wise man, I don't know what would. And I know that you men are as appreciative of his wisdom as I am, since you would have been out of work if he hadn't been blessed with this good sense."

Of course, I enjoyed the introduction tremendously and it gave me a lead Doctor Converse never intended. Next morning I went to the locomotive plant and said, "A wise man from the West is calling to see you to make a touch for $75,000."

Doctor Converse didn't realize at first I was serious: "Borrowing money is not a part of wisdom."

"As a rule for the nursery, that may be excellent advice; but as a rule for a railroad in dire need, it lacks merit. The Kansas City Southern needs money and needs it quick, and I'm out scouting among our friends to get it."

For Services Rendered

At noon that day I dispatched my daily gloat to Martin, but decided at the same time I had now hammered it into him enough and would call it off on future subscriptions. These came in with clocklike precision. Every man listed on my scrap of blotting paper, which I guarded as carefully as though it were a good-luck charm, came in for the exact amount I had charged him with in those few moments I had stood before the directors and prepared this roster of prospects.

St. Louis was my final port of call, not only to get the money but to complete my swing around through Eastern states in behalf of McKinley's candidacy. In fact, my two missions were so interlocked they were practically identical, for on the success of the Republicans in stemming the free-silver hullabaloo depended our ability to meet the obligations we were incurring. For the life of me I could not see how anyone could believe Bryan would ride into the White House on an economic principle which sounded pretty when he expounded it with his best oratory, but which had about as much sense to it as would a movement to supplant gold with brass.

In my campaign against Bryan I made much capital of a set speech which I labeled the Wise Men of Kansas, and in which I used as a medium to drive home to people in the rural districts the folly of adopting a silver standard, the simile of arbitrarily fixing and rigidly maintaining the same price for corn and wheat. Country folks understood this plain talk thoroughly, and my political friends told me the little allegory was quite effective in winning votes for McKinley.

On the rear platform of my private car I had rigged up a miniature treasury and mint, with one pole to show how much silver was in use before demonetization and another five times as long to show its expansion after demonetization. Of course, all this time I was frequently in touch with Mr. McKinley himself and found him much interested in the novel tactics I was employing to get the story home in a perfectly understandable way. After his election, Mr. McKinley called me to Washington and offered me the ambassadorship to Russia or some other country as a reward. Being more concerned with railroad building than diplomacy, I declined with thanks.

Rolla Wells, of St. Louis, was the last man on my list. I hurried around to see

(Continued on Page 77)

I Wrote These Names, as I Say, as Rapidly as They Came to Me, Without Pausing an Instant

POWER

2-TON - - - - - - - $1595
6-Cylinder engine, 4-speed transmission, 4-Wheel brakes (Lockheed Hydraulic)

1½-TON - - - - - - $1245
4-Cylinder engine, 4-speed transmission, 4-Wheel brakes (Lockheed Hydraulic)

1-TON (G-BOY) - - - $895

¾-TON COMMERCIAL - $670
(Chassis Prices f. o. b. Detroit)

½-TON PANEL DELIVERY CAR - - $770
(Complete with body f. o. b. Detroit)

Power is the mover of goods—the very source of transportation, the essential permanent servant of commerce.

In the new line of Graham Brothers Trucks and Commercial Cars power is the perfect servant—sure, smooth, irresistible, elastic in its capabilities, instantly responsive to your bidding.

The engines—4-cylinder and 6-cylinder—produce abundant power economically. Then the experienced care that goes into the design, selection of materials and erection of chassis assures the use of the maximum of this power in the actual movement of the truck.

Sizes range from ½-Ton to 2-Ton. Bodies are built to fit your business. Prices are extremely low. Service is available from Dodge Brothers Dealers—always and everywhere.

More than 60,000 units go into service yearly. Each adds to the tremendous store of evidence of the money-making power of Graham Brothers Trucks and Commercial Cars.

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

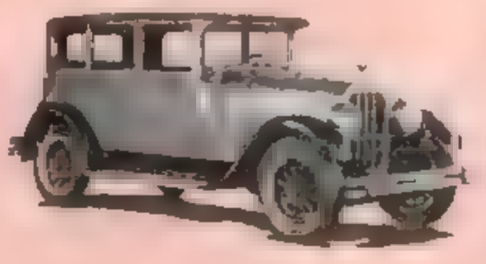
Sold and Serviced by
Dodge Brothers
Dealers Everywhere

Built by
Truck Division of
Dodge Brothers, Inc.

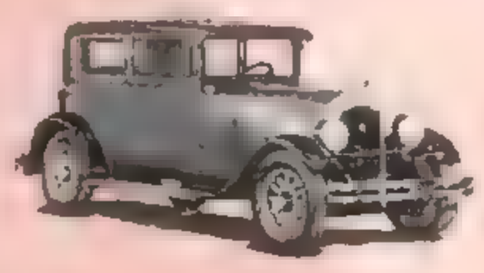
Motordom is tur

MARMON

LASALLE



CHANDLER

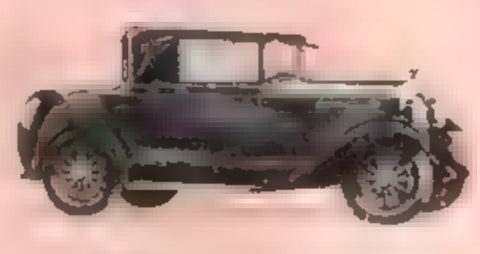


REO
FLYING CLOUD

STUTZ

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX
Frames especially drilled for installation of Lovejoys as additional equipment

OLDSMOBILE



PONTIAC
Frames especially drilled for installation of Lovejoys as additional equipment

!

The makers of a well-known six and eight now take their place with other leaders by adopting Lovejoys for early announcement.

The
pro
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w

!

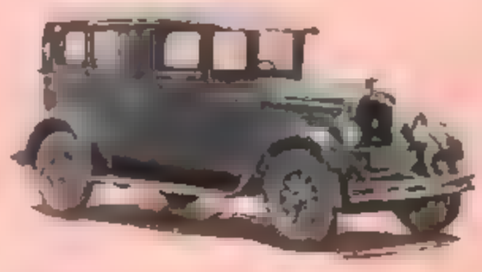
ctacular improve-
ain $1000 six now
th the installation
to be announced.

You can have a set of Delco-Remy Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers installed by your car dealer or by any Control Branch or Authorized Lovejoy Distributor of United Motors Service.

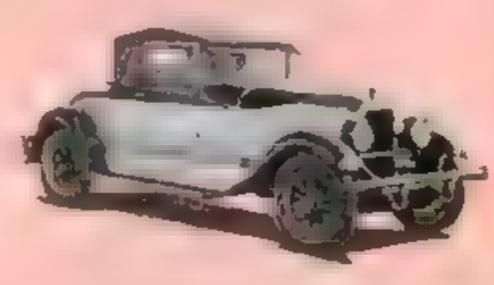
ning to Lovejoys

CADILLAC

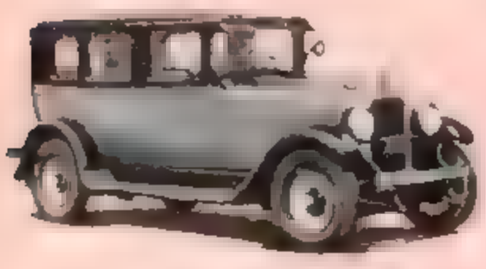
BUICK



REO
WOLVERINE



AUBURN



YELLOW TAXICAB

4 MAKES OF BUSES

Yellow Coach, ACF, Graham Brothers and Mack

ELCAR-8

!

Still another fine car and one long noted for its riding qualities, has now adopted Lovejoys and will soon announce the fact.

!

Another car, already recognized as presenting an outstanding value, will soon announce the additional value of Lovejoys . . . extra comfort at no extra price.

The makers of 16 well-known cars now offer Lovejoys as standard equipment; and almost as many more have adopted Lovejoys and will shortly announce that fact.

The rapidity with which motordom is thus turning to Lovejoys has a simple explanation: a new motoring era has arrived—the era of riding comfort. And car manufacturers are meeting the widespread demand for *permanent riding comfort* by equipping their cars with Lovejoys!

Completely enclosed and immersed in oil, the working parts of the Lovejoy are not exposed to mud or dust. Lovejoys' action and efficiency are not affected by extremes of heat or cold. They do not require periodic or constant adjustments. And in seven years no Lovejoy has been known to wear out.

If the car of your choice does not come equipped with Lovejoys, have the dealer put on a set of four before you take delivery. And if you want to bring your present car up-to-date in riding comfort, Lovejoys can be quickly and inexpensively installed. Remember—Lovejoys are a Delco-Remy product and are backed by the worldwide reputation for dependability that the Delco-Remy name implies.

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION, ANDERSON, INDIANA

Delco-Remy

STARTING, LIGHTING AND IGNITION EQUIPMENT • • KLAXON HORNS
LOVEJOY HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS • • BLOSSOM AUTOMOBILE LOCKS

...there's a 'Caterpillar' tractor now... looks like these people along here are going to have good roads, too!"

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO.
Executive Offices: San Leandro, California, U. S. A.
Sales Offices and Factories.
Peoria, Illinois San Leandro, California
Distributing Warehouse. Albany, N. Y.
New York Office 50 Church Street
Successor to
BEST C. L. Best Tractor Co. The Holt Manufacturing Company HOLT

Better -- Quicker -- Cheaper

CATERPILLAR

(Continued from Page 72)

him as soon as I arrived, but he was out of town. This disturbed me quite a bit, not because the $75,000 I wanted from him was so vitally important, but because I was now anxious to carry my hunch through to a 100 per cent finish. And here I was at the very last moment apparently balked in this ambition for the trivial reason that my man happened to be away at the moment. But after much thought I saw a possible way out and acted on it. Ed Goltra was Mr. Wells' partner.

I went to see Mr. Goltra, told him all about the circumstances and he promptly subscribed the amount for the two of them—which finished my job.

Mr. Martin had long since abandoned the idea of a receivership. Not long after I had received my third check, which was from Mr. Valentine, I got a letter from him, reading something like this:

I have torn up the piece of paper I had mentioning the names of one or two of my friends the court might appoint as receiver. I can plainly see now that no receiver will be necessary. Congratulations to you on achieving a repetition of that Holland affair.

The money coming in as a result of this trip enabled us to complete as much work as we could have done if the Dutch investors had taken the bonds. Within a few weeks after the election the bonds back of these notes had been placed, the notes paid off and the note holders had received not only 6 per cent interest but also 15 per cent profit on their money. Our Holland supporters took all the bonds they had promised to in the beginning—$3,000,000.

The road was now developing a large business in the coal and timber fields of Kansas. I studied the status of the industry carefully and was appalled at its very bad condition. Some of the companies were making no profit at all from coal and were barely able to struggle along by virtue of the revenue they derived from the operation of their stores. It seemed to me this situation could be remedied through the formation and operation of a large combination of the interests, so I decided to establish such a consolidation.

All-Year-Round Business

The biggest of the companies was Keith & Perry, whose stock was then selling at thirty dollars a share. I was personally acquainted with the two partners and knew them to be about the most capable men in their line in that section of the country. Yet, as a banker, I knew also they had just about all the credit the banks would allow and that they were so beset with worry about getting money they could not give the proper attention to their business.

In response to my invitation Mr. Keith and Mr. Perry came over to the Guardian office and I suggested that we form an organization to be known as the Central Coal and Coke Company, that we buy up other coal properties and smaller companies and that we go about it in a systematic way to stabilize prices.

"Our road now extends down into Arkansas," I said. "The coal mined south of Fort Smith is smokeless and very desirable. Let us buy up some of these fields. I can also buy the Whitaker sawmill in Texarkana and we will be in position to put on a commercial agent to sell coal in the winter and timber and ties in the summer. This will give us an even all-year-round business, which is the thing needed to get the coal business of this section out of its muddle."

Mr. Keith and Mr. Perry readily consented and turned their stock in to the Central Coal and Coke Company. We bought the Whitaker mill, the largest in that territory, and arranged our program to include the direction of other mills in the South. The whole proposition called for about $8,000,000 of 5 per cent preferred stock, which we would sell at 80, giving an equal amount of common stock to investors.

The men I got around me as directors of the new enterprise were for the most part the same old crowd associated with me in other undertakings. They said:

"This coal combination is your own idea. You have never made anything out of the promotion of the Kansas City Southern except your $80,000 profit on the stock of the Arkansas Construction Company. Now is your chance to make a good, honest commission."

And so they voted me 5 per cent commission for carrying through the consolidation and placing the stock, to be paid to me as fast as the securities were sold. I was delighted. In all frankness, I must say I certainly subscribed to their statement that I was not undeserving of a little more return for being the wheel horse than the puny salaries I was receiving and the profit I was able to make on any personal investment in the business deals I was engineering without a single share of promotion stock.

Now, in relating the unusual experience I had when I started placing this stock, I want to say a few words about the methods I always employed as "the whirlwind stock salesman of the West," the title conferred upon me in a half-joking manner by my friends. I never started to sell anything until I was so convinced of its merit that it was impossible for me to refrain from investing my own money. I was always the first investor in each enterprise, buying to the extent of my financial ability. I refused to accept promotion, because I always wanted to be in position to say to any investor, "What you are paying for these securities I myself paid."

A Poor Commission Man

There is something remarkable about the conviction truth carries. My success in placing stock had not been due to my personality, although, in all modesty, I must admit to myself that I was probably a pretty fair sort of salesman. The whole basis of this success was the fact that I told everybody exactly how things stood.

Early in life I looked the ground all over in my own way and concluded that the greatest temptation a stock salesman has is to make his prospect believe that the issue is about all taken, although the person he is talking to may actually be the first he has seen. So whenever I went to see my first potential investor and he would ask how much I had already placed, I would come right out and say, "You are the first man I have spoken to, but I had to start somewhere, so I'm beginning with you." Liking the straightforwardness of this line of talk and appreciating that I had resisted the temptation to employ the old dodge of trying to make him believe I was letting him in on the last call, he bought more quickly and more shares than he would have done otherwise.

When I started in to place the stock of the Central Coal and Coke Company I had an unbroken string of successes behind me to support my belief that I should certainly encounter no complications here. But I did—one. It was that I simply lacked the power to convince people of the feasibility of the enterprise when back in my mind all the time was hovering the disturbing fact that they were not getting in on the same terms I was. My best argument was dead and, without it, so was I as a salesman. Although I told nobody about the commission voted to me, it was enough that I myself knew about it. After ninety days of the hardest kind of work, I had sold only 200 shares for a total of $20,000, which was nothing to be proud of.

I cut my stock-selling trip off at this point, went back to Kansas City, called the directors together and tore up my contract.

"It's no go. I'm a hopeless fizzle as a salesman if I don't stick to my precepts. This commission business is all off. And now that it is off, I'm going out and sell these securities."

I did—in about another ninety days. And the funds poured into the treasury of the new company without the deduction of $150,000 commission I was to have received under the original plan. Which was further proof of the soundness of my theory that truth without reservation or equivocation comes pretty close to being the best asset of the business man. I have such confidence in it that I believe it will overcome the natural handicaps some people suffer as salesmen, such as stuttering or speaking with a strong foreign accent.

By this time the Kansas City Southern was near Texarkana and the grading progressing south of that point. It was nearly all level country through this area and the work was easy, with just a few rivers to cross. Things were humming along without a hitch and I was elated that I would soon have a track running into Shreveport, Louisiana. So I went to Shreveport, obtained land for the shops and built the Union Station, which was, when completed, used by the other roads entering the city, as well as our own.

The Shreveport Terminal Railroad was formed in this connection, with me as its president. My intention was to stop further building here and use the Southern Pacific to New Orleans and the Houston, East and West Texas to Houston and Galveston, and the Texas and Pacific and other lines to points farther West. Somebody told me I could buy the Houston, East and West Texas for $3,000,000, and I hurried to New York and obtained the option on it. Returning to Kansas City, I sent my engineers out to make an inspection of it, and though their report was not glowing, I thought it advisable to make the road a part of our system.

A feeler sent out to Philadelphia and to our offices in London and Amsterdam had already established that our friends in these places were ready to buy the bonds, so I called a meeting of our directors in Kansas City to ratify the purchase of the road. We were in the midst of a hot spell of weather, and it was only because I thought immediate action necessary that I put my associates to the discomfort of making the long journey to Kansas City from the distant points where some of them lived.

The Weirdest Hunch of All

The weirdest of all hunches I have ever had in my life came to me the night before the meeting was to be held. For days I had been thinking of little else than the fact that the time was now rapidly approaching when I should have my termini on the Gulf of Mexico, and I suppose the constant pondering over this might have been responsible for it. At any rate, I became possessed of an overpowering fear that we were planning wrongly this time in relying on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico as our principal terminus, because of the storms of tremendous violence that lashed those shores at times.

The whole incident was a repetition of that earlier occasion when my mind had kept on working after I had fallen asleep and I had solved the problem of how we could run the line of the Kansas City Suburban from the East to the West Bottoms. An intuitive sense—or a hunch, as I have chosen to call it through this narrative—told me to abandon this entire project and look to a more northeasterly portion of the Texas coast for the end of our line to deep water. I did so, and there occurred to me a picture of a city with a population of about 100,000 persons on the north bank of Lake Sabine which could be connected with the Gulf by means of a canal about seven miles long. Here, in this landlocked harbor, safe from the most devastating storm the Gulf could produce, we would erect elevators and piers and create a port for the shipment of the Western farmers' export grain. It was far better than our first idea.

At one o'clock in the morning I was wide awake, piecing together a rough mental blue print of the new plan. I spent the remainder of the night at this task and at about eight o'clock hastened down to the Coates House, where Mr. Waterall, Mr. Barnes and some of the other directors were stopping. I spoke to several of them about

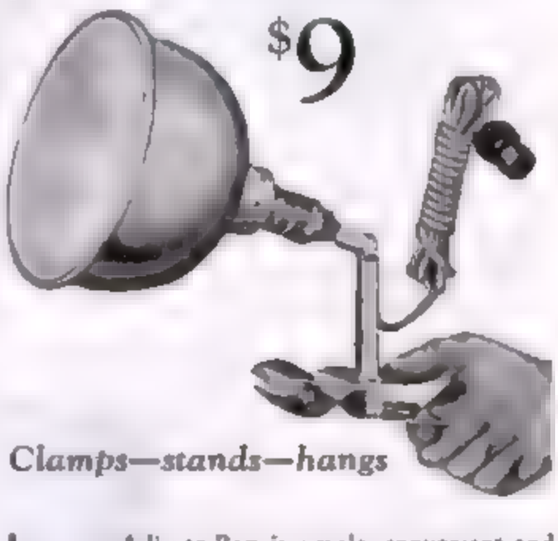
Relieve it with

Adjusto-Ray
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
BAKES OUT PAIN

Adjusto-Ray is the improved therapeutic lamp. Wonderful for relieving rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, lumbago, headaches, nervousness and many other ailments. Its sun-like rays quickly soothe the affected parts, penetrate to the seat of the trouble, ease pain and help to *remove the cause*. Recommended by physicians everywhere.

Adjustable to any position

$9

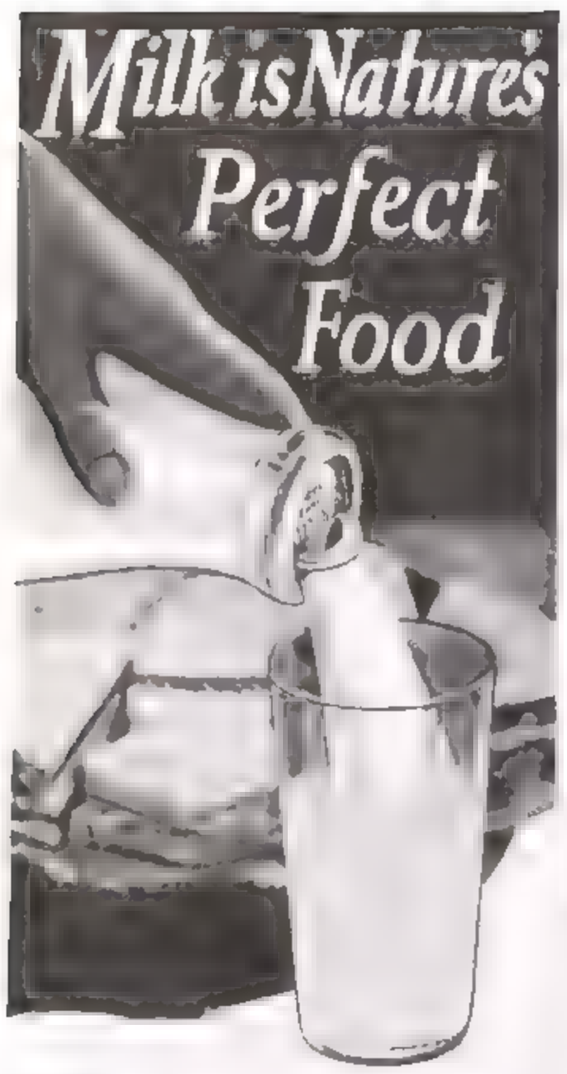


Clamps—stands—hangs

Adjusto-Ray is simple, convenient and safe. No assistance needed—just clamp Adjusto-Ray on your bed or chair—or stand it on a table—or hang it up—and attach to any electric light socket.

Adjusto-Ray is built on scientific principles. It throws a parallel ray and has no focal point. Complete with 260-watt bulb. Comes in three styles—hand model: $6.50, clamp model (as illustrated): $9.00; floor model: $13.50. Sold by all leading dealers.

Manufactured by
S. W. Farber, Inc., 141-151 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



-to keep it at its best keep it tightly sealed!

The flavor and wholesomeness which make milk such a valuable food are quickly lost if the bottle is left uncovered.

Avoid this waste and the danger of contamination by using the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP. You need never remove this new style cap from the bottle at all -simply pull the hinged flap part way open—pour—press the flap back into place—and the bottle is securely sealed until you need it again! Flavor is kept in, impurities out, until the last drop is used!

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Thousands of dairymen now supply the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP regularly on milk and cream bottles. Look for it on your bottles—if your dealer has not yet adopted it, let us send you a month's supply free. Once you've experienced its greater convenience and protection you'll quickly urge your dairyman to supply the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP on his bottles! Use coupon below.

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Please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps, FREE.
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my sudden switch in plans, among them Mr. Waterall.

"You know what faith I have always had in intuition," I told him. "Well, this idea which has come to me has taken all the ginger out of me for the purchase of the Houston, East and West Texas. I want your help in defeating that purchase when it comes up at the meeting."

"Why, I thought that's what you got us here for," said Mr. Waterall.

"I did, but I have a dream of greater things now."

Mr. Waterall mopped the perspiration from his brow.

"Why in the name of heaven, Stilwell, didn't you have your dream before we made this hot trip?"

I was afraid to mention publicly at the directors' meeting my reason for this sudden change of heart for fear that I should shock their credulity. But between Mr. Waterall and myself, with the help of one or two others, we maneuvered it around so that the matter of the Houston, East and West Texas was laid aside without being definitely turned down. The others I let into my confidence, as I remember, were Judge Trimble, Doctor Woods and Mr. Martin, all of whom had seen some of my hunches work out to a successful conclusion and were more or less sold to them.

The Suez as Model

Two or three days later I set out with Mrs. Stilwell in my private car for Sabine Pass, the nearest coast point to Lake Sabine, taking with me Mr. Waterall's daughter; Robert Gilham, our engineer; and Frank Henderson, who was then one of my town-site men at $3500 a year and who is now one of the largest oil operators of the West. I had never been to Sabine Pass or Lake Sabine in my life. But the whole layout was as I had expected it to be, and I was then all set to go ahead without further delay. After we had made an inspection of the terrain, I began giving preliminary instructions to my assistants.

"Gilham, your first job is to build a canal on the west bank of Lake Sabine."

He looked at me in surprise.

"But I know nothing about building canals."

The conversation took place in my private car, in which I carried a set of reference books. I turned to the index under the letter S, opened the book to a page describing the Suez Canal, absorbed a few facts and continued:

"Gilham, the Suez Canal is some 188 feet wide at the top, 74 feet at the bottom and 28 feet deep. It seems to have been getting along pretty well for a number of years, so we'll dig our canal like that."

Mr. Gilham telegraphed for a corps of engineers to report at once and made the necessary survey for the canal. Since its construction it has been taken over by the United States Government and is now, I believe, 250 feet wide and 33 feet deep. As a means of keeping the canal to its original depth, we turned into it the waters of Taylor Bayou, which flow at the rate of about four miles an hour.

To Mr. Henderson I meanwhile gave instructions to proceed to Beaumont and buy all the land he could on the north bank of Lake Sabine.

"I am going to build a great city there and call it Port Arthur, after my first name."

Mr. Henderson, I am sure, could not understand why I was eager to make this purchase of acreage, as the land consisted almost altogether of cow pasture. However, he followed instructions and in about six weeks had arranged for the buying of 40,000 acres at seven dollars an acre. I had ninety days in which to examine the title before making the first payment, a provision which I insisted upon being incorporated as a part of the agreement. We were to pay one-seventh cash and the remainder in equal installments over a period of six years—in other words, $40,000 down and $40,000 a year.

Thirty days after Mr. Henderson had made his contracts I laid out 4000 acres in the town of Port Arthur, naming the principal thoroughfare Stilwell Boulevard, the main business street Procter Avenue, after Mr. Procter, one of our directors, and the other streets after different friends of mine here and in Holland. The newspapers were giving us a lot of good publicity, exploiting the fact that Port Arthur was to be a land-locked harbor which no storms could reach. The fact that Sabine Pass had had two terrific storms the year before emphasized the need for such a harbor.

Within sixty days the first town-site sale started. We had a big tent run up in which to feed the people and numerous smaller tents in which the prospective buyers could sleep. Graders had been at work by the hundred and things were in a pretty presentable condition by the time whole trains of Pullman cars began heading toward the new port with settlers from Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Minnesota; a fine-looking company of men and women, who had been attracted by the publicity and had the money to make their start in this boom section. The Kansas City Southern then had not quite connected with Shreveport, but we made the trip easy for the pioneers by running them down over the Houston, East and West Texas to that city and then to Beaumont and Port Arthur, which is only twenty miles south of Beaumont.

Land was snapped up so fast that the sale went beyond the expectation of even the most optimistic among us. Before I had to make the first payment, I had $135,000 in the treasury. Port Arthur was thus born to the pleasant murmurings of diligence and industry.

It grew rapidly, but my friends all said, "You cannot have much of a business city here with all that barren country north of Port Arthur, and what are you going to do with those 36,000 acres?"

The Proof of the Soil

I was wondering a little bit on this score myself, but I was confident something would turn up. It did. I heard of a man living in that neighborhood who could taste the soil and tell what it was suitable for. To determine a scientific fact in this manner seemed quite crude, but there were the 36,000 acres lying idle and unproductive anyway, so I made up my mind it would do no harm to give him a chance.

The soil taster came in response to my invitation, made his tests and said, "I have never seen any land possessed of better qualities for raising rice."

For some reason or other I had as much confidence in his report as though it were backed up by the most expert geologists.

I formed a company known as the Port Arthur Rice Farm and started digging ditches to bring water through from the Neches River, a distance of about seven miles, as rice must be grown in water. But the richest farm lands in the world are without value if there is nobody to till them. What we needed most was man power.

Again my thoughts turned to Holland, and I decided that as we owed a debt of gratitude to the Dutch people for their faithful support of the Kansas City Southern, here was a chance to repay a part of it, to say nothing of the fact that the people of that country make exceptionally capable farmers. So I founded a town and called it Nederland and instructed my emissaries to make a drive on the country districts of Holland to entice a good class of citizens to the newly organized community. Dutch families began arriving by the dozen in due course. We housed them in a large hotel especially erected for that purpose and gave them good accommodations at reasonable rates. As soon as they could buy their property and build their homes we would bring over another delegation and put it through the same process.

Nearly all the property was sold to the Dutch people at forty dollars an acre on terms. The soil taster's prophecy was fulfilled and the ground proved extremely fertile for the raising of rice; so productive, in fact, that within one year the crop netted the settlers sufficient practically to reimburse them for their investment in the land. Two rice mills were erected in Port Arthur to take care of the output from these thriving farms of Nederland, the colonizers of which established themselves as hard-working, industrious citizens. Hundreds of them are now among the leading residents of Port Arthur, and the rice farms which started them on the highroad to prosperity are being cut up into town lots and selling, I understand, at the rate of $1000 an acre for choice locations. Two main highways pass through Nederland from Port Arthur to Beaumont. And the Port Arthur Rice Farm, capitalized at $300,000, paid out in a few years more than $2,000,000 profits.

Lest it might appear that this venture was primarily a money-making enterprise, let me say that the basic object of all our activities was the promotion of business for the Kansas City Southern. In railroading there are three phases of the industry which require constant consideration in the development of a successful organization: The building of the road, its operation, and the building of business at points where it would otherwise be nonexistent.

Creating Freight

Here in Port Arthur we were concentrating on the latter phase and devising many ways to stimulate traffic. One of the ramifications of this program was the creation of a large experimental farm on which were located a modern house, dry barns, splendid herds of cattle and the most approved devices of the day for the scientific advancement of agriculture. This farm in a few years gave our railroad trainloads of rice throughout the crop season, which was profitable business for us as well as for the farmers, who netted forty dollars an acre.

As fast as our tracks went south I had our agents scour the West on a campaign to induce desirable business interests to invade the new and rapidly developing territory we were penetrating. It was fine lumber country through practically all this section, so we made a special effort to interest the lumber industry and succeeded in getting twenty or thirty of the largest lumber companies in the West to erect mills along our lines. The Central Coal and Coke Company built a mill at Neame, Louisiana, a city which I named after a London director, and as the Central was one of the most powerful corporations of its kind thereabouts, other companies were quick to realize that there must be genuine substance to the things we were saying about the natural advantages of the section.

In the Ozark Mountains I planted on both sides of our track an apple orchard twelve miles long, and with great interest watched the saplings grow into fruit-bearing trees which would keep many of our freight cars busy through the apple season. I instructed the people at Fort Smith in the possibilities of raising strawberries for the Chicago markets. In three years Mother Earth began the repayment of this debt to mankind by pouring forth from her bosom a great quantity of the choicest berries, which our road picked up and whisked away to markets farther east and north.

Boom times were in full swing. I was jubilant at the way things were working out, and I spent a great deal of time going among the merchants to discuss with them further extensions, and among the employes of our line to make sure that they were happy and their morale good. My goal was now in sight and I could see nothing on the horizon to interfere with its achievement. But curious things have a way of developing at the most unexpected moments, as I have learned through forty years of business. They ran true to form in this instance.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Stilwell and Mr. Crowell. The next will appear in an early issue

Get a new hat with what it saves you —

Using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of costlier ones, the average saving is $3 per year per person. With this a man may buy a hat, a necktie or two, hosiery and shirts; a woman may purchase stockings, handkerchiefs, cold cream, etc.

Thousands have switched to this new tooth paste - *because 25¢ the large tube*

You see it all around you—the effect of efficiency and mass production . . . wonderful motor cars at surprisingly low prices . . . household appliances now costing half what they used to.

Such a tendency was bound to extend to the tooth paste field.

That is why, today, we can offer you a first-class dentifrice—at 25c *for a large tube*. It is called Listerine Tooth Paste.

In our opinion, after fifty years of study of tooth and mouth troubles, it is the ideal tooth paste for all types of teeth.

In addition to certain ingredients for the proper care of teeth, mouth and gums, it contains a marvelous new polishing agent, which reduces brushing to a minimum . . . the speediest dentifrice known.

In the last six months, thousands have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste. Having proved that it cleans teeth whiter and in quicker time, they have discarded older dentifrices costing sometimes twice as much. They apply the saving to buying things they want.

We urge you to try this new dentifrice obtainable from any druggist. If you are not delighted with its results and its economy you will be the exception. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large tube 25¢

KNAPP-FELT
HATS for MEN

WHAT we need for the New Year is confidence, courage, vision and enterprise! Nothing helps more than the consciousness of being well dressed. Start with a new Knapp-Felt Hat!

The Newest
Knapp-Felt
for Nineteen-twenty-eight
is the JASON

It will be Shown Everywhere Friday, January thirteenth

The Jason is a snappy snap brim style that assumes an air of proper dignity if worn without turning the brim down. The colors are the newest shades authorized by the latest vogue.

Knapp-Felt Hats are priced from $8.00 to $40.00. Superfine Knapp-Felts $20.00, $25.00, $40.00

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH — President
620 Fifth Avenue — New York City

JUST A TOUCH OF CELEBRITY

(Continued from Page 7)

comes in for its share. For instance, I am five feet four inches in height and I weigh under one hundred and thirty pounds. But in the diner of a train this fall I heard two men across the aisle mention my name.

"Hear Mary Roberts Rinehart is on the train."

"Yeah. Seen her yet?"

"No, but she ought to be easy to see. Big, heavy woman, they tell me."

It takes self-control to keep quiet under such circumstances.

So it goes. Nothing can be done quietly. When some years ago I became what I felt was an extremely young grandmother—I was forty-two—one of our comic weekly magazines which ran a page devoted to errors in various publications had happened on this and printed it. "This" consisted of a photograph of an elderly and bearded gentleman sitting at a desk, and underneath was printed: "Who would believe, from the above picture, that Mary Roberts Rinehart is a grandmother?" Who indeed? And why?

But there are many curious angles to this matter of publicity as to celebrities. Why, for instance, are the political opinions and general views of any well-known person entirely unimportant so long as he stays in one place, and so vital the moment he takes to the road?

It is rare indeed for any of our local papers to call me up and ask me what I think of prohibition or the modern flapper, but let me pack a bag, and things immediately change. I become news on the road; even what I think seems to become of a certain importance. Yet such opinions as I have are conservative in the extreme, and about vast numbers of things I have no opinion whatever.

A Newspaper Dud

One very hot summer day a reporter boarded my train in a city station. I knew I was looking my worst. I had been forty-eight hours in that car and there was not even time to powder my nose. I did my best, but his comment that day in his paper was that I wrote better than I dressed! As critical comment of me is usually in the other direction, it had at least the charm of novelty.

You see, you must have a sense of humor in this business of being a celebrity. Another young man entered my train this past summer—and again it was hot—and by way of opening, asked me where I was going.

"To a dude ranch," I said.

He got out some yellow paper.

"A dude ranch?" he said. "What's that?"

So I told him, rather well and at some length. Later, someone sent me what he wrote. He said:

Mary Roberts Rinehart passed through the city today, on her way to a dud ranch in the West. She was accompanied by a maid, two dogs and a parrot.

That was all!

Nor is it only on trains that this happens.

When, two years ago, I came back from Egypt and Mesopotamia, I was full of the subject; I was ready to talk of anything from archæological excavations to Eastern politics.

As it happened, I was the only well-known person on the boat, and so a dozen eager and enthusiastic young men who had come down the bay gathered about me. It was a fine audience, so I talked. I thought I had talked well. But they seemed uneasy, and finally a voice from outside the circle said:

"Mrs. Rinehart, what do you think of the Lucy Stone League?"

I came back from King Feisal with a jerk.

"What's the Lucy Stone League?" I asked blankly.

"Married women who won't take their husband's names."

"It must be some variation of the inferiority sense," I said vaguely and went back to my subject.

But there was no mention of Egypt or of Mesopotamia in those interviews when they came out!

Again, I am on my way back from Honolulu, where I had received rather a serious injury. Another group, interested and zealous.

"Where are you going now, Mrs. Rinehart?"

"Home," I said weakly, holding on to the rail for support.

"That's all?"

"That's all," I said, with firmness.

"Well, where would you like to be going?" someone asked, with a sort of desperation.

"I'd like to be going to China. But I'm going home to bed."

And so it was announced that I was going to China. Yes, it's a great life if you don't weaken.

In an Author's Mail Box

However, I find the press easier to deal with than delegations. There have been times, even in my own small career, when life has seemed to consist of delegations. Once, out on the ranch, a delegation of two came by airplane, and we had to form a landing field for them by stationing people on horseback to outline it. Another wanted to do it again this summer, but the possible mortality list was too high.

But I have met and been met by groups of all sorts; I have been met at a station by a brass band. I have been met by mayors, and committees from the local board of trade. I have been met by the chief of police and half a dozen uniformed policemen. I have been met—and profoundly touched—by groups of country-women with bunches of flowers from their own small gardens in their hands. I have been piped over the sides of battleships. And the only reason I was not met by a moving-picture company's dirigible in Los Angeles on one occasion was because I telegraphed ahead to say firmly that I preferred a taxicab.

Once a group of forty full-blooded Indians, in war bonnets and buckskin clothes, came to call on me at a hotel. They had brought their tom-toms, too, and before they left we had the dance of friendship, with drums and a few whoops. It was rather bloodcurdling.

Of course there is always humor, even in delegations. Last spring a group of Army officers, in full uniform with medals, came to the house to have me present a modest check to a youth who had secured the most recruits for the summer training camp. We went out on the lawn, for the benefit of the photographers, and I said I should have a medal on. I had a medal. It was said jocularly, but when they learned it was the Medal of Queen Elizabeth, they insisted that it be sent for.

So we waited, with a frantic search going on in the house. At last it came, and the pictures were duly taken. Then I looked down at my medal. It said Harvard Athletic Association!

However, if the celebrity, large or small, had only to cope with the press and delegations, his problem still would be a comparatively simple one. But the matter does not end there. A day's mail with me is an illuminating affair, since I rather imagine it represents the average which piles up on certain desks.

In the past twenty-four hours, leaving out my family and social letters, there has come a request from a gentleman who has collected all of my books—about three dozen—and asks me to autograph them. There is a request from a former school of mine for a message for the Christmas number of the magazine. There is a letter from a high-school boy who wants to know if he can write. There is another letter from a group who wish my assistance in putting over a new national park. There are two letters asking for the story of my life for certain women's organizations. There is a letter from a man interested in starting a dude ranch in Arizona.

And all this without the begging letters, the requests for autographs, autographed books and autographed photographs, and those warm-hearted letters of praise, and sometimes even warmer letters of rebuke, which form the bulk of the daily mail.

There have been, fortunately, no manuscripts submitted. Manuscripts are submitted to all writers who are at all known. They come with two different avowed purposes: One is for criticism, the other that one may use his influence with an editor or publisher to see that they are read, the usual presumption in such cases being that, if only they are read, they will be accepted. Both are based on fallacies. First, no writer is really an adequate critic of other writing, although by and large a good many critics think they know more about writing than writers. The second fallacy is that any author has any pull with any magazine, or would use it if he had.

For a good many years my bedside table was stacked high with these manuscripts. But it was a considerable strain, and it was not without its dangers. Not all beginners are so suspicious as the young man recently who wished to discuss his novel with me without revealing either title or plot! But the belief of a mother in her newborn child is not greater than that of some novices in their first literary efforts.

From Pillar to Post

For instance, only last week came a letter from a woman claiming a portion of the royalties from Lost Ecstasy. It appears that she had, as her first attempt, written a Western story about the hard times the sheep growers were having in Oklahoma, and submitted it to a monthly, from which it was returned. By a system of exchange between magazines, which she claims is well known, the monthly then sold the idea to THE POST and THE POST passed it on to me!

So I have had to stop reading myself to sleep at night with these efforts, and make a stand on the matter. Once in a while of course —— A month or so ago there arrived a box of manuscripts, containing half a dozen short stories, and I read them, every one. For there came with them a letter from a wife who was earning the family living, saying they had been written on a typewriter by her husband, a mining engineer blinded by a premature blast. They were his attempt to help her support the home. I wish I could have placed them for him. They were better than nine-tenths of the stuff that comes in, at that.

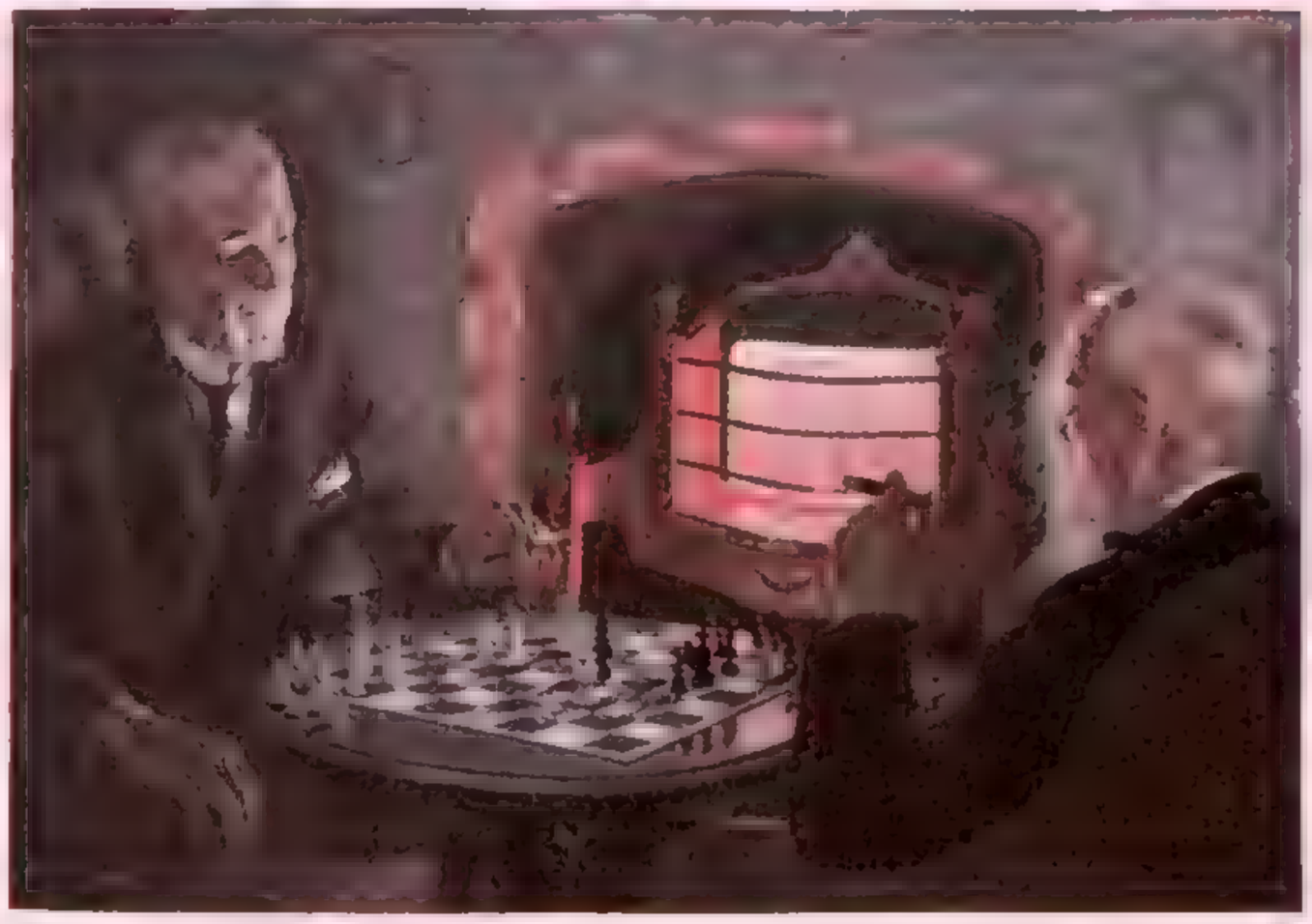
You see, there are a thousand angles to this matter which the general public knows nothing about. Take the pressure to indorse divers manufactured articles at a price. I could have furnished my house almost completely, from radios and table silver and lace curtains to beds and the cold creams to use before getting into them.

And just when prohibition had dried up the founts of after-dinner speaking, and the celebrity of sorts could go out and eat his food without his hands being clammy with nerves and his feet like ice, along came the microphone, and instead of a hundred people or so, he has to talk to millions.

Just where arose the delusion that all celebrities are also orators? Experience should destroy it, but it does not. Even the people of the stage, who might presumably feel at ease talking on their feet, make notoriously bad speeches, one reason possibly being that the bright and witty lines for which they receive so much applause and adulation in their plays have

(Continued on Page 83)

"Bill, It's Sold and Serviced All Over the World"



"That is one of the reasons why I bought the Radiantfire. If it needs fixing or a new part at any time, no matter what hamlet, town or city you're in or may go to, there's a Humphrey Radiantfire dealer to take care of your needs. You know that heater the family next door brought from California never was fixed up .... company making it had no dealers here or else had gone out of business—I've forgotten which. But aside from this, I think the Radiantfire is better—90% of its heat pours into the room, and no odor, dust or ashes about it .... and the final reason why I got it is that it costs less to operate it. Now, does that answer your question?"

The Radiantfire gives you heat *when* and *where* you want it—for a fraction of the cost of furnace heat. See your Gas Company or Dealer. Authentic period models for fireplaces, portables for chilly rooms. Prices range from $15 up. Write for free booklet telling you of an amazing short cut to Winter fuel economy.

The Radiantfire shown is the Adam Period model 115-A—a genuine replica of an early English Coal Basket. Price, $80, F. O. B. Kalamazoo

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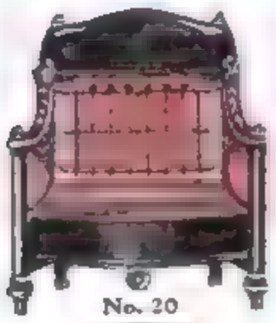
The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

The Odorless Gas Heater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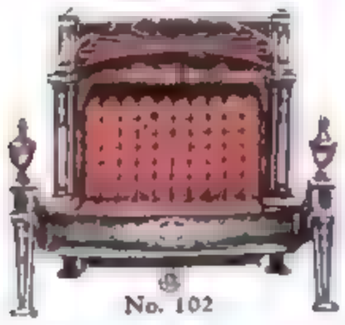
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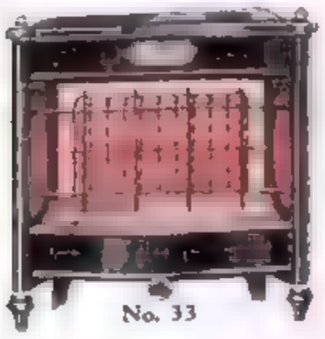
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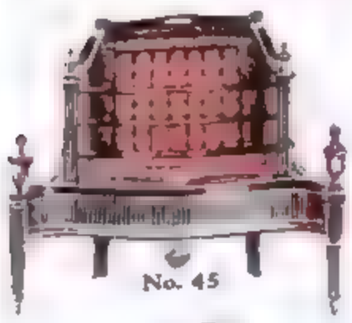
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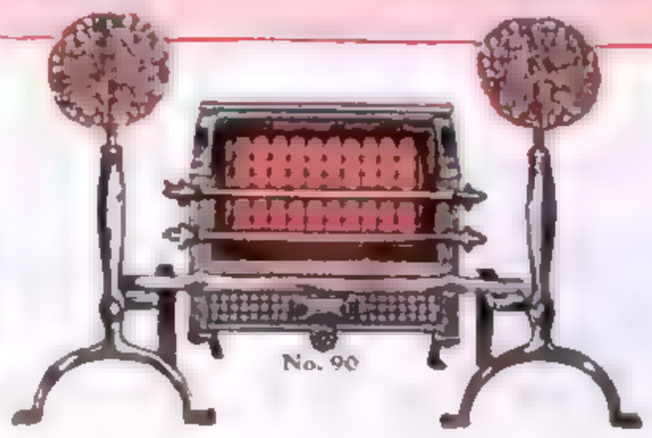
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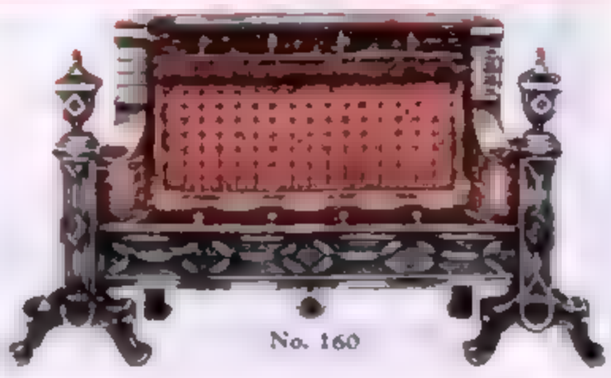
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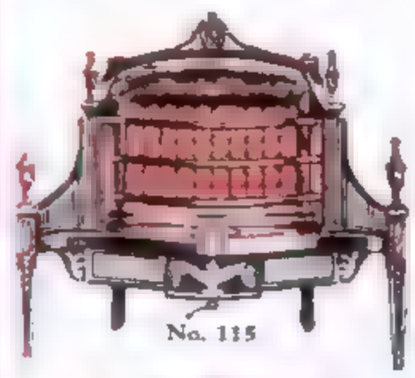
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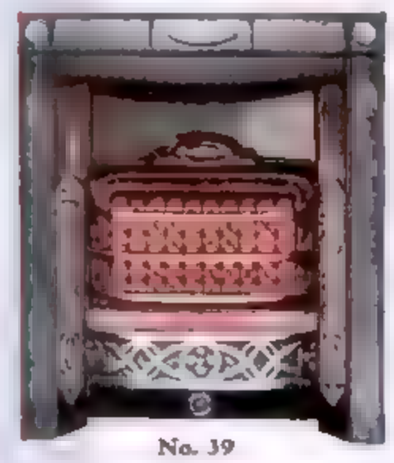
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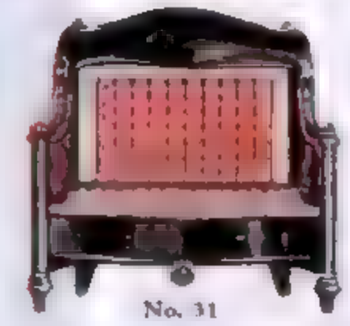
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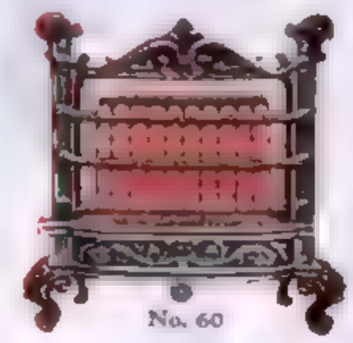
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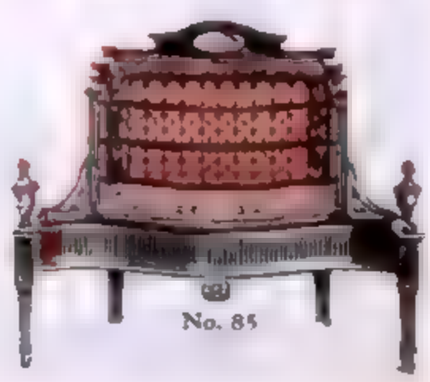
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The drink that has outgrown seasons

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

8 million a day

More than that—it has outgrown geography—until it is now the all-year-round drink everywhere, with an average of 8 million refreshing drinks per day throughout the year.

Playing, working, walking, talking make you welcome a pause for this one great drink with that delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment—one little minute that's long enough for a big rest.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in a patented bottle—the bottle you can identify even in the dark. Every bottle sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines without the touch of human hands—assuring purity.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

(Continued from Page 80)

often been written by some shrinking violet of an author, who is very probably sitting somewhere in the back and mentally counting up the house.

I remember with joy the only one curtain speech which ever satisfied me. Long ago I was touring with an early play of mine and quarreling violently with the star, a man. It was at Utica, I think, that he stepped out to make a speech, and through a mistake the heavy curtain came down and hit him on the head.

And as to writers ——

Writing, as I have said before, is a strictly limited craft; there is nothing in it which automatically teaches its followers to sail a boat, or shoot an elephant, or play a game of golf, or even to make a speech. Yet the idea that facility in one line implies facility in a number of others will not die.

Personally I never make speeches. In the first place, I firmly believe that the world would be better off without most of the speeches that are made anyhow; and in the second place, I can't. Yet the number of telegrams, long-distance calls and special-delivery letters asking me to speak is simply colossal.

In the height of the speech season I may receive three or four telegrams in a day. Apparently the more I do not speak, the more convinced are certain organizations that the mine will be gold, once it is opened up.

I have only one of two courses left to me. I can listen to the siren voices which call me away from my desk to those thousand and one public dinners—with speeches—women's clubs—with speeches—chambers of commerce—with speeches—and so on; travel, be made much of, speak—and that badly—and in other words exploit such reputation as I have already made. Or I can stay at home and try to improve the work which has put me where I am. I have chosen to stay at home.

The Business of Being a Writer

True, every now and then still some organization, on the strength of having invited me, announces to a waiting and breathless world that I am to be among those present, and thus trades on my name. But this happens comparatively seldom. Nor is it limited to organizations. After an absolute refusal to report the Hall-Mills murder trial, one syndicate which had asked me to do so published my acceptance.

But I have watched the gradual disintegration of too many careers before this god of public applause; the great hall full of faces, or the long dining table; the clapping of hands, the looks of admiration or expectancy. "Ladies and gentlemen ——"

It is not good enough. More—it is extremely bad. It, too, is like a drug, this personal contact with success, this actual visualization of the result of all the years of lonely labor. More than that, it kills that humility without which no creative worker can carry on and improve. Too much praise is as bad as too little. The day I am satisfied with what I do, that day I am through, and I know it.

So one begins to perceive that there is more in this business of being a celebrity of sorts than appears on the surface. I have no objections to giving up a lock of my hair, as I did to an elderly lady last summer, although a closely shingled head has not much to spare; I am flattered rather than otherwise when the leader of a coal miners' band in the West wants me to write a sketch for them so they can go into vaudeville.

But I am prepared to say that it has taken an iron determination, an unlisted telephone and a secret office downtown to enable me to do any work at all. And not only that; for several years now there has also had to be a second office—a business one. While I read all my letters, it is obvious that I cannot reply to all of them, although I do quite a lot of that. Also, I can no longer cope with the details of what is at once a profession and a business. The professional side, yes; the other, no. The filing cases, the bookkeeping, the telegrams and cables, and a certain amount of the mail must all be routed through a carefully organized machine.

Of course writing has possibly more by-products than have other careers, for the successful author sells a variety of products. He sells magazine rights, second-serial rights to newspapers, book rights and foreign-translation rights. In addition, there may be moving-picture and dramatic rights.

Yet I am frank to say that, even with the machine in full operation, it is often hard for me to see my work for the dust it raises. And the same problems face all writers who have any demand for their material.

My Freak-Letter File

But there is still another element to be considered. Sometimes it is amusing, sometimes not. There are a good many times when any celebrity, whatever his caliber, feels rather like the darky at country fairs, with his head stuck through a curtain while the populace amuses itself by firing things at him. Both the critics and the general public take a hand in this game and seem to enjoy it. The general public usually resorts to the mail; the critic is not so secretive.

In my own case, pretty nearly everything but bombs has come in by post. Once I received a hemp cord on which small lead bullets had been melted and fastened. The writer had cut it off his own neck and sent it to me to wear, whether to ward off demons or to choke myself to death his incoördinate letter did not make clear. Horsehair belts from cowboys who have made a slip in the ownership of a horse and are languishing in jail; rather pathetic jewel boxes of inlaid wood, made in penitentiaries—these last for sale—little handkerchiefs, made at night under an oil lamp by work-stiffened fingers; bits of sage from the West—there is some by me now—flowers, candy—most of these gifts are friendly, and they are never too small for me to appreciate them.

I do not know the senders. Ninety-nine one-hundredths of my mail is from people I do not know. And sometimes the results are curious. I received from a prisoner in a government penitentiary, for example, a series of the most spiritual and most beautiful letters of my career, only to learn after his parole and suicide that the writer had been incarcerated for sending pornographic literature through the mails. So strange and enigmatic a thing is the human heart!

Again, occasionally I become the object of some sort of fixation by a slightly unbalanced individual. It is unpleasant and occasionally dangerous. As, for example, that brilliant but erratic gentleman who confided in me by mail that he controlled the center of space and that before long he and I were to occupy it together. As he further intimated that this was not to be done without an unpleasant if brief experience called death, the result was that I temporarily took to cover, and that for a long time any stranger in an elevator reaching into his hip pocket for his handkerchief sent a cold chill up my spine.

The freak-letter file has a number of these curiosities. For instance, covering a period of months, every day or two I would receive an envelope containing scraps snipped at random from what appeared to be a seedman's catalogue, on which figures were written in ink. Again, for a very long time it was quite the usual thing for me to open an envelope and discover the two of diamonds or the ace of spades; in this case there was always a neatly typed scrap of paper also, containing names chosen by some mysterious process to which I held no key. Thus Jezebel and Calvin Coolidge figured together—the only time in his life, probably, when Mr. Coolidge's name was linked with that of a dubious female.

But it is to the anonymous letter writers that I referred when I spoke of the coconut shy. I do not read them any more; my normal procedure now is to open a letter, see if it is signed, and then, if it is signed, to read it. The rest go into the wastebasket; I have no time to bother with them. Now and then, however, one is slipped to me by some trick, and I read it before I know what I am doing. Lunching at the Plaza in New York a year or two ago, a note was presented to me, along with my coffee. It read:

Mary Roberts Rinehart: I have been watching you for a long time. All I can say is how do you get along with it? You may have a lot of people fooled, but you have never fooled me. I can't read your stuff and I won't waste good money buying it.

It was unsigned. Well, a great many people undoubtedly feel as the writer felt, and I have a sneaking sympathy with them. But, if it does the writer any good to read this—only he or she will not read it, naturally—it gave me a most frightful attack of indigestion at once.

The other attacking party is the critics. There are two sorts of criticism—constructive and destructive. Both have their value when they are authoritative, but it is on that question of authority that the celebrity, large or very small, must rest his case.

In my own work, reviews published fall into three classes: First, those ready-made reviews sent out by publishers, and rather more largely used than is generally supposed; second, those reviews written without either knowledge, literary background or authority, where it is sheer presumption either to praise or to blame; and third, and relatively small in number, the work being done, honestly and intelligently, to guide the public taste and to inform authors as to their weaknesses and their strengths.

Thoughts to Burn

It is only this third class which has any interest for me, and although I have ceased taking press cuttings, I read these reviews when I see them. But even then, what can they tell me that I do not already know? Every fault, every weakness in my work, is despairingly apparent to me. I write a book three times; if I could do it three times more it might approximately satisfy me. It would never do so completely, for that writer is lost who achieves complacency in his work. It is not so very long since I picked up the entire first half of a novel and threw it into the fire. It represented months of work.

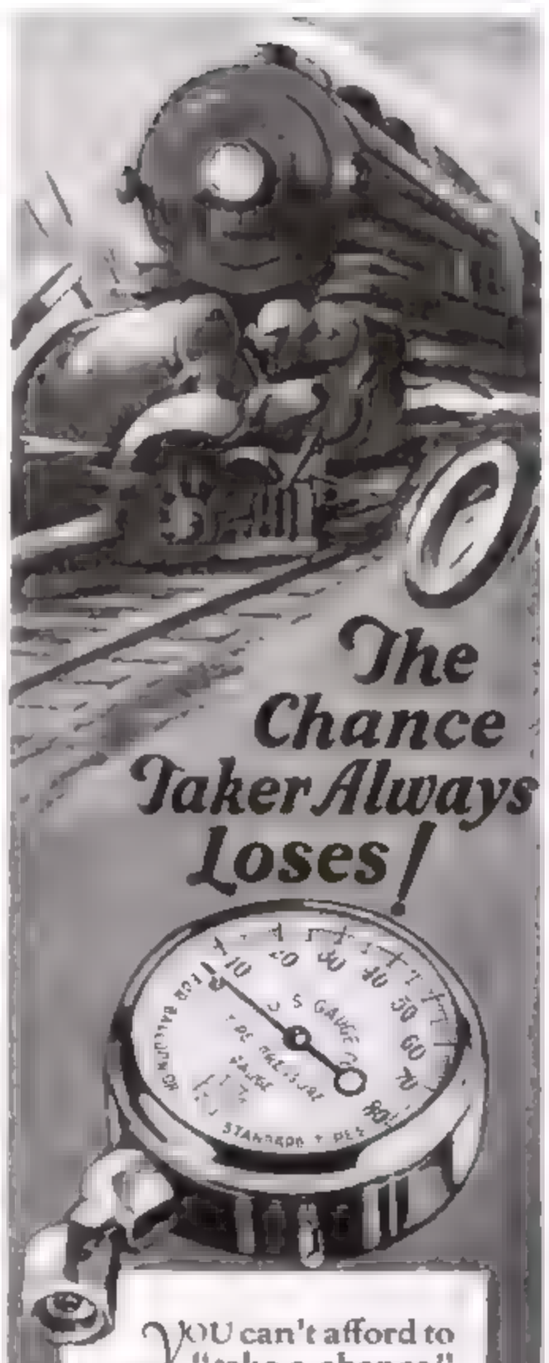
Still, even criticism has its humorous side. On my way West this summer I picked up a Middle West newspaper and read the following:

The Amazing Interlude is the best thing Mary Roberts Rinehart has ever done. Lost Ecstasy is the worst. She does not need the money. Why does she do it? Oh, why?

Personally I never enlightened the young lady, although the pathos of her appeal touched me.

So it goes on.

There is a popular and erroneous belief that having a success is something like



YOU can't afford to "take a chance" on tire inflation!

Balloon tires lose pressure on an average of 3 to 4 pounds a week, according to an official prominent in the industry, who also states that tires which are run with 4 pounds less than the specified pressure show decidedly abnormal wear—a scallop on the front tires and smooth on the rear.

This means that you can get full mileage and maximum riding comfort from your tires only by maintaining the specified pressure—checking up the inflation at least once a week with an *accurate* tire gauge.

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Ask for a U. S. GAUGE by name at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, order direct. Price, $1.50, with leather case.

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having a pearl necklace. You get it; it is thereafter yours; you have all the fun of having it—and it must be fun.

Well, it isn't all fun, I assure you. And as to its permanence, it is rather more like having a wart than having a pearl necklace. For at least with reasonable care one can keep a necklace, but with a wart, where are you? You grow accustomed to it; you may even like it. And then you wake up some morning and your wart is gone. A good many careers slip away just like that. For first one has to achieve success, and then one has to keep it.

And this is particularly so with writing. An actor can play a part many times, and the more he plays it the better he is—or should be. The prima donna is in much the same case. And a man who has by sheer genius invented a machine to make lace curtains or electric-light bulbs can go away and let the machine do the work. Nothing stops if he has a headache or takes a vacation, or wakes up some morning hating and loathing the very thought of lace curtains or electric-light bulbs.

But examine the situation of the writer; he is his own plant, yet he is allowed nothing on his income-tax return either for upkeep or depreciation. When he manufactures an article he is allowed no costs of production; the value of three dollars' worth of blank yellow paper is exactly the same, in the eyes of the Government, as when, after a year of hard labor, he has turned it into a book. But his problem is much greater than that.

He can never repeat himself. He must create a new article every day. And as if that were not enough, if he has had a success he must top it the next time, or have it said that he is going back. And he cannot order a carload of this and some sacks of that and manufacture it. He has to go straight up under his bit of a laurel wreath and find it. Yes, the more I think of Angelo and the ice plant the better I like the idea.

Of course training helps, and possibly there is a certain amount of automatism. I have trained myself to go to my desk as automatically as I now, when a news photographer enters the room, drape myself behind a hotel table and dip a pen into an inkwell which has been dry for years.

Still and all, there it is. It is hard work and lonely work, and yesterday is no help for today or guide for tomorrow. And into the bargain, that celebrity does not exist who does not realize that just below him, on his little particular ladder, are those who are moving up to take his place.

The Sad Lot of Woman

Just why the public curiosity as to the private lives of well-known people, I have never been able to understand. The average celebrity is as liable to waken with a morning grouch as other people, to have orange juice and an egg for breakfast, and to face the day with the usual resignation.

As a matter of fact, the celebrities I know do not so much differ from the rest of the world as from one another. Take the lot of the two sexes, for example. Consider the gentlemen who have achieved renown. We may say at once that beauty is not an essential, or there would not be so many of them; still, if Nature has been particularly unkind, we can always say of a gifted male that his face is strong, or spiritual, or even Rabelaisian. And, since masculine attire is either beautiful or hideous, as one's opinion may be, at least it is standardized.

There is no necessity, therefore, for the gentlemen of the species who are about to confront their public to lie awake at night wondering what they ought to wear. Or to get up at the crack of dawn to have their faces massaged, their hair waved, their nails manicured, and a last frantic fitting for their clothes.

The thing that wears out women who must be in the public eye is not the work they do, or have done. It is, in reality, the essential feminine instinct to be all things to all men—to look as they are expected to look, act as they are expected to act, be entertaining, somber, brilliant or caustic, according to the public's idea of them.

An Honorary Hobo

Long ago I found I could not do it; it required of a mind already weary a type of agility that would put a healthy Oriental flea to shame. And there was no possibility of satisfying everyone, at that; as witness this recent letter from one who terms himself a hobo, and who wrote from Hangman Creek in the state of Washington. In it he states that since, in a Western article of mine, I had said that "I put on my boots and was dressed," it has been his intention to propose my name as an honorary member of his hobo group.

But he goes on:

> Then I pick up a paper, and what do I see? This same Mary all dolled up in furs like the swell dame she is, and horor of horors, she's got two of them society canines on the string. I give up.

Is it any wonder that men who have reached a certain place show less wear and tear than women? Nor is it solely a matter of the face one turns out to the world.

The masculine celebrity has merely to emerge from his studio, or his study, or wherever he labors to be a celebrity. His household is wary, on the watch. Should he emerge for his dinner with the frown of concentration on his forehead, all sounds cease.

He eats his soup in a sort of Jovian silence; perhaps he is still creating. He may even call for pencil and a pad, or failing that, jot down fugitive brilliancies on the tablecloth.

But the average woman celebrity has to learn to leave her work behind her as completely as a tooth in the dentist's forceps leaves a mouth.

Judging by myself, any fugitive brilliancies which may occur to me during a meal would be about as follows:

"Really, if the laundress cannot learn to iron things on a padded board. . . . I don't like red roses with those candles: one kills the other. . . . The soup is right; it was a little too salty last night. . . . Good heavens, I must buy some uniforms and aprons—and some napkins. I must make a note of tea napkins."

Years ago, when I began to write, there was a very distinct suspicion of women in my profession, so clear that I produced my first play—in 1907, I think it was—as Rinehart Roberts. And I have always felt that the critics would have been kinder had not the star, on the opening night in New York, given away my sex by saying that the author could not be present, as she was at home trimming a Christmas tree for her children.

It is somewhat less now, although it still exists. Yet why? Women do more actual living than men. Perhaps the quiet little mother of a family who has never left her home knows more about the profundities of living than the explorer who dines with a lama in Tibet.

This is not true of all other professions. Singing, for example. If I could sing like a lark, which I cannot, there would be no invidious comparisons either of my voice, my delivery or my method with the Carusos of the singing world. I would stand on my own. In the theatrical world there is even a cult of the actress. Men on the stage suffer from this cult of the feminine, and know it. The same is even more true in pictures.

But in the writing world it is still something of a handicap to be a woman. Not with editors, not even with readers, but certainly with those individuals who earn their livelihood by being funny, pretentious, bombastic, satiric or patronizing to authors. It is difficult to say why this should be. Writing is not a romantic profession; it is, in its inactivity, its sedentariness if I may use the word—rather opposed to that world of action in which the male human being is at his best. The average writer of any sex is more apt to have his calluses from too much sitting than on his hands or his feet. But then, critics are always of the desk too!

Mostly, I think, the people who have achieved a certain reputation are a trifle frightened by it. I know I am. Nothing so daunts me as to have somebody rush up, grasp my hands and say that he, or she, has read all my works. Mostly it isn't true anyhow, but what should one do under the circumstances? Look modest and wait for words of praise—or crawl under the porch? I don't know. I never have known.

There ought to be a book of etiquette for celebrities. The best method of attack for the person who has read your "little story," when you have spent weeks and months of blood and sweat on it; the proper attitude and degree of smile when wide-eyed people spend hours pleading useless causes with you; the kind but firm handling of people who ruthlessly insist on photographing you in unbecoming postures—or unknown to you, if possible—and later publishing the pictures; the exact degree of civility necessary, when, by strenuous exertion, you have at last managed to get an hour or so that a little sister of the press may have an interview, and when after powdering her nose, she says sweetly: "And now what would you like to talk about, Mrs. Rinehart?"

What a Celebrity Should Know

And there are other things to be put into such a book. What to say when, attending what you have expected to be a private dinner, you are called upon to speak. What to write in autograph albums. What to do when a high-school class takes you up for study, and fifty-six earnest-eyed young people write individually and ask you for the story of your life. How to look like a celebrity. How to act like a celebrity. What to do with begging letters. How to select something from your works to put in the front of a book. How to avoid being an honorary this-or-that when your name promises to be useful. How to prevent the use of your name in such cases without your consent. How to stop people from asking to use your telephone, when it is unlisted, so they can secure the telephone number. What to say to the people who want to know if you take your characters from real life. What to do with the people who drag you into corners and tell you the story of their lives, so you can make books out of them. How to decline politely to give opinions on the books of other writers. How to kill quickly the individual you have met for five minutes in Paris or Naples, and who presents himself with a glad smile and a demand for his name. I would write such a book myself, but I know none of the answers.

Of course there are compensations—plenty of them. If I did not like my public enormously I would not be writing this article to amuse and possibly interest it. As the young lady said in the book review, I do not need the money! But I do need my public. It has made my life very difficult at times, but although I may rail at its demands, I am secretly proud that it assumes that its interests are mine.

And there are other compensations; witness that charming little freshman who was giving her reasons for entering Mills College to Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, the brilliant head of that institution. She looked up gravely at Doctor Reinhardt and, mustering all her courage, said:

"I think it was because you wrote K."

Even the press, which tries me hard at times, has been considerate when it has felt that consideration was the kindest thing. Thus, when last spring in Honolulu I broke three ribs by falling in the bathroom across a porcelain fixture, the cable to the mainland expressly stated that I had been thrown from a horse. That, as the bell boy said in the hotel, is tact.

The Imp of the Perverse

No, as I seem to have said earlier, it is not all beer and skittles. Even the humblest celebrity must struggle to keep his head as small as his wreath. And not only must he fight against the auto-intoxication of even a slight touch of celebrity and the natural instinct to stop struggling when the goal is in sight; he is apt to find as time goes on that almost everything is making demands on him, except the work itself.

It is these distractions which I have found most fatal. Sometimes I feel as distracted as the small boy's mother, when a great financier was coming to Sunday luncheon. Now this financier had a very large and bulbous nose, and Johnnie was warned neither to stare at it nor to mention it. Nor did he, but when the coffee came on and Johnnie was finally excused, his distracted mother turned to the guest and said:

"Mr. Blank, will you have sugar and cream in your nose?"

Is it worth while, I wonder? How many small and helpless and friendly things has this little forest fire of mine destroyed? More than I know, perhaps. To shut a door, and for hours of every day close out a world that talks and laughs and grieves and aspires just beyond it, so that one may live with the shadow of a dream; to exchange reality for unreality, and only so many days in a year, and so many years in a lifetime ——

Poor lovers of the moon that we are, struggling for the unattainable, forever reaching out for what is beyond our grasp—better for all of us sometimes to lie back and look at the thing to which we aspire. This moon—what of it? And suppose one gets a moon, after all? Who wants a moon anyhow? I am sure I do not. I never did.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 24

induces adipose tissue. Roll, roll, roll, all over the floor at morn, and what percentage? A tortured frame, for the sake of a hope forlorn; a pound of gain for an ounce of loss, and swathings of pink elastic, and a gown so frank that my stars I thank for night and a sheath more plastic. Bran and spinach and prunes, prunes and spinach and bran; and I feebly glare at the loathly fare, but how can I lift the ban? And where is my joy in friends whose avoirdupois has grown? I hardly heed their terrible tales, they seem so like my own, they seem so like my own, because of the fasts we keep, till over the spinach our eyes grow dim, and into our tea we weep. Bant, bant, bant, in the dull December days, and pant, pant, pant, in the heat of the summer haze; while pacing the sunny street the sinuous flappers go, as if to show me their slender backs and twit me with my woe. If I snatch but a respite brief, like a starveling wolf let loose, the whole darn regimen comes to grief, and it's back to the lemon juice!"

Sip, sip, sip; what price a declining weight! And still she murmured with trembling lip—even the bravest may sometimes slip—the dieter's hymn of hate.

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

For over a quarter-century, F. A. Seiberling has been an acknowledged leader of the tire industry.

Practically every major improvement in tire making—in tire construction—bears the imprint of his inventive genius, or has been developed under his direction.

As President of the Lincoln Highway Association, his pioneering spirit rejoiced in the task of bringing toward fulfillment the first vision of a great national highway.

Today he is coöperating in what promises to be the greatest road-building achievement of all time: the planning of a broad highroad which will begin at Quebec on the North, traverse North, Central and South America—which will join seventeen republics and condense a hemisphere into one social and commercial unit.

To an Industry which has Wrought a Miracle

An Editorial by Frank A. Seiberling

Memory will recall to most of us a day on which we turned to the curb and for the first time gazed with almost unbelieving eyes upon an awkward vehicle from which the familiar horse was most conspicuously missing.

And some of us smiled a little at the idea of a buggy with an engine in it.

Yet from that homely chrysalis has emerged the marvel of speed and grace which we know today as the automobile.

The most intricate mechanism devised by the mind of man, yet so wonderfully made that in obedience to the pressure of a foot, the touch of a hand, we glide nimbly through traffic, or rival the speed of a mighty locomotive on the open road.

Truly, here is a miracle.

And your achievement reaches far beyond the physical things you have created.

You have inspired the building of highways which are binding town to town, city to city, and coast to coast.

You have coined the well-paid labor of millions into pleasure and happiness and prosperity for many millions more.

And today you call upon the mines and looms and workshops of the world in your striving toward ultimate perfection.

In all history no industrial group has brought about so great a change in the life of a people—has made so great a contribution to the cause of civilization.

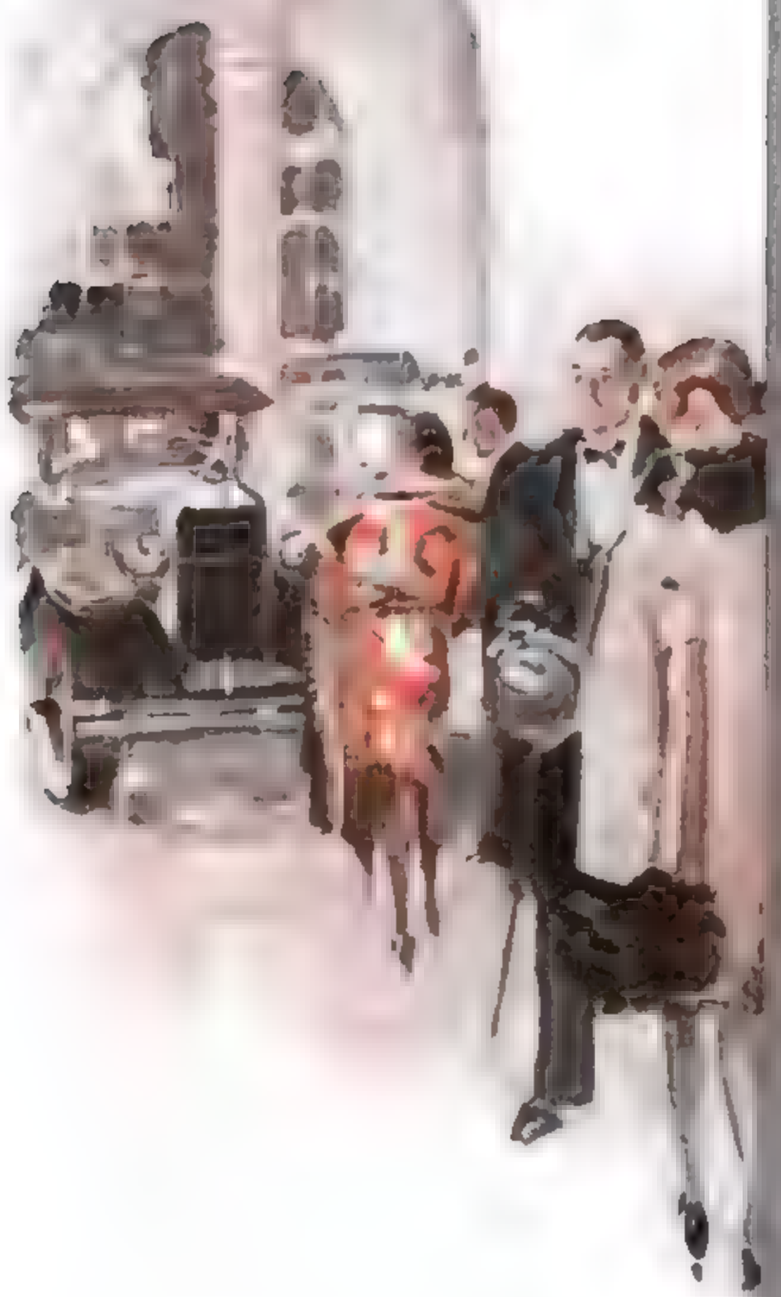
F. A. Seiberling

Once a "Show"... *Now a Salon*

"What a garden of color—what an infinite variety of graceful line and form! Surely there's a car here to suit every taste and every pocketbook. Let's stop and look at this sporty little roadster. Isn't it smart? Even the tires—"

Whenever the talk turns to tires—fine tires—tires that are distinguished in looks as they are famous for trouble-free service—the talk will turn to Seiberling All-Treads.

And if you'll look at the tires on some of the finer cars, you'll see the reason why.



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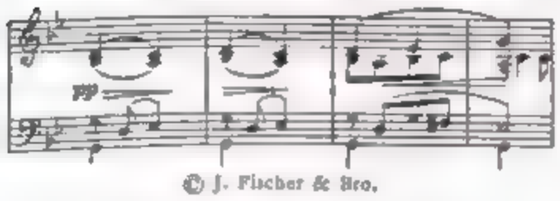
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The Seiberling Singers, with their male chorus, their soloists, their orchestra and their organ, form a combination new to radio. Always you'll hear interesting, tuneful music when you turn to them—and always one or more numbers believed to be new to broadcasting.

Listen for their Tuesday evening program at eight o'clock (Eastern standard time) through WEAF and twenty-six associated stations. You'll hear "The Jobberwocky—a Ballad of Automobility," for one thing; and numbers by such composers as DeKoven, Deems Taylor, Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Where the Talk will Surely Turn to Tires

Where many fine cars are brought together you'll find yourself sooner or later thinking—talking—tires.

And no other tire has so many things to talk about as the Seiberling All-Tread.

It is built under the direction of F. A. Seiberling, who for over a quarter-century has led in tire development.

He introduced the one-piece tread with side-bar protection; in the Seiberling factory was developed the water-bag method of uniform vulcanization.

Yet, not content with this record, to *quality* Mr. Seiberling has added *quantity*.

Today's Seiberling Balloons contain twenty per cent more rubber, twenty-five per cent stronger cotton—more material —*more tire*—than ever before.

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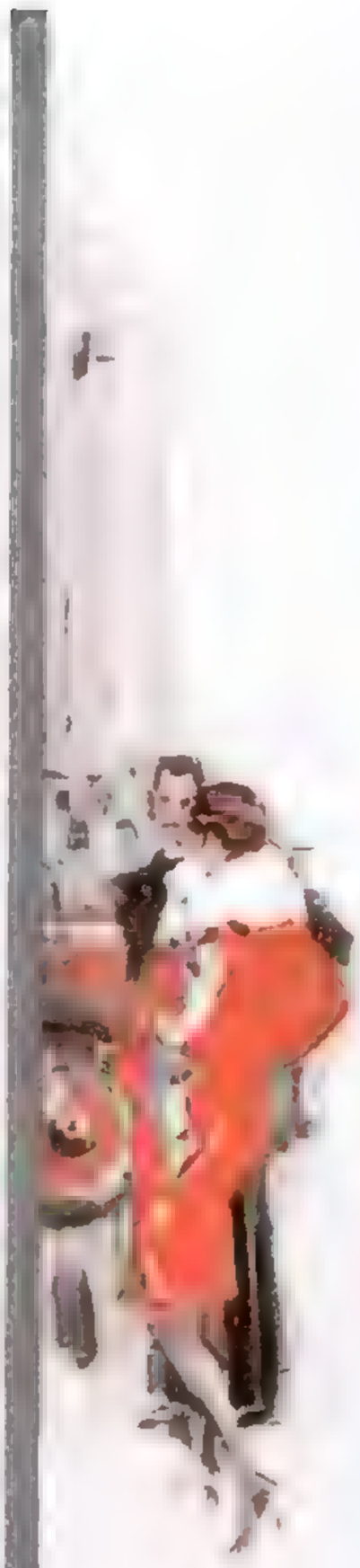

THE GLORY OF KINGS

(Continued from Page 5

good job. Just right. If you'd hit me any harder I'd have a sore jaw, and if you hadn't hit me so hard I'd probably have knocked you cold."

"Any time," Counce suggested in pleasant challenge.

Dave shook his head. "I'm not looking for trouble," he replied. "I'm the most peaceful man you ever saw!"

"Just in the way of exercise," Counce urged. "We could go up to the gym right now."

"Say," Dave protested. "What do you want to do? Beat me up? Unless," he added bitterly—"unless you've got your orders. I wouldn't want to interfere with them."

Counce shook his head. "No orders at all," he said. "Only, when you're feeling all right we'll go down to the office."

"Office," Dave repeated. "I'm pretty shaky. I'd rather go out home." His mother would be there to speak in his defense.

"Orders is the office," Counce explained.

"I might give some orders," Dave threatened, but Counce only grinned.

"Who to?" he inquired.

"Oh, all right," Dave said, surrendering; and he lay a little while with his eyes closed, and asked at last, "Where's Lush? What happened to her?"

"Oh, she was cold sober," Counce replied. "You don't have to worry about her!"

"How about Willie?" Dave persisted. "What did he do while you were punching me?"

Counce grinned. "He ducked," he explained. "Yes, sir, Mr. Linnekin didn't act like he wanted any part of it. I never paid any particular attention to him when I first come in, and the next thing I knew he was gone. And the other girl too. Miss Brier, she stayed to talk to your old man. I brought you along down here."

Dave said resentfully, "A little high-handed, weren't you?"

"Orders," Counce explained.

"Suppose those orders don't go for me?" Dave asked challengingly. "I don't know that I want to go down to see father today. Let him cool off a while."

"You'll go," Counce replied mildly, and Dave opened his eyes and looked at the other man.

"More rough stuff?" he suggested querulously.

"Well, not exactly," Counce explained. "I was to tell you that you're going one of two places. By and by, after you get dressed, either we're going down to your father's office or we're going to the nearest station house."

"Station house?" Dave echoed, frankly startled. "How's that?"

"That check," Counce replied.

"What check?" The young man was wide awake now.

"That check Harry Hurley cashed for you," Counce explained.

Dave grinned derisively. "Let him stew for a while," he retorted. "It won't do him any harm. He's made a profit out of me, and I'll cover it in a day or two."

Counce looked at him curiously. "I guess you don't remember about that, do you?" he commented; and Dave, faintly dismayed, asked:

"Why? What's the idea? I ran short of money and I cashed a check with Hurley. That's all. My account's a little overdrawn, but that don't amount to anything."

"Well, you see," Counce explained, "you didn't bother to draw a check on your own account. You cashed a check old Mrs. Freeling gave you for the Vicksburg Public Works Bond. It was drawn to your father, and you set his name on it."

Dave looked at the other attentively. "You mean I forged father's name?" he asked sharply.

"Guess you did," Counce agreed in an imperturbable tone.

"Hurley must have known it," Dave urged desperately.

"Sure," Counce agreed. "That's how we knew where you were. Mr. Bugbee came and told your father what you were up to, but we didn't know where to look for you till Hurley called up and asked if the check was all right. I guess he knew it wasn't, but he wasn't worried. He figured your father'd stand for it."

"What did he telephone for, then?" Dave insisted.

Counce shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know," he confessed. "Maybe he wanted a little action. But anyway, that's the way it lays. I guess the best thing for you to do is come down to the office with me, ain't it?"

Dave said resentfully: "What do you expect, with a club like that over my head?" He sat up. "Come on," he said. "Let's get it over with. What time is it?"

"Half-past twelve," Counce told him. "I called up Mr. Temple a while back. Told him you'd be down sometime between now and three o'clock. Whenever you got straightened out."

"All right," said Dave. "Where are my clothes? Let's go."

"I sent for a suitcase for you," Counce explained. "You couldn't go downtown in a dinner coat."

Dave nodded. "You think of everything, don't you?" he commented dryly. "All right. Let's get going."

While he was dressing he fell into a silence which Counce made no effort to disturb, but during the interval before they left the Turkish bath, and while they were on their way downtown in a taxicab, his sullen anger grew. He knew his father well enough to be sure that while the older man might conceivably have forgiven the mad folly of his marriage, this business of the check was another matter altogether. That was a misdemeanor for which he could expect little mercy. And because his own situation seemed to him, in the light of this fact, so hopeless, Dave fretted querulously, and his thoughts twisted and turned. He was like a rat in a trap, expecting the approach of the trapper with a club, desperately twisting to be free.

But there was no escape for him, and his guilty terrors made him hate his father, in that moment, as much as he feared him. He thought venomously: "I'd like to get the old man in a vise one day! I'd like to put the screws on him for once! Let him see how it feels."

Unlikely as was this contingency, the thought persisted, even while he wondered what his father meant to do.

IV

BURDON TEMPLE'S offices were on the sixth floor of the Mercantile Trust Building. He had no partners. The only individual who approached that status in his organization was Irving Bugbee, who had distinguished himself above the rank and file of the young men Temple employed as salesmen. Bugbee had an office of his own, but Dave had viewed this fact in the past with good-natured indifference. Irv was all right; a solid, serious, pale young man whose sober manner had the effect of inspiring confidence among those with whom he sought to deal. But Dave had never accorded him the flattery of envy. So soon as he himself was ready to do so, he had felt, he would devote himself to the business and assume in the organization the place for which his father destined him. Till that time came, till he wearied of less burdensome activities, Dave was content that Bugbee should bear the load

He had always in the past come into the office of Temple & Company with a certain contented patronage in his manner, wearing the aspect which it seemed to him befitted the heir to the throne; but today, emerging from the elevator with Counce at his elbow, in spite of his self-confident assurance Dave's cheeks wore an unaccustomed pallor, and the smile with which he greeted the young woman at the switchboard was a little more appealing and less patronizing than he meant it to be. He wished, if it were possible, to conceal from her eyes and from other eyes here his present status; so now, before Counce could speak to her, he said quickly:

"Is my father in?"

"He's dictating just now," she replied. "But he told me to let him know when you came."

Dave nodded. "I'll be at my desk," he said, and turned aside into the large room where Temple's force of salesmen had their quarters.

There were a dozen desks here, an array of shelves burdened with financial publications, a ticker, and the other appurtenances of the profession which concerns itself with the conservation and culture of the fruits of other professions. Three or four men were in the room, and they nodded to Dave, and he thought there was a quizzical and curious light in their eyes. He sat down at his desk and ran through the correspondence in the tray, but it was difficult to concentrate his attention upon these matters now. Counce had followed him, was standing by in careless vigilance.

Bugbee came into the room to speak to one of the salesmen and saw Dave sitting there and approached him. "Hello, Dave," he said uncomfortably.

Dave tilted back in his chair and looked up at the grave young man with a derisive grin.

"Morning, little sunshine!" he replied. "How's the market on tells and tales this morning?"

Bugbee flushed faintly. "I'm sorry, Dave," he said. "We got there as soon as we could."

Dave nodded. That was like Bugbee, he thought. There was a stubborn honesty in the young man which Dave had always found provoking. It was like him not even to pretend that he regretted the sneaking trick he had done the night before. Dave nodded grimly.

"You mean you're sorry you didn't get there in time to stop it?" he suggested, and saw the assent in Bugbee's eyes, and said ironically: "Well, that's a matter of taste. Men have different standards. Good-by, Irv, old man."

Bugbee colored faintly and turned away about his business, and a moment later Miss Manter came quietly to Dave's desk. He looked up at her, hurt anger and defiance in his eyes, and she said gravely:

"Your father is ready to see you now!"

He hesitated, then grinned and rose to his feet, and he said lightly, "Sorry you couldn't dine with me." He could not resist adding, "Might have been different if you had."

Her quick movement was curiously eloquent of protest and hurt reproach, but she merely said, "He is waiting!"

He nodded. "Boiling, is he?"

"He will see you," she repeated, and turned away.

Dave looked after her for a moment bitterly, then crossed the waiting room toward the door of his father's private office.

The door was closed, but he opened it without knocking and went in. His father at the moment was talking over the telephone. The older man's eyes met those of his son with a peremptory glance which bade David wait and be silent, and Dave stood just within the door. Counce moved quietly past him, and Miss Manter also came in and closed the door behind her. Temple was talking with Dave's mother; and Dave heard the older man say:

"Yes, Lelia. . . . Yes, he got in half an hour ago. Had a very successful trip. . . . Yes, I think the business is going to turn out well. . . . He's getting hold of things."

His father's words came disconnectedly, in reply to the questions Dave knew his mother must be asking. Lelia Temple was one of those women who endure a burden of ill health almost beyond their strength, yet always cheerfully and smilingly. For years, Dave knew, his father had shielded her and protected her in every conceivable way, just as now he was lying to spare her the pain she must have had from knowledge of the truth about Dave's escapade.

He knew his father's hatred of a lie, and because he felt his own guilt in the matter he resented these tender untruths and hated his father for telling them. And he nursed this hatred moodily. He thought it would be pleasant to have his father for once under his thumb, in such a position that the older man must be the one to make the apologies and entreaties. It was not, Dave told himself, impossible. His father was vulnerable. Vulnerable, for instance, where Lelia Temple was concerned; and Dave formed in his thoughts a dozen futile devices, a dozen ways by which he might strike at Burdon Temple through his wife.

He must strike his father without injuring her, for Dave, in a fashion furtive and half ashamed, loved her as much as his father did. He concealed his affection beneath a half-derisive cajolery, admitting it not even to himself; yet it ran as an undercurrent to all his life, and to shield her he would have lied as readily as now his father did.

"I'll let him go home early," Burdon Temple said. "Promise. . . . Yes. . . . Of course he has a lot to do here, but that can wait. . . . I'll send him out in an hour or two, dear. . . . This was just an overnight trip, or I wouldn't have let him go without seeing you before he left."

And at last, when Dave's patience was near the breaking point, his father terminated the conversation. "In an hour. . . . Yes, dear. Possibly a little more, but soon in any case. . . . Good-by."

He returned the receiver to the hook and sat forward in his chair, his elbows resting on his desk, hands twisted together; and he looked at the three of them. Spoke first to the stenographer.

"Type what I gave you, will you, Miss Manter?" he directed. "I will ring for you by and by."

She turned without a word and went out and closed the door behind her.

"Sit down, Counce," said Burdon Temple. And so at last to his son. "David, sit down here." And he indicated a chair at the end of his desk.

Dave crossed the room, his feet soundless on the heavy rug, and took the chair the other indicated; and with a gesture half nervousness and half bravado he drew a cigarette from his case and lighted it. The older man sat for a moment looking at his desk pad fixedly, saying no word; but presently he turned, swung in his chair, swung the chair itself about until he faced his son, no more than an arm's reach between them.

Temple was a man somewhat older than Dave's age required. He must have been sixty, or a little past. His hair was gray, would soon be white; and about his mouth and his eyes there was a suggestion of the weariness of old age. He was like a man whose vigorous years were done; who continued, as it were, by his own momentum; who held his head aloft because his feet were firmly founded, though the strength which had erected him so high was beginning to decay.

Dave was somewhat smaller than his father in stature and in girth and bulk. He had a loose and wiry strength, where the other man was solid and indomitable. Yet Counce, a cigar between his teeth, watching them from the other side of the room, thought there was a likeness between the two. "But the kid's a weak sister," he told

(Continued on Page 90)

THE NEW WINTER STYLES IN SOCKS
ORIGINAL HAND-CRAFT DESIGNS
IN WONDERFULLY BLENDED COLORINGS
BY AMERICA'S BEST KNOWN MAKER
Interwoven
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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himself grimly. "It's a wonder the old man's let him live so long."

Temple looked at his son, and the first word he spoke came softly. "You heard me lie to your mother, Dave," he suggested.

Dave nodded and leaned forward to flick the ash from his cigarette into a copper tray. "That's nothing new, is it?" he said pleasantly.

"Nothing new, no," his father agreed. "I've lied before this to protect you."

Dave shook his head. "You're wrong there," he said in casual defiance. "You don't give a darn about me. You lie to protect her."

Burdon Temple colored in a somber fashion, but when he spoke again his tone was level and undisturbed. "Let's have it accurately, if you will," he agreed. "I lie to protect her against the unhappiness you would bring her, as you have brought it to me. I've done it for five or six years now, Dave. Since you were half through college. I wouldn't do it for anyone else in the world."

Dave said lightly: "You needn't bother. I can fix it up with her. She doesn't think so badly of me as you imagine."

The older man nodded. "That is true," he agreed. "She loves you, and when a woman loves a man it is hard for her to believe anything but the best of him, easy for her to find excuses for the worst in him. No doubt if I were to tell her the truth now, she would find some excuse for you, some solace in the situation; convince herself that this wife of yours must have her good qualities; persuade herself that everything will turn out well in the end."

Dave shifted in his chair. "Well," he retorted, "why not? I wouldn't say that matrimony has got off to a flying start with me. Not with you and Irving and your watchdog over there butting in the way you did. But it might come out all right."

Burdon Temple shook his head, and his utterance was thick with grief. "You sometimes bewilder me, Dave," he confessed. "It is hard for me to believe, but I can't help seeing that you have not the least love for your mother, that you are willing to sacrifice her to the hilt at any time."

Dave made a movement as though to speak, but the other interrupted him, crying out explosively, "But by heaven, there's one concern which does have weight with you! You've no consideration for me, no affection for your mother, but you are afraid of your own hide! Dave, you're going to mend your ways from this day on, or you'll be the first sufferer!"

Dave smiled derisively. The old man was coming to the business of the check then; and Dave hid his fears behind a grin of assumed indifference, while his father began to talk about the business of finance—the business to which his life had for a score or more of years been so religiously devoted. This business was based on trust and honesty, he said; on honesty and mutual trust and an acceptance of obligations. Thousands of dollars passing from hand to hand on a word, on a signal, on the gesture of a lifted finger. The whole fabric based on the probity of the men with whom you dealt, just as their affairs were founded on a confidence in you.

Generalities, Dave thought wearily. He had heard them before. But now, in the light of his resentment at the other's harangue, he perceived that here, too, his father had a vulnerable side, that the business he had founded and developed was as dear to him as anything could be.

"If I could get something on him in a business way," thought Dave, "I could make the old man squirm."

And he played with this thought that it would be sweet to have his father subservient to his commands

But after a while he grew impatient with the other's continued dissertation. "It's all a fake, at that," he told himself scornfully. "The old man knows it, knows he's talking nonsense, knows that his best friend will get the better of him if he can. He's as quick as anyone to take advantage when the chance comes along. What license has he got to talk like this to me?"

And he broke in at last, defiantly, impatiently. "I've heard all that," he protested in a resentful tone. "I've heard it a thousand times. I'm sick of it. You've lectured me till I'm tired of listening to you. If it isn't mother, it's business; and if it isn't business, it's mother. I must do so and so, so as not to worry her; and I must do such and such, so everybody will think I was brought up in Sunday school. All right, admitted. Let's come to the point. What are you going to do about it?"

"It isn't what I'm going to do," Burdon Temple said at that in a sterner tone. "It's what you're going to do, Dave."

"Let's have it then," Dave challenged. "Let's see your hand. I put your name on that check all right. Got the money for it. Spent it too. If you want to make anything out of it, I suppose you can. What's the answer? Five years in the pen, with time off for good behavior?" He grinned derisively. "You'd have to do a lot of lying to explain that to mother."

"If it comes to that," said Burdon Temple, "she will have to endure it with me and with you. I've gone as far as I can to protect you, Dave. Now I'm going to go at you in another way. You've never been particularly anxious to do what I told you to, though I haven't been unreasonable. I've never asked you to do anything that wasn't at least moderately sensible. Never asked you to do anything that imposed any hardship on you. Sometimes you've done what I wanted; more often you've neglected to do so, or refused to do so. From now on, my son, you're going to do exactly what I say, or you're going to jail."

"I may go to jail anyway," Dave said belligerently, "unless you fix it up with Harry Hurley. He'll probably charge you a premium on that check, at that."

"I've got the check," his father replied. "You are quite right in your estimate of Mr. Hurley. It cost me 100 per cent premium. But I've got it. Also I've sufficient evidence to the fact that you forged my name on it. If you go to jail, Dave, it will be I who sends you there; if you stay out of jail it will be because I refrained from using the weapon in my hands."

"All right! All right!" Dave agreed impatiently. "What's the answer? Let's get at it. What do you want me to do?"

The older man hesitated thoughtfully. "Such things as this," he remarked, "are rumored around. There is bound to be a certain amount of talk about them. I think you should go out of town until that talk has died down. Your mother doesn't see the papers, and I'll take care that she's protected. I want you to go away for two or three months. By that time people will have forgotten."

"Bought my ticket?" Dave asked grimly. "Where to?"

"New Mexico," Temple replied. "There's a silver-lead proposition out there, an old working that has been abandoned. Some friends of mine propose to open it up again. I'm going to send you out there."

He amended this gravely. "That is to say, I'm going to suggest that you go out there to investigate the possibilities of production, the expense of putting the mill in shape, how many men will be needed, and so on. Take your time. You can do it all in a month, but I want you to take three."

He added, half to himself, "I know that country; or I did know it thirty years ago Not so much New Mexico as Colorado." His eyes clouded with memory. "Leadville and Creede and Black Hat!"

He checked himself and his expression changed, as though he set a guard upon his tongue. "That wasn't the name of the place," he decided. "But no matter. It's dead years ago, whatever the name was." And he added, "A lot of those towns are dead, but the mountains are still there. It's a beautiful country, Dave. You'll have time for fishing, have time to take a look around."

Dave said nothing, and after a moment his father went on. "So far as the work is concerned, it needn't be much on your mind," he said almost appealingly. "It's simply a question of talking with the right men. You know it has always been my policy to get all the facts before I go ahead on anything, but in this case that is not difficult. There's one thing, though, Dave. I want you to write to your mother at least once a week while you're there."

Dave lighted a fresh cigarette. "Think you can give me so much responsibility?" he asked in an ironical tone.

"There's no responsibility," Temple replied honestly. "I want you to get written opinions, options, everything in documented form. I'll take the responsibility on the basis of what you get. I'm drafting full instructions for you."

"Suppose I skip out?" Dave suggested derisively. "You'll have to give me some money for expenses. I'll be foot-loose and out of your reach. What's to hinder my ducking out? I might trot over to Hollywood and give the movies a whirl."

Temple shook his head. "Counce is going with you," he replied grimly. "I'm not going to leave you quite so free as you imagine, Dave. I don't think you're ready for that yet. Counce is going with you. You may as well understand clearly that you'll be on probation. My instructions to him"—he looked toward where Counce sat so quietly—"my instructions to him are very definite. He is not to let you out of his sight. He is to see to it that you keep out of trouble—out of the peculiar brands of trouble for which you seem to have such a predilection. You'll be a prisoner on parole, Dave, and under guard."

Dave grinned. "Sounds very attractive," he said, but his face was suffused. He looked toward Counce. "Think you're up to it, do you?" he asked challengingly.

Counce crossed his legs the other way. "Guess if I wasn't, Mr. Temple wouldn't give me the job," he replied in an indifferent fashion. "I guess I can swing it."

"In order that you may not have any false hopes," Temple explained, "you ought to know that Counce is going to carry a warrant for your arrest. He will be instructed to use it at the slightest rebellion on your part."

"Thought of everything, haven't you?" Dave commented. He was a boiling vessel of wrath, furious at his own helplessness, but he kept his tongue under control. "Thought of everything, haven't you?" he repeated.

"I have sought to," his father replied.

"How about my blushing bride?"

"I've talked with Miss Brier," Temple explained, and Dave interrupted.

"Mrs. Temple," he corrected.

His father hesitated, controlled his tongue. "I've talked with Mrs. Temple," he agreed, accepting the amendment. "She will make no difficulty. She has never seen Paris, and I was able to convince her that a few months there would be a pleasant interlude. It is a city, as you know, in which those who are that way inclined may have what passes for a gay time. And Mrs. Temple agreed with me that to be in Paris for six months with all expenses paid approaches very nearly to paradise."

Dave nodded. "And of course," he agreed, "divorces come easy there."

"Divorces or annulments," his father assented.

Dave stubbed out his cigarette and tilted back in his chair. "That the whole story?" he asked

"Substantially," the other assented; and he added, a momentary softening in his tones, "Dave, I'm trying to clear this up for you. I'm trying to give you a chance. A year from now you'll be back right where you were day before yesterday. I'm hoping you'll be ready by then to take hold in here."

Dave grinned maliciously. "Won't that interfere with dear old Irving's plans?" he remarked.

"Bugbee has been a good friend to you," his father reminded him. "No one will be any more pleased to see you settled on a straight road than Irving Bugbee."

"Oh, I'm sure of that!" Dave agreed grimly. He added curiously, "How about Linnekin? Willie talks too much sometimes. You won't be able to shut him up."

Temple nodded. "That is true," he confessed. "I have had a conference with him. He made protestations of good intent, and so far as it lies in him to do so, I presume he'll keep to them; but that is a hazard we shall have to take." He added thoughtfully, "As I remarked to you awhile ago, it is always dangerous to trust to the word of a man without character. Linnekin is such a man, but I can find no answer to the problem he presents."

Dave yawned behind his hand. "Well," he said indifferently, "I've never had a look at the Southwest, and I shan't feel badly about Lush. When do I leave?"

Temple, for answer, pressed the bell, and Miss Manter appeared in the doorway, typed sheets in her hands. She laid them on the desk before him, and he looked them over thoughtfully. "These," he explained to Dave, "are my instructions for Counce. . . . Here, Counce." The other rose and crossed to the desk. "You can draw funds from the cashier outside," Mr. Temple said, and Counce took the typed sheets and folded them and put them in his pocket and turned toward the door.

"Just a minute," Temple interjected. "I'll want you to witness this."

There was, Dave saw, another sheet remaining on his desk, and his father handed this to the young man. "Read it," Burdon Temple directed, "and then sign it, Dave."

There were only half a dozen lines, and Dave read them at a glance. A confession, he saw, to the forgery.

He grinned. "Not taking any chances, are you?" he commented. The pens were in a tray at the other end of the desk, and he looked up at the stenographer. "Hand me a pen, will you, Miss Manter?" he requested.

She met his eyes gravely, did as he asked; and he wrote his name on the dotted line.

Counce and then Miss Manter affixed their signatures as witnesses, and Temple handed the paper to the girl.

"Put it in the safe, please," he directed. She nodded and turned away.

Temple relaxed in his chair. "There," he said. "That sets things in order, Dave. Now, you go out to the house and see your mother. Tell her you have to go West. Or no, I'll call her up and tell her that." His lips set in stern lines. "And, Dave," he said grimly, "be good to her. You'll have some hours. Leave her happy."

"Shall I take the watchdog along?" he asked

Temple shook his head. "Your train leaves at 11:35 tonight," he explained. "Counce will call for you at the house at a quarter of eleven. On the whole, I shan't say anything to your mother about your going West until I come home to dinner."

Dave turned toward the door. "Till dinner, then," he said lightly, and passed out and shut the door behind him.

He had, as he crossed to the elevators, a mental picture of his father sitting at the desk in a stony, tortured silence, and Dave's fists clenched at his sides with a surge of furious and overpowering rage. When the elevator deposited him at the street floor and he emerged into the open air, its touch upon his cheek was welcome, and he gulped it deep, bringing what relief he could to his stifled lungs.

Hours later, after he had said good-by to his mother, he and Counce drove in town to catch their train. Counce was composed and almost indifferent. He sat relaxed, the eternal cigar between his teeth, his feet elevated on a bag in front of him; but Dave was rigid with the stress and torture of his own emotions.

"Just once," he thought over and over, vindictively—"just once I'd like to get the goods on the old man."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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SHIPS OF THE LINE

(Continued from Page 15)

proper moment to open fire, he holding that it was his intention to open fire the first instant he came within range of one of the squareheaded sons, and the man at the other end disagreeing, evidently on the score that it would be better to husband ammunition, in case of a prolonged engagement.

"It won't be prolonged!" said the gunnery officer bitterly. "It's getting later every minute; there'll be smoke and haze and devil knows what. Here we laid in Scap until at slack-water-low we were grinding on the tin cans we'd thrown overboard, and the first chance we get to put a stopper in Fritz's hawse pipe, we must save ammunition! We'll start with salvos at nineteen thousand yards, and when our ammunition is all gone we'll ram. Gee, three-thirty-four, and we haven't shifted to battle control yet!"

The haze to the north became thicker, and the smoke vomited by the battle fleet, with its attendant destroyer and light-cruiser escort, added to the difficulty of seeing what was going on. Ross could hear heavy firing now, but beyond the lights that glittered on the underside of the smoke cloud—orange colored they were now—he could see nothing.

Lieutenant Baxter reached into the canvas bag he wore and brought out a pair of binoculars, which he handed to Ross.

The man at the range finder spoke with a suddenness that made everyone jump.

"Twenty-two!" he said.

"Twenty-two!" repeated a man beside him, punching buttons that flashed the range to conning tower and turret.

"I can't see him," complained the gunnery officer. "Sure you're not laying on a Britisher? Yes, yes! There they are! Battleships! See 'em, Baxter? Recognize their boat cranes? Like a derrick, you know! Man, if I haven't got that silhouette burned into my brain! . . . Speed of approach, what? H'm, what do you say on speed? . . . Twenty-three knots. Course 110 degrees, speed of approach four hundred yards a minute! It won't be long now!"

Ross, not being a trained observer, could see nothing. It took him an endless time to discover a smudge of smoke, two thick dots at the bottom of it and a high white feather of wake behind. Ahead of this smudge was another like it. These silhouettes seemed to grow clearer in the lens as he watched, until he could see the thin, stumpy masts, the derrick-like boat cranes, and the tops of the thick squat chimneys. The rest of the ship was invisible below the horizon.

German! The Hochseeflotte! And they were going to fight with them! Flat feet! He had not been allowed to join his country's fighting forces because of flat feet! How many strong, husky, high-arched men would give their feet and both eyes to change places with him, to exchange the mud and dust of some obscure training camp for the fighting top of a ship of the line going into action?

And the story—he mustn't forget the story! How the cables would sing with it! He would sign it himself, and they would run a box about how he had got aboard the battleship in disguise and how he had been rejected for physical disability. But that hadn't hindered his taking part in the fight at sea. If he could only work a gun now, or do something valuable.

The far-away ship suddenly darted orange flames as a snake darts its tongue. Ross watched stupidly. The enemy must have fired. Nothing happened; no sound of reports—nothing—nothing.

Suddenly there was a shrieking, tearing noise and a wall of water leaped higher than the top itself.

"Short!" cried Baxter and the gunnery officer together. "Can you get on? No, wait a minute! That's only a ranging salvo!"

Faint cheering aft interrupted them, and, leaning over the top, they saw that they were passing a sinking destroyer, her crew massed aft, all cheering vigorously, and being replied to by men on the battleship's quarter-deck.

"They've been at it here!" exclaimed Lieutenant Baxter, pointing to spots of oil, floating ash, shattered wood, and scattered hammocks, kept afloat by their kapok mattresses.

"One ninety-five!" said the range finder.

"We'll be on now," exclaimed the gunnery officer with satisfaction. The voice pipe beside Ross hummed as a stand-by buzzer rang somewhere.

"Third battleship in line!" went on the gunnery officer into his telephone. "Two funnels! Right forty! Nineteen thousand! Salvo!"

Wher-ram! The forward turret grunted forth a ton and a half of steel and high explosives. All waited, for it takes a long time for the shells to land at extreme range. Finally a wall of water rose that obscured the target completely.

"That's short, and then some!" muttered the gunnery officer. "We'll wait now for another one. Watch your speed of approach now; we've changed formation!"

Ross, looking quickly about, could see that they no longer steamed in parallel columns, but that each division had turned to the right, and now they formed one long line—a line of masts and black leeward-hurrying smoke that stretched out of sight below the horizon.

"We're Number 3!" said the gunnery officer, "and we'll probably have the fun of having the whole German fleet bang away at us."

They slid into a cloud of smoke and haze, a mass of wreckage, planks, loaves of bread, vegetables and sea bags ducking and bobbing in the seas raised by the bow waves of so many ships rushing at high speed. The sensation from the top was terrifying; it seemed as though they flew. Toward what did they fly? Ever nearer and nearer to that cloud of smoke, thick, black and ominous now, where the orange flashes darted back and forth, and the sound of the firing became more and more like that of a gigantic organ rapidly played.

Ross had, in the bight of his jumper, a pencil and notebook, and he thought for one wild second of getting them out to note down his impressions, but he abandoned the thought instantly.

He was too busy watching what was going on. A fistful of shells had sailed overhead with a sound like wood cracking and had landed in the sea some hundred yards away, exploding on impact and sending tons of water soaring.

"They'll hit us with the next salvo!" cried Lieutenant Baxter.

Ross instinctively pulled the hood of his jumper over his head, but the gunnery officer shook his head.

"We'll change course!" he shouted. The forward turret let go again, but, as the gunnery officer had predicted, the battleship had changed course to avoid the third German salvo. It arrived, over again, so that the gunnery officer did not mind losing his own bursts, which, being far over, would be hidden by the enemy ships' silhouette.

The latter stood out clear and plain now, a long line of them, spitting flame regularly every ten seconds, now forward, now aft, enveloping themselves in a smoke screen of their own firing.

Ross tried twice to pick out the ship at which his own was firing, but he could not count. The leading ships of the enemy line were lost to sight in the smoke, and the gunnery officer shifted target to another. He was having a terrible time getting on. They went into the smoke again—smoke that hid the deck completely.

"Cease firing," yelled the gunnery officer down the voice pipe, "below there! We can't see a thing but masts sticking up!"

"I'm surprised you don't keep on firing," said the voice pipe coldly. "You don't seem to be able to hit anything anyway!"

The gunnery officer opened his mouth as if to reply, but thought better of it. He glared all around, but everyone was busy at the eyepieces of range finder or speed and course estimator.

"At seventeen thousand yards," muttered the gunnery officer, "and the old wagon changing course every two minutes! What the hell! Don't the squareheads change course too? D'yuh think they wait for me to bracket 'em? Think they're a damn target in tow of a tug?"

Ross looked over again at the troubled sea. The bow wave swept white and foaming to meet the boiling wake from the ship ahead. A destroyer went by, only a few hundred yards away. She seemed to leap from one sea to the other, the flags with which her masts were hung standing straight out with the rush of her speed. Lieutenant Baxter, who as second battery spotter had been ranging on the destroyer for practice, lowered his glasses and looked very soberly at Ross.

"The game goeth right well," said he. "The boche are making twenty-three point five knots to our twenty-one."

"Does that do any harm?" asked Ross.

"Harm? Well, I hope to spit on your brightwork! You know what naval strategy consists of? Well, it consists of one thing—to be faster than your opponent. You see, we're at it in two parallel lines, aren't we? Eventually the faster fleet will get ahead of the other and then begin to head the slower off. Then they begin to go around and around, the slower one in the center of a narrowing circle until it's all blown to hell and Davy Jones!"

"And there's nothing we can do?" gasped Ross.

"We can try to shake three more knots out of turbines that only did twenty on their trial run, or we can change formation again and try to duck back on our own tracks, or we can see if we can't sink most of Jerry's fleet before he can get us to milling. The old admiral has got to decide."

They shot suddenly from the smoke cloud into open sea. It needed no glass to see the enemy now. And in the lens they seemed so near that a man could almost reach out and touch them. The two fleets, moving at high speed, had been converging. The conversation in the fire top began again:

"Ten two hundred. . . . Fire! . . . Where did that one go? . . . I didn't see it. . . . Down four hundred—speed less two. . . . You're crazy. . . . Call it a hundred then—four hundred down on the plotting board. . . . Give me a butt, someone. . . . Fire! . . . Change of course to starboard, speed of approach two-fifty short-up two. Watch for the bursts now on this one! . . . How the hell can you light a butt in this breeze? Open your jumper a second, will you? . . . Stand by for the burst! . . . On! Salvo!"

The gunnery officer roared down the voice pipe: "We're on! Did you see that one? Want to see a ship disintegrate? Watch Number 3 in line, class Deutschland!"

Ross saw the second salvo burst on the enemy ship—a quick red glow, but distinguishable from the gun flash by its dark-red color. Just the one flash and it was gone, but another one followed it, between the two stacks, where the after turrets' salvo had landed. A huge boat—a whaler or motor cutter—sailed aloft on the edge of the flame, turning so that Ross could plainly see the thwarts.

Eight thousand yards! For naval warfare almost point-blank range! Salvo! On again! The mast shook like a tree; it seemed as though the ship were seized, picked up out of the water, shaken and hurled down again. Another burst, forward on the enemy ship. The turret rose

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from the deck as though pushed from below, then turning in air, it seemed to bound once on the deck again, then go overboard. The hole it had left vomited smoke.

"Change of course to port; speed of approach, two hundred! Down four! B turret out! Short!"

What was the matter with these men, thought Ross? Didn't they have any feelings? Hadn't they just blown the forward turret off an enemy? The gunnery officer had grunted that was all. Lieutenant Baxter had not been looking. He had received word over the telephone of a change of enemy formation signaled from the flagship, and to stand by for the torpedo attack that would very probably cover it.

The mast shook again, so that Ross was very nearly thrown down. He scrambled to his feet and looked over the edge of the top.

What—oh, man! The after part of the ship was all aflame! The boats were gone, the mess tables were gone—all except a few that burned fiercely just forward of the boat derrick. The anti-aircraft-gun platforms had disappeared; one of the after searchlights dangled from its platform in a mass of shattered metal; smoke poured in thick masses from the ports on the gun deck, mingled at times with green-and-yellow flame.

"Hey! Hey!" cried Ross, seizing Lieutenant Baxter's arm and pointing to the smoke.

"I see," said the officer. "We've been hit badly. I get all this stuff through the phones. We got one in through the superstructure just abaft the after funnel. It blew out the doors to the quarter-deck, took off both A. A. guns and destroyed the two after-starboard five-inch guns, crews and all.

"We stopped another salvo on the berth deck between the two after turrets. It blew the wardroom all to hell and killed every man they had in a dressing station in the cabin country. There's a place there where the electric-power leads to Y turret lay above the armored deck for just a few feet. The shell cut the leads and Y turret now trains by hand—that is to say, it's out of action. Three fourteen-inch guns idle! Number 1 Gun of B is out. It has a piece taken out of it and the turret is swimming with glycerin."

"Golly," gasped Ross. He looked over the side to see if they were any nearer the water.

"Yah," barked the gunnery officer, "we've sunk the son! Can't seem to hit anything, huh? Look at that, Baxter!"

He pointed toward the enemy.

The German ship had staggered out of line, listing to port, so that half her deck, the smoke pouring out of the place where her turret had been, was plainly visible. She was down in the water forward, and all the after part of her from funnel to stern was ablaze. Destroyers came galloping to her assistance and she limped away out of sight behind the smoke screen they threw up to hide her from her assailants.

"Change target!" barked the gunnery officer. "Next in line, forward funnel partly destroyed. Six five hundred! Fire!"

Ross, lowering his glasses from watching the stricken German, turned so that he was facing forward just as an enemy salvo bracketed the battleship ahead. The dark red flame of the bursting shell and the débris of steel were still in air when a second salvo struck, apparently between the two chimneys. The sound of the explosion, even above the horrible fracas of the battle, had a different sound than the others. A great yellow flame that seemed to open as a peacock spreads its tail leaped from the center of the ship, another spouted from somewhere forward; then, with a roaring, rumbling sound as of a steel barrel rolling down iron stairs, the whole great ship—funnels, masts, superstructure, and turrets—seemed to collapse and fall in upon itself. A dense mile-high cloud of smoke rushed upward, turning and twisting like that from a blazing oil well.

Ross saw the bow of his own ship swing sharply to the right to clear the wreck, then they plunged into the smoke of the explosion. No trace of the other ship remained, and the smoke and steam hung so heavily that the surface of the water was invisible from the fire-control top.

Ross looked with horror at the other men. They were all looking fixedly at their instruments and apparently had not seen.

After that they began to fight. The smoke cloud grew thicker and the contending fleets ran into banks of haze that hid them from each other so that nothing was visible but the gun flashes—long lines of orange flame that looked like brush fires, with the brownish-black smoke rolling up from them in clouds.

At times the men in the fire-control top could see nothing, at others they banged away at anything they saw—enemy gun flashes, the top of a mast with the Imperial German Navy ensign sticking out of the smoke, a bit of superstructure or of stern seen through a gap in the fog.

The ship was hit; they could tell by the leap she would give. Bursts that missed her by yards threw tons of water over the deck.

This effectually put out the fires, although smoke and flame still came from the barbettes on the gun deck. It appeared that they were fighting some kind of gas fire there, and due to the cutting of most of the water leads by flying splinters, having a very hard time of it.

A small-caliber shell penetrated a door in the superstructure, burst in the officers' galley, set it and the pantry next to it ablaze, and in five minutes the flames had jumped five feet of deck and were going briskly in the ship's store, where there was plenty of combustible material. The smoke of her own burning clouded the ship's fighting top.

"Cease firing!" yelled the gunnery officer down the voice pipe. "Visibility no good! What do you say, captain—have 'em all lay aft and fight fire for a while?"

"Do you think it's safe to have the turret crews come up for a little air?" asked the voice pipe.

"Yes, sir, sure. Why not? Our last range was twelve thousand. I don't think anyone will shoot at us now. Fritz can't see us either." He tore at a plug of tobacco with his teeth. "They should have spit kids in these tops," he went on. "I can't spit overside if the turret crews are going to be topside."

"You wouldn't think one of these steel ships would burn so, would you?" gasped Lieutenant Baxter, coughing. "You don't suppose the boche are using incendiary shell, do you?"

"No. It's powder, gas and paint that burns, and deck planking, and oil out of broken gun cylinders, and hammocks and ditty-boxes and grease in the galleys and electrical insulation and all sorts of junk. It makes smoke, but doesn't hurt the ship any."

The gunnery officer turned abruptly to Ross. "I have observed from the clew of my eye that this flat-foot hasn't done very much but turn green about the gills from time to time. What's the idea, Baxter?"

Ross gasped, and lifting one foot, looked perplexedly at the sole of his shoe. He did likewise with the other foot.

"How did you know I had flat feet?" he gasped. "It's not very bad."

The gunnery officer's jaw went down so far that it nearly carried away from its gudgeons. Lieutenant Baxter raised his arms to heaven as though in prayer, but the gunnery officer's eyes quickly narrowed with suspicion and his mouth closed again like a trap. He stepped forward and seized Ross by the jumper.

"What's this?" he demanded. "Hands like a schoolgirl! You never shoved a kiyi with those lily fingers! Dress blues, or I'm a lime-juicer! Now just what the dark-blue ——"

There was a sharp cry from one of the men by the range finder.

"Torpedo!" he yelled. "Torpedo! Look at 'em, sir! Oh, boy, look at 'em!"

All—Ross, the gunnery officer, Lieutenant Baxter, spotters and range finders—hung over the edge of the top. There was no sign of any hostile ship, but the surface of the ocean, up to the limit of visibility, was crisscrossed with white snakelike lines that hurried out of the haze, and traveling like a flame along a fuse, zipped their white way across the line and went out of sight again.

"Subs?" gasped Lieutenant Baxter.

"No—destroyers. They'll rush us under cover of dark and smoke, and let go those torpedoes from a couple of miles away. They can't see us; they just let 'em slide at where they hope we are. Can't—hey!"

"What's the matter?"

"See that one?" cried the gunnery officer, pointing. "She'll hit us!"

He looked over the edge. The navigator and the captain had come out of the conning tower, and all oblivious of their danger were standing on the bridge talking.

"Left rudder hard!" shouted the gunnery officer down the voice pipe.

Evidently the quartermaster did not question the order but obeyed instantly. Ross could see the torpedo now, rushing at them, but still far away. To his untrained eye it looked as if it would pass well ahead of the battleship, but the spotters, trained as they were at estimating course and speed, and the conjunction of two moving bodies at a given point on the ocean's surface, knew that the torpedo and the ship would arrive simultaneously at a point just ahead.

But the course had been changed. They watched, and held their breaths while the top trembled with the effort of the engines as the ship turned at extreme speed. Slowly she went around, slowly the torpedo drew near.

"Hang on!" said the gunnery officer. "She'll hit us!"

Ross and Baxter went in a heap with the shock, even though they had clutched the edge of the top with all their strength. They scrambled up again, but it was a long time before they could see the deck, for the cloud of smoke that hung there.

"She hit us forward," said someone.

"And just when we were getting that damned gun-deck fire in hand," muttered the gunnery officer. "Well, this will spoil our speed, all right. We'll be out of luck during the night if anything starts!"

"Will she sink?" gasped Ross in Lieutenant Baxter's ear.

"Sink? Hell, no, not hit forward, but she'll take in water and that will slow us up. We'll have to drop out of line."

They waited what seemed an eternity while emergency crews went below to examine the damage. It was a long time before the gunnery officer repeated the telephone report.

"She hit us forward of A turret," said the gunnery officer. "Everything forward of the sick bay is full of water. They're going to prop the bulkhead, just in case of accident. Might have been lots worse. Nothing down there but stores and the refrigerator. We'll have some more fun with the Jerry destroyers before the night's over."

Baxter went over to the trap, and beckoning to Ross, lifted it and went through. Ross hurriedly followed him. The gunnery officer was looking over the side into the darkness and did not appear to notice. They went down gingerly, lest some stray shell had penetrated the mast and carried away the ladder, past the searchlight platform, where men labored to repair shattered cables and get the remaining light ready for action.

Night was falling rapidly; no daylight remained except a faint streak on the horizon, with a few smoke smudges against the dying glow of the sun. The battle was already drawing away to the northeast, but a change of course or a maneuver under cover of darkness would be sure to bring them all back again. And the ships dropping out of line would have been observed, and hyena-like destroyers would be back, under cover of darkness, to finish what the lions of the fleet had left.

"Now listen a minute, young-fellar-me-lad," began Lieutenant Baxter, as they reached the ladder that led to the conning tower and bridge. "It's dark now and no one will be noticing your dress blues and general lubberly appearance. All you've got to do is to keep your mouth battened. I should have turned you over to the marines, anyway, but since I didn't—having a soft heart and not many brains, and one thing or another—we'll follow it through. But remember this: If an officer speaks to you, all you answer is: 'Yes, sir.' Nothing else. He'll think you're cuckoo from shell shock. I'm going to make the rounds, and you stick with me, but when I go up again, you stay down. Hide behind a bulkhead or jump overboard, but don't go near the fire control again."

They went down to the deck and so aft. Underfoot was a mass of junk, pieces of searchlight, bolt heads, shattered portions of boats. The spud and onion cages had been wrecked, and their former contents were everywhere, to roll under the unwary foot and precipitate the foot's owner against the sharp edges of a torn ventilator cowl or the upended deck plates where the big shell had burst in the after five-inch battery on the deck below. They had to jump down from the superstructure onto the main deck, for both the ladders were gone.

There was an enormous hole in the deck through which they could see men hurrying about the gun deck with lanterns, and hear, from aft, either in the cabin or wardroom, the swish of a hose, and the shouts of some C. P. O. directing a fire-fighting crew. They went to the opposite side of the deck and found that though the door that led under the superstructure had been blown out, the deck inside was intact.

They went in and down a ladder to the gun deck. Only one or two lights burned dimly, all the wires having been shot away. Water poured down everywhere in streams from shattered water pipes and the drainage of the tons of water that close bursts had thrown aboard.

Everything imaginable was strewn about the decks—portions of steam radiators, cooking utensils, canned goods, ditty-boxes and their contents, glass from bulletin boards.

Lieutenant Baxter was paying no heed to the gun crews he passed, but seemed to be looking for something. He went down another ladder and here, in the light of lanterns, found what he wanted. Row upon row of men lay here, stretched on the deck on blankets. They were wounded that had been carried there after the after dressing station had been destroyed.

"Doctor around?" asked Lieutenant Baxter. "Well, if he's busy, never mind. I heard you were in need of men, so I've brought you one. I won't need him during the night. Put him to work."

"Yes, sir! I'll say we can use him! . . . Here, corporal; here's a man for you. You won't mind working with a flat-foot, I suppose?"

"How the ——" began Ross, but a rough hand snaked him into the darkness and another of steel closed tight about his throat.

"Shut up," hissed Lieutenant Baxter, "you idiot! Flat-foot means sailor, the same as gob! Want yourself heaved overside? Ask again how he knows you've got flat feet!"

A marine in his shirt sleeves appeared in the light of a lantern.

"Goin' with me?" he inquired. "If yuh are, shove off!"

"I'll see you in the morning," said Lieutenant Baxter, slapping Ross on the shoulder.

Ross followed the corporal silently. There was another marine with them, and the corporal went about with his lantern, into shattered compartments, down mysterious ladders, here and there in galley

(Continued on Page 99)

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(Continued from Page 94)

and battery, and whenever they found a wounded man, Ross and the marine carried him to the dressing station and then rejoined the corporal.

In the brief minutes that Ross was in the open air he sometimes heard gunfire, sometimes saw the sweep of searchlights across the sky, but otherwise no sign of friend or enemy. They noticed, as the night advanced, that there seemed to be a slight pitch forward to the deck. Some men passed them once, dripping wet and covered with oil.

"Where yuh from?" inquired the corporal.

"Dynamo room," they answered.

"Under water?"

"Yeh, she's making water through the magazines now. There's a hole in the protective deck. A and B magazines are flooded."

They found a man with a broken leg shortly after that. He had fallen down a ladder in the dark. The corporal made a rude splint out of a kapok mattress and some hammock lashing, and the three of them, walking very carefully, inch by inch, started for the dressing station.

"Where yuh goin' with that man?" someone hailed them suddenly.

"Dressin' station!"

"Take him up on deck! They just passed the word, 'All wounded on deck!'"

"All the better!" agreed the corporal. "Wait a while, you guys; there's a door here. There!"

They stumbled over the sill; then up the next ladder and into a cold draft of air. Following this draft, as a dog does a scent, brought them out on deck. There were two long black shapes alongside, with which someone forward conversed by means of a megaphone. Strange-smelling men, having jumpers and blankets round their naked shoulders, moved about the deck.

"The black gang up a'ready?" muttered the corporal. "Well, we'll be takin' our morning dip a little early. Come on, youse guys! We gotta get them guys up outta the berth deck!"

Rumors and conversation flew while the wounded were carried up from the dressing station.

Most of the talk was unintelligible to Ross, but he made out that the ship, being hit forward while moving at such high speed, had taken in water with tremendous force, that, pouring through the hole in the armored deck, had first water-logged the whole forward part of the ship, then flooded the magazines, and had worked rapidly aft until the forward fire rooms had to be evacuated to save the men there. The bow pump section had failed at once, and it had been impossible, due to the sudden rush of water, to operate the complicated system of valves, drains and manifolds that would allow this water to flow amidships and be evacuated by the pumps that were still working.

They had seven thousand tons of water aboard. They had tried to navigate stern first, but could not steer against the sea that was beginning to kick up.

They abandoned ship shortly after midnight. The men mustered along deck and superstructure waiting for the two hovering destroyers to come alongside. This took some time, for the laying of a destroyer alongside a battleship, even in a moderate seaway, is an extremely delicate operation. When it was done, they transshipped the wounded, then the men, and lastly the officers.

Ross, as a part of the first-aid crew, placed himself by the wounded on the destroyer's deck, sheltering himself behind the galley against the bite of the wind.

"That you, fresh rook?" came a familiar voice. It was Lieutenant Baxter.

"Yes, sir," said Ross.

The destroyer backed away, her exhaust pipes roaring, and he could see the battleship's great bulk against the night sky, far down by the head, the water on a level with the bridge.

"Man, what a night!" he went on. "But when I get ashore I'll have a story out of this that will set me for the rest of my life! Dewey at Manila will have nothing on me."

"Guess not," said the officer beside him. "We're going to torpedo our own ship and she'll sink without the enemy knowing what became of her. Then the Admiralty won't announce her loss. Nobody will even be allowed to talk about it, let alone write a story!"

"Why not?" gasped Ross.

"Effect on public opinion. Couldn't have it known that the Jerries could sink one of our battleships!"

"Then all that hell I went through was for nothing!"

"Oh, you saw a damn good fight!" laughed Lieutenant Baxter. "Look!"

There was a sharp command, a bang of compressed air, and a torpedo sped on its way. It struck the battleship amidships, and when the smoke and spray had cleared away they could see her listing heavily to starboard. Twenty minutes later she rolled to port, back again, then slid out of sight. The crowded decks of the destroyers rang with cheers.

"Now we'll go home," said the lieutenant. "Kid, you'd better quit this newspaper game and enlist with us. I'll see that you're assigned to my new ship and I'll look out for you."

Ross clung to the handrail about the galley, for the destroyer was beginning to toss and roll as she gathered speed. He was wet to the skin, and the wind-proof jumper was no longer any protection against the cold. There was blood on his hands from carrying wounded. The seas ran alongside, cold and black, and terribly near.

"No," said Ross, with chattering teeth; "I c-c-couldn't pass the physical."

The destroyer's bow sliced down into a sea and the flying spray flew aft even as far as the galley, where it stung Ross' cheek like shot.

"You know I've g-got flat feet," he went on, "and man, ain't I glad of it for once!"

DOUGH RE ME

(Continued from Page 9)

under his black hide that it stuck out his eyes, twitched his lips and toned his voice into a regular radio concert. Later I saw that he talked to music, he ate to it, he walked to it, he lived for it. Give that big black boy music and he would climb trees like a monkey, cut wood like a sawmill and sing like a quartet. You see what I am getting at.

Cloudy never had learned to read at all. He had the intelligence of a ten-year-old kid and the body of a full-grown leopard, with all its speed and strength. And he was full of music. That's the point I want to register—he was full to the eyes of real music.

Let somebody else start blowing that mouth organ and a grin would spread across Cloudy's face like a wind rip in the marshes. His teeth would glisten and his shoulders would begin to writhe. Then the writhings would creep down into his long legs and sweep out his toes in a dance that would make Cleopatra's private stock look like a tank-town Shaksperean actor. He was a wow.

First I saw visions of putting him on the stage and sweeping up plenty. But he had no brains for that. He could never remember a line. And beyond that, I was a fight manager.

Right down to this minute, I can't ever look at a man without taking a quick flash at his ears to see how old he is, his shoulders to measure his socking power and his stomach to size up his staying qualities. With me, it's in the blood, the same as music was in the blood of Cloudy Downs.

And this Cloudy, just at a passing glance, was enough to make the best boiled of us swoon like a heroine in a melodrama. His head didn't amount to much, except to keep his spine from unraveling. It was shaped like a coconut and just about as big. It kind of came to a point on top, like he had been tapered down and left that way to dry.

His neck was short and kept up the tapering line into his shoulders—a good sign. He looked like he could take it on the button. His shoulders were as broad and elastic as the scruples of a swindler, and his arms, besides being long enough so that he could scratch his knees without bending in the middle, were muscled like the chest of a horse. I knew, because his arms showed through his shirt, which was as battle-worn as a saloon curtain.

Maybe you fellows have seen him, or seen his pictures since that day in the park down in Savannah. In that case you know what he was. One of that kind, boys, that send a real fight manager into a sweat.

I dragged him out from under the bush and said, "What's your name?"

"Eph'rum Eurastus 'Manuel Caliph Epps, suh."

"Listen, Cloudy," I said to him instantly, "if you've got, in any of the pockets of them overalls, so much as a two-bit piece, I'll show you how to get rich and own a car all your own. The two bits is a slight consideration through which I can grab off enough chow to talk on."

It took time, but he had eighteen cents and I got it. I then told him to stay there under the bush till I came back, and if he was gone when I did get back I would run off with his eighteen cents. There was a little chow house near by and I ate heavy things and soaked them with coffee. When I came back, Cloudy was stretched under the bush again and the harmonica was knocking the mockingbirds into a coma.

I dragged him out and talked to him like a father. At the corner of the park a policeman showed up, so I walked Cloudy off into the town. We walked sundry miles that afternoon—sundry. Cloudy had a true artist's distaste for work and lived in a shack out the Ogeechee Road. We walked out there and I'll swear it was a solid five miles.

There, out in the fields where the muddy streams flow through the whispering marshes and the Spanish moss trails off into the soft breezes like the tears of a broken-hearted mother, Cloudy and me put together a series of plots that brought us up right close to the big dough.

His shack I changed into a training quarters. At first we paid the bills by having Cloudy play that mouth organ for other colored boys that came to the place. It got so a regular afternoon recital brought in anywhere from three to eleven bucks.

I was the manager, and being a white man, I had the respect and the help of those colored lads. There it was that I got my grounding in the art of music. Them duskies might stand around outside the shack all afternoon and never open up with so much as a dime; but if Cloudy played first they fell like overripe acorns and showered their moldy nickels and dimes in a silver tide on the planks of the floor. Such is music.

With the capital we got that way I bought a set of gloves and spent weary hours teaching Cloudy the tricks of posing—the feints, the weaves, the side steps, the blocking. In a couple of months I had him like a shadow. Even the way he ducked was musical. All music, by the way, does not have sound. Look sometime at a deer jumping over a fence, a horse trotting around a track, the sweep of a woman's hand when the lights are soft and the check has not come to the table yet—all that is music.

After I had him smooth on defense, I threw other boys in the ring with him and built up his offense. It ruined the recitals, but it brought Cloudy to a high degree of socking efficiency. That long left hand of his was better than any spear his ancestors ever threw. He never missed; nobody ever got under it or around it. His right made the best shillalah Ireland ever knew look like a wing collar after the twelfth dance. He was poison. And through it all he grew to love me. I felt I had a sure shot for the big time and a good and faithful dog as well. Any idea Cloudy ever had was mine. That is the way to have a fighter.

I used to stand in the 'Geechee marshes and hear the shouts of the mob in Madison Square Garden. My ears tricked me. The sighing of the Spanish moss in the soft breezes changed into the soothing rush of gold over velvet chutes. When the mockingbirds and thrashers sang their lilts, it knocked me cockeyed, boys, because they grew in volume and resonance until what I heard was the roaring cheers of a fight-mad mob. Every note seemed to me to be Cloudy's name, every trill the rattle of dough. Hot damn!

Finally with all the care and tender nursing a mother grants her initial offspring, I tossed Cloudy in the ring with another black boy for a real fight. I sobbed Cloudy through to a win that night. I fought every round, though it went but three. I took every punch, shot every counter and hook right from the first bell to the last count.

In the first round Cloudy opened everybody's eyes, including the brow of his opponent. His movements were musical. The mob saw and wondered and then applauded. I kicked the promoter in the ribs with an assertive thumb and assured him that Cloudy already was a card.

The man we fought that night lost Cloudy in the first six seconds of the bout and took three full rounds to find him again. Just as soon as he found him, Cloudy swung that big right hand and knocked his brains loose. We got twenty bucks for the fight. I returned Cloudy's eighteen cents.

From that point on I matched him with push-overs. Even at that early stage in his career, he could have troubled the best we had in the heavyweight ranks around this town. But I was careful. I was giving the boy a chance. Experience—that thing which grows only out of its own roots—was what he needed.

In twenty fights we made only fifteen hundred dollars, but the kid was coming along. He had learned not to let the crowd worry him, had learned how to pace himself against a given fighter and watch me for instructions. In that time he also got used to winning. He did not have twenty knock-outs. He had only nineteen. The other guy caught his right on the shoulder, landed out in the third row, ringside, and ran all the way home in his tights.

At that stage I bought Cloudy some clothes, slid his dogs into a set of shoes that were so big that two men worked on them at the same time, then brought him out into the world. I got anywhere from two to four hundred iron men for each shot and I dragged that coon from Savannah through every city, town and hamlet in the balmy South.and

He had a bank account of about eight thousand bucks within two years of the time I nursed him from under that bush, and that was so much that he couldn't count it. Me being the brains, I naturally had slightly more than that. He had clothes that made him a better parade than any circus ever offered and he had a mouth organ that had more holes and notes in it than there are electric bulbs along the main

(Continued on Page 101)

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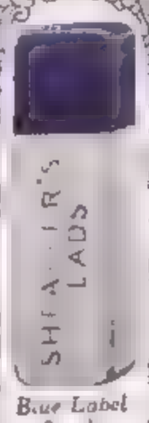

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(Continued from Page 99)

stem. And believe you me, Cloudy got a swell answer when he blew into that punctured flute! Boys, it was music!

He blew into it all the time. He loved it. There was something always boiling inside him, and the only way he could get it out was to blow that mouth organ. Many's the time I have fed him harmonica while he was sitting on the rubbing table of a dressing room waiting for ringtime. Bandages on his hands made no difference in the music. His big lips just coiled around that wind machine and his eyes rolled back into the knot on top of his spine. Music as she was wrote!

Then came along the usual tough break. One of his own race got hold of him and taught him to add up purses. There is always something rotten in everything, and for me that was it. Between music and fights, Cloudy began to talk money. It just ruined a wonderful line-up. This smart and strange coon talked him full of bum ideas and spoiled him for me. I tried too late to get a real shot at the disturber.

Cloudy turned against me. After all I had done for that dusky bum he turned against me! It got so bad that all I could collect was half his earnings, and I had to pay half the expenses out of those! So I brought him and the harmonica North and began tossing him in with big shots. I found out he could take it, all right. Bing Cracken bent a right-hand shot over Cloudy's jaw one night that knocked the steel tips right off his shoestrings. But Cloudy got up. He weathered the round and came back to bounce Bing into a smoke hammock in the ninth. A great fight.

So it went. Cloudy dropped a decision to the man who was to be the next champion, but he went the route and the man himself told me afterward that it was his toughest fight. But the colored genius with figures had spoiled everything for me. Cloudy with me was one thing; Cloudy with an idea was another.

It got so I had nothing but trouble, so finally I threatened to quit him altogether, thinking that would scare him into reason. Not a chance. He took me un so quick I was in a barber shop two blocks away and half shaved before I realized that I was no longer the manager of Cloudy Downs.

That same day the sport pages told about Cloudy going back to his own race for managerial guidance. I burned up. I made an oath right there, through two inches of foaming lather, that I would find me a white boy to beat Cloudy. Out of all that followed that great decision came Sally Menks.

I even took Sally off into the woods and taught him the inside stuff. He was somewhat of a sap when I first met him; he was, in fact, when I left him, but he was a lot better fighter. When I was ready to throw him in against Cloudy I even took a percentage of sixty-five. I should have had at least seventy on the gross, because everybody knew I was a manager who never sent a bum to the wire. But just to get Cloudy in there, I made sacrifices. Nobody ever was hurt by being reasonable.

"I seen that fight," Sprague said at this juncture. "It was here in the big town—one of the smaller clubs—I forget just which -an' it was the hottest fight I ever seen. Sally got hit with everythin' but the referee's watch an' the timekeeper's clock an' mebbe the bell. Fer eight rounds he rode aroun' on his tights. Then, in the ninth ——"

"Just who is telling this story?" Nifty wanted to know. Nifty had a perfect manner of wanting to know, and Sprague subsided after the fashion of the black end of a burning match. Nifty continued the narration:

It was a ten-round bout. I coached Sally on every move that Cloudy had been taught through years of careful training. I warned him against the left and I warned him against the right. The more I warned him against things, the more things I found to warn him against. I had done my work too well. Cloudy Downs was a red-hot fighter with everything from heart to a sock in either mitt that was as noticeable as perfume in an abattoir.

But Sally was game. He knew he had a tough fight on his hands, but he also knew that he would make a great name and a lot of dough with a win. He went in to win.

I am now down to the proposition of a prize fight, and I have seen so many and told about so many that I hesitate to go into the matter. The less people know about the fight racket, the more they talk about it; it is the same way with music. However, here is what happened:

III

SALLY MENKS went into that fight to do or die. He knew that by winning he would get for himself a good purse, a swell reputation, and what meant more than either, probably the best manager the game has ever known.

I was in his corner that night, and when I slapped his back and sent him in to do his stuff, he knew what I meant. Cloudy was too dumb to realize that this was anything more than just another fight, and the ebony towel swinger who had worked our ruin was sorry only because the mob looked at Cloudy instead of at him.

I had warned Sally about the long and sweeping left that Cloudy always pulled as he met his man in ring center, so Sally had no trouble with it. In fact, as he slipped it over his shoulder he threw a left hook of his own that would have stuck permanently in Cloudy's ribs as it landed—had it landed.

That was the start. Cloudy heard Sally's wallop steam past his tender bread basket and he backed away to think things over for himself. I had tipped Sally that he was working against a guy with at least nineteen inches of his carcass flat on the floor, so he started stepping on Cloudy's big feet. Cloudy had seldom worn shoes before I found him there under that bush in Savannah, and they always seemed to him a needless and feminine foible. However, though he knew his feet were made for walking on, Cloudy wanted exclusive rights to the privilege. He became annoyed.

That gave Sally a chance to smack Cloudy's left eye into what looked like a grape hibernating in a coal hole. There was a great deal more swelling than feeling in the business, and there Sally went wrong. Thinking that Cloudy was stung, he followed up his lead. Cloudy brushed him into a triple somersault with a right under the muncher, and Sally sprawled over the resin like soup spilled in sand. How he got up nobody knows, least of all me or Sally. But he did, and that was the first round.

The second was a lot different. Sally got dropped the very first shot that time. Just as Sprague here says, the boy rode the first eight frames out on his tights. I never saw anything but an elevator go up and down like Sally. I tried to explain all these things to him between rounds; but between rounds, even while he was sitting on the seat for the rest period, the old fighting instinct made him start to get up every nine seconds.

You can see that Sally was out on his pins. He fought along because it did not make any difference to either him or Cloudy, and the customers liked it. The referee looked at me from time to time with an inquiry in his eyes, but I sat on the towel. I have never, be it said, heaved a towel in to save a fighter. That is like throwing bonds into the fire or waving a flag over the fact that you have developed a fine palooka.

But I must admit that, whereas Sally did not feel the pasting that came his way, this affair was cruel suffering for me. Everybody knew that I was out to beat Cloudy and everybody was giving me the loud guffaw in both sleeves. I was what the boys call burning up. Casting about, as you might say, for some kind of a miracle for eight rounds, then reasoning with the cold power of determination and desperation for one. That was what I did that night—reason. Boys, there we have the motive power of the world—reason.

At the end of the eighth I shot Sally so much ammonia that he had to come out of the haze or burst into flames. He came out.

That saved the day.

"Do you know that famous song called Look on the Sunny Side?" I asked him.

He rolled a bleary eye up at me as if to say that we were both punch-drunk, but I stuck to it. I made him hum the song and I made him say the words as he did it. At the end of the minute rest I sent him out to sing to Cloudy Downs.

Sprague has told you the result. He won in a walk. From that second until Cloudy folded into himself like a candle in a furnace the fight was all Sally's. I hung on the edge of the ring and watched as Sally made Cloudy come to him. That brought the fighting over to our corner. Cloudy was out to finish his man that round too. He had it stamped all over his face and in his bearing. As soon as he was close enough Sally started that song. Low and gentle he sang it:

"*Keep on the su-un-ny si-de*
An' let dull care pass you by-y-y-y;
Just figure yourself out a long time dead,
De-de-de-de-de-de-dum-m-m——"

I could hear him in there, humming the tune and singing the words he could remember. Newspapermen in the press seats thought sure he had gone barmy from the beating. But they didn't see what I saw.

Cloudy's face had changed. There was a ghost of a smile about his thick lips, and his eyes, a second before afire with the lust to kill, were soft and gleaming. His shoulders weaved to the music. His big feet shuffled. His arms waved in perfect time with the music.

Along the ropes they went until Cloudy was beating time with his whole body, a smile about his big lips. He was working with the absolute rhythm of a rocking-horse. All his timing was as plain as catchup on a new tablecloth.

And there you have it. That coon was so full of music that he could not get out of step to save his life. On the major beats of that simple little tune he would throw a wild sock.

But Sally did not wait for the major beats. When Cloudy rocked halfway forward on a beat, Sally smacked him on the kisser. Between singing and socking, Sally surged to the front. The knot on the upper end of Cloudy's shoulders rocked about like a cork on a bumpy sea.

I counted. Every off note of that song sent a winging right against a black chin. No human in the world could have taken it that way from Sally Menks. Cloudy might as well have been handcuffed!

It was along in the middle of the third verse that art triumphed over brawn. Cloudy dropped to his black knees and sagged there. The referee counted to nine and he got up. Sally sang some more and socked some more. By the middle of the third encore all was over but the sweeping. Art had triumphed. Cloudy went back home to oblivion and a bush in Savannah's fine park system. Eight thousand bucks will keep him forever. Sally Menks made enough dough to live his life out, and here I am.

However, though I never had a glove on in my life, you are staring straight into the pan of the intellectual who knows what music really is and the power it really has. Anything to the contrary is hokum. Keep out of recital halls. Get back to music as it is, as it should be.

You are also looking at the gent who, you must admit, knocked out the famous Cloudy Downs!

Sprague saw Nifty signify the end of the yarn by another gesture toward the waiter, and allowed himself to remark, "Dogged if we ain't!"

"And not alone that there," Nifty amplified as he reached for his glass. "This Sally Menks right now is wasting his life wrestling. Follow that long-haired orchestra leader out of here and he'll lead you to a once-great fighter who could just as easy live the life of Riley on the dough I made for him. Sally Menks is the well-plastered sap in the orchestra—the bimbo with the creased dial. He sits third from the left as you look and he wrestles a saxophone. . . . Tell me what music is and what it can do!"

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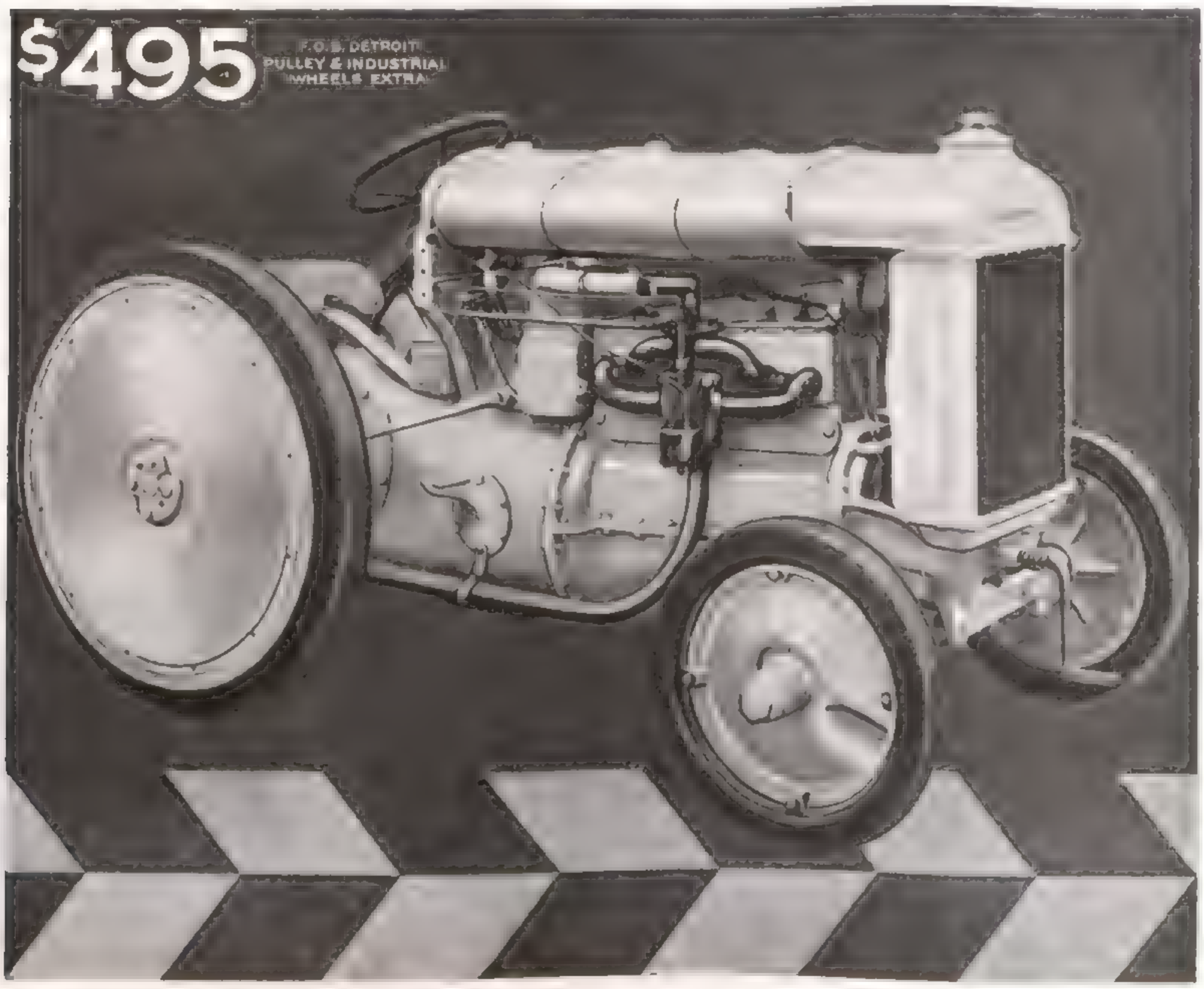

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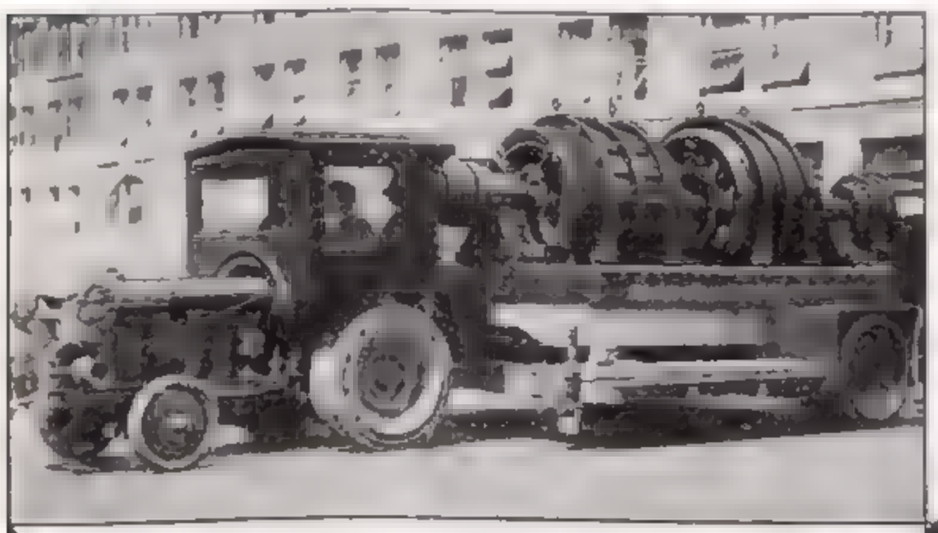
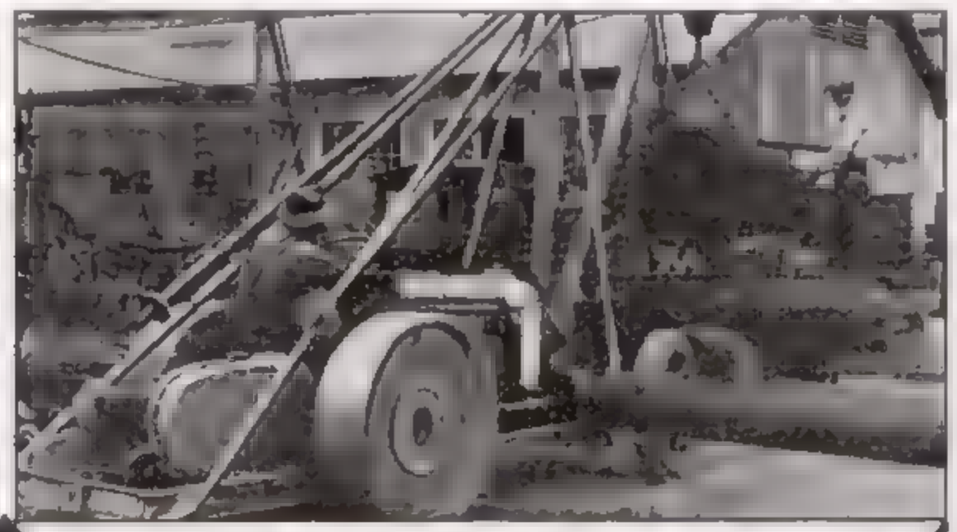


42,000 pounds! . . . yet the Fordson takes it along without difficulty



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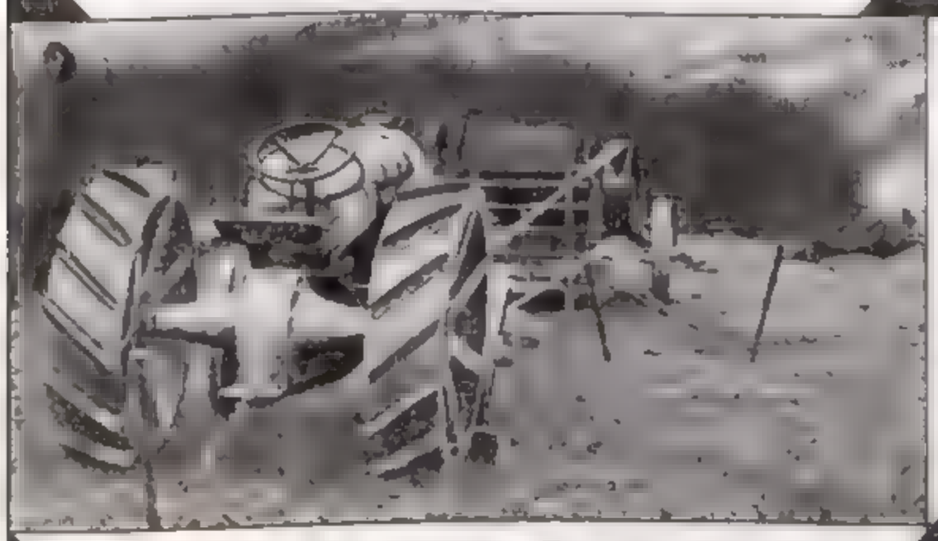

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THE prices "may be" O. K., the food "may be" pure, the clerks "may be" all right. But you are never really sure. So with "may be" buildings, bakeries, restaurants, hospitals and other public places.

Nine times out of ten, you will find that the floors in such places seldom look really clean. They "may be" scrubbed or polished regularly. But you doubt it. Hence, you wonder about the other things that go to make for your comfort and satisfaction.

Cleaning floors is more than just a duty. It is a service to you. Cleanliness begins with *clean floors*.

So look at the floors. Patronize those places where floors are scrubbed or polished regularly by the most up-to-date methods.

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Business men! Investigate the FINNELL Electric Floor Machine. FINNELL cleaned floors in your office, store, factory, hotel, will pay you dividends in increased patronage, greater public good will, improved employee morale. The FINNELL pays, too, in dollars and cents saved. It scrubs, waxes and polishes floors of all kinds—wood, mastic, tile, terrazzo, linoleum, etc.—cleaner and faster than hand methods. Ten thousand satisfied users. A right system for every building or business.

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ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

[HOUSEHOLD FINNELL—There is now a FINNELL for home use. If interested, ask for booklet, "*Beautiful Floors.*"]

SNOB'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 11)

East's face reddened with gratification; he nodded in confusion, then hurried out. As the door closed, MacDonald walked to the bay window that overlooked a quadrangle of elm trees and lawns still green. Standing beside the red curtain, he watched Lawrence East, on the path below, hasten toward the office of the Bureau of Student Employment. And when he spoke, he spoke aloud, as if addressing someone at his side.

"If he's been getting first groups," said MacDonald calmly, "I don't suppose there's much hope that he'll flunk out."

II

FROM his seat halfway up the slope of the crowded stadium, Andrew MacDonald regarded the sky with concern. He welcomed the gray clouds that now, drifting across a sun unseasonably warm for mid-November, spread cool shade over the spectators and over the substitutes who tossed a football on the white-streaked field below.

Neither the substitutes nor the spectators, however, inspired MacDonald's concern about the weather. His interest lay in something more personal. From the moment of leaving his room he had uncomfortably doubted the propriety of the coat he wore; but because it was one of raccoon fur, lustrous and visibly expensive, and because there were so few opportunities for displaying it between now and March, he had resisted an impulse to turn back. Arriving at the stadium, he felt himself open to the charge, not uncommon on the campus, of wearing a fur coat simply for the purpose of showing that he had a fur coat to wear. But his apprehension vanished with the sun, and it was with concealed satisfaction now that he carelessly arranged the glossy fur about his knees.

There was satisfaction, too, in reflecting upon the past five weeks. When he had realized finally that he was condemned to rooming with Lawrence East, he had determined to make the best of it; and since then he had spent as little time with East as possible, had been seen in his company not at all. It agreeably surprised him that he was able to remain so wholly apart from East, so unidentified with him on the campus. In this he was abetted by the demands which the pursuit of a scholarship and outside work done to pay his expenses made upon East's time. As a result, although many of them knew that Schuyler Browne had dropped out of college, few of MacDonald's classmates thus far realized that Browne had a successor. And this knowledge was consolation to MacDonald while he kept his hands in the lined pockets of his fur coat and absently watched the substitutes at practice.

The varsity, led by the captain, suddenly appeared at the left and ran quickly out on the field. A great roar went up, thirty thousand people got to their feet, the rising movement of the crowd spreading across the packed stands like the progress of a wave that swells but does not break. Four sweatered cheer leaders, grabbing megaphones, jumped into a line, their right arms in unison conducting a long cheer for the team that now, practicing signals, was moving down the field in short charges.

MacDonald's eyes followed the progress of the team, but his attention remained upon only two of the players. These were classmates of his, sophomores who had already won regular positions on the varsity. With two more years of football ahead of them, with the captaincy probably lying between them at the end of the junior year, they were considered important men in their class. MacDonald envied them, not because today they were earning the right to wear the coveted varsity letter but because their athletic success brought them favorably to the attention of Daniel Wharton and other seniors who would rule the admittance to upperclassmen's clubs in March.

One of the sophomores, during the first quarter, fumbled a pass, yielding the ball to the enemy. While the opposite stand leaped up in yelling triumph, MacDonald thought of the damaging effect this error might have upon the fumbler's athletic prestige; and because he felt that disaster to anyone more prominent than himself bettered his own chance for club election, he could not help shrewdly rejoicing, in his inmost heart, at his classmate's misfortune. Similarly, when the other sophomore, being assisted off the field toward the end of the quarter, was greeted by the short cheer ending with his shouted name, MacDonald resented the unequal fortune that placed one sophomore prominently upon a pedestal and left another sitting obscurely among thousands who could only look on, applaud and envy.

During the first intermission he resumed his inspection of the crowd. Here and there he noticed an upperclassman he knew; then, ten rows below, he discovered Daniel Wharton with a girl who wore a snug white hat. While he watched the senior, hoping to be recognized, he saw in his fancy a tableau that he had seen many times. In this tableau, standing by the long table where sophomores annually signed for membership in the clubs, MacDonald was being warmly congratulated by Daniel Wharton upon his election to Wharton's club. So vivid had repetition made this scene that his emotions were distinctly pleasant as he dwelt upon it—lingered with it until a cry at his right, a jarring note of reality, swept the illusion aside.

"Official program, fifty cents! Get your official program of the game!"

Rigidly MacDonald held his glance to the front and drew himself deeper into his fur coat, for the voice was the voice of Lawrence East.

"Official program—a picture of every player! Get your official program of the game!"

Out of the side of his eye MacDonald watched his cousin move busily about, hastily making change, spying yet another customer. Perspiring with anxiety, he lowered his head beneath the protecting rim of his felt hat. East had descended several of the concrete steps when a man, just in front of MacDonald, called after him. He turned, whipping a program from under his arm. As he straightened, having completed the sale, he observed MacDonald and smiled.

"Hello," he said, pausing. "Some game, isn't it?"

"Yes," MacDonald murmured, and was immensely relieved when his cousin, a moment later, again descended the steps. But five yards away, East once more turned.

"Say, Andy," he called, "a telegram came for you just before I left the room. I put it in the mirror on your bureau."

For a moment MacDonald looked at him. "All right," he said steadily, "I'll get it." When he rose presently, hot with humiliation, he moved leisurely, trying to suggest that he was leaving only in order to get the telegram; once on the ramp, however, out of sight of the people who had witnessed his shame, his steps quickened almost to a run, and while he strode beneath the towering concrete arches of the stadium he whipped himself into a fury.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "Has the man no pride at all? Peddling programs like a—like a damn pauper!" He went through the nearest gate, twisted impatiently past parked cars, strode angrily along a narrow board walk. "Why can't he keep away from me? Speaking to me in front of that crowd—front of a lot of my friends!"

He reached his dormitory, ran up the wooden stairs and slammed the door with a crash that echoed through the corridor outside. He stripped off his fur coat and flung it with his hat into a corner of the room.

"I'm through," he announced, going to his desk. "It's either him or me!"

In the letter to his father there was no effort at diplomacy such as he had used the previous summer. Then he had concealed his real objection to East, feeling that his father could not be made to see the stigma which MacDonald so clearly saw in poverty.

But now, freed by anger from all restraint, he took a venomous relish in baldly stating what he had hitherto dissembled. He was, he wrote, ashamed of his cousin, ashamed of his poverty, of the odd jobs he did to earn his way; he was socially handicapped by his presence, humiliated that his friends should know he was rooming with him and was related to him.

"If you are so anxious to pay East's rent," he concluded, "you could give him the cash or get him a room by himself. Why should I be disgraced in front of my friends because East happens to be related to me? Unless you fix this some way, I am going to resign from college and go away some place and work."

He went up to the town, mailed the letter and paused irresolutely on the post-office steps. He looked out upon the main street, a solid column of homeward-bound automobiles, now moving forward, now halted again, sending up into the yellowing twilight a shrill cacophony of hooting horns, vibrant sirens and musical pipings. On the sidewalk, venders of colored feathers, banners and miniature footballs dodged about, still huskily crying their wares, guarding their easel-like stands against the tide of noisy people who moved by in an endless procession.

MacDonald frowned upon the crowd. Now that the game was over, they all seemed onward bound to places where more gayety, more excitement awaited them. Only he was alone, only he had no intimates to fortify himself against the melancholy of the chilly autumn night. When his eyes turned to the telegraph office, filled with people scribbling at little desks, he recalled the telegram East had mentioned and walked toward his room.

From the gravel path outside his entry, he saw that a light glowed in the window above. He stopped, frowning at the prospect of an encounter with East; but he went on again, treading determinedly up the stairs. When he entered his room he experienced a rush of relief, for he was greeted by Schuyler Browne.

"I wired you I was coming down to the game," Browne explained while they gravely shook hands. "I reserved a table at the inn so we could dine together."

Browne's presence, as the two left the dormitory, revived its old influence on MacDonald, an influence that had begun with their final year as roommates at preparatory school. From the outset he had been awed by Browne's maturity, by his knowledge of the world, his membership in a family whose activities were chronicled in the daily social news. Under Browne's guidance he had discovered values and standards he had never known before; and slipping easily back into their old relation as they followed a waitress through the large buzzing dining room, he welcomed this chance to ask Browne for the advice he could get from no one else.

"Well," remarked Browne, when they were seated, "I suppose you're thinking quite a lot about clubs."

"That's all I have been thinking of," admitted MacDonald solemnly. "But it's all off with me, Schuyler."

"What do you mean?" asked Browne quickly, looking up from his plate. And while the waitress came and went, MacDonald told of the disaster that had crossed his hopes. Browne listened gravely, his expression becoming one of frowning thought.

"It's rather serious, I'm afraid," he announced.

"It's ruining my whole college career," said MacDonald earnestly. "Why, when you

(Continued on Page 107)

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or The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., Montreal.

(Continued from Page 104)

figure what it means afterward, you might even say it's going to ruin my whole life."

"It will hold you back for years," agreed Browne, nodding. "You can't make your father see reason?"

"I talked myself blue in the face, but for once I couldn't swing him around."

"Well, then," continued Browne methodically, "what about this fellow East himself? Couldn't you give him some story? Couldn't you tell him the doctor says you have nervous trouble or something and ought to room alone?"

"It's such a hard matter to discuss," MacDonald pointed out doubtfully.

"You might even offer to make it worth his while—he probably needs the money."

"I thought of that," MacDonald admitted. "But, you see, father would be sure to hear about it."

"H-m-m," murmured Browne reflectively. "High-school fellow, is he?"

"Yes."

"What's he like personally?"

"I haven't spoken a half dozen words to him, Schuyler. We haven't any classes together, and naturally I steer clear of him all I can."

"How's he dress?"

"Just the way you'd expect," said MacDonald cynically.

"No chance of reforming him?"

"I wanted to do a little missionary work along that line," MacDonald said, and made a gesture of futility; "but I suppose he can't blow any money on clothes, and I haven't got the nerve to offer him one of my suits."

"How does he stand on the campus?" Browne asked.

"He's never gone out for anything," explained MacDonald. "I imagine his work keeps him pretty much on the run."

For a time the two friends were silent. Browne extended a delicately graved silver case from which MacDonald took a straw-tipped cigarette. Leaning back in his chair Browne wrinkled his eyes behind a veil of smoke.

"As I see it," he began judicially, "you can't get out of rooming with him and you've got to take him as he is. Now here's the question: What's the best course for you to follow?"

"Exactly," agreed MacDonald, anxiously watching the other's face.

"Unquestionably the thing for you to do," continued Browne, "is to keep on as you've started. Simply go about your own affairs, I mean, and take no responsibility for East. Let it be known around the campus that you don't expect to drag him into a club with you. After all, everybody's got cousins—I've got two myself that are fairly crude citizens—and it isn't your fault that East happens to be what he is. Always be well dressed, and above everything else never be seen with anybody but the right sort of fellows."

"I've been very careful about that," said MacDonald.

"Stick to the policy you and I started out with," advised Browne. "It's a shame they ruled cars off the campus. Otherwise, I'd say send for that new roadster of yours and keep it here—as long as your family has money, you might as well let it be known. Make the most of your acquaintance with Danny Wharton, because he's practically going to run that whole committee."

Again silence settled upon the table, and MacDonald, his eyes anxiously regarding his oracle, sighed heavily.

"Lord, Schuyler," he exclaimed, "I wish you hadn't flunked out!"

An embittered expression for an instant marred the poise of Browne's smooth white face.

"You and I together stood a good chance of getting original bids," he remarked.

"We certainly did," said MacDonald warmly. "I'd feel a lot surer if I had your personality and your family back of me."

"I suppose my family is an asset," admitted Browne, shrugging modestly. "Even at that, you've got a good chance alone."

"Schuyler," said MacDonald, leaning across the table, "that's what I wanted to ask you. Just what do you honestly think of my chances?"

"Well," Browne answered, touching the ash tray with his cigarette, "I'd say your chances are good. Not the best in the class, understand, but still good. You haven't made any of the teams—football or hockey would help you most—but for that matter neither did Danny Wharton nor several others that were in his section. On the other hand, you present a much better appearance than the average and you came from a good prep school."

"Danny's own school," MacDonald supplemented eagerly.

"You've played your cards right so far," continued Browne, nodding, "and if you're careful you can prevent this fellow East from hurting your chances. I don't say he isn't a drawback, but when it comes right down to club elections, Danny Wharton's crowd are going to judge a man by what he himself is—for the appearance he makes, I mean, and the sort of friends he has."

Again MacDonald expelled a deep breath, but now it held something of relief. For him there was reassurance in Browne's analysis of the situation, in his clarifying advice.

So complete was his dependence on Browne that a feeling of desolation, of abandonment among hostile strangers, depressed him when the two stood, several hours afterward, on the station platform.

"Let me know how things go," said Browne. "I'll be very anxious to hear."

"I'll keep in touch with you," MacDonald promised, lingering by the door of the last coach.

"Now don't get sunk," Browne urged, smiling his grave smile as he put out his hand. "Your chances are much better than you realize and I know you're going to come through all right."

The prophecy imparted a consoling cheer to MacDonald as he walked slowly from the railroad station. The last of the many special trains had long since returned to the city, the last of the great football crowd had gone away. A haunting sadness lay over the campus, and through the trees the lamps, like reproachful eyes, seemed to blink in wistful regret for the departure of the thousands of happy, noisy people who had appeared so suddenly and gone so soon.

A fine snow, invisible in the night, sifted against MacDonald's face. But the fur coat warmed his body, just as the remembrance of Schuyler Browne's prophecy warmed his mood. This remembrance fortified him against the message he read at noontime, three days later, in a letter from his father:

> As to resigning from college, I think that would be a mistake which you would regret more and more as you grow older. You would especially regret it after you came to realize how selfish and unmanly the false pride is that has come over you during the last two years.
>
> The decision to stay or resign is for you to make. But if you do stay it will only be under your present rooming arrangement.

MacDonald, with a feeling of remote scorn, dropped the letter into the blazing fireplace.

"The old man doesn't understand," he informed the quiet room. "That's it—he just doesn't understand."

III

AS DECEMBER passed in cold nights and warm days, MacDonald's thoughts dwelt unremittingly upon the present preparation for what he regarded as the test of his life in March; and with the single-minded consecration of a religious votary he prepared himself in all that could be foreseen.

There were hours of depression when a conviction of failure possessed him. Other hours found him equally convinced that his election was certain. No longer did he allow the thought of his roommate to torment him. Because they had different class schedules, there were days when they did not once meet; and beyond an occasional glimpse of East, hurrying in or out, MacDonald saw nothing of him.

Many a December afternoon he spent in turning the pages of last year's Bric-a-Brac. In this volume, among much annually collected data, he found pictures of the upperclassmen's eating clubs. To most of his five hundred classmates there were eighteen of these clubs, differing widely in political influence and social prestige. But to MacDonald there was only one club and Daniel Wharton was its prophet; and always, when he scanned the Bric-a-Brac, his eyes returned to the picture of Wharton's club and to the list of members printed below.

He could recite this list from memory, could have told promptly the preparatory school and campus honors of each member. He knew them all by sight, and whenever he stood in their presence he felt that he was being scrutinized by the lords of his future.

Other hours he spent in studying his own freshman herald. This gave photographs of his five hundred classmates, and accompanying each was a statement, self-prepared, of the freshman's extra-curricular accomplishments at school. Out of these five hundred photographs and records there were two which he studied most often. One was his own, the other was Theodore Crippen's.

The school record of Ted Crippen, even in brief form, MacDonald found wholly enviable, and his achievements at college had fulfilled the earlier promise. His ability on the football field had won him the captaincy of his freshman eleven; the prominence this gave to his name—at a time when the freshmen were still groping for their leaders—won him the class presidency; and his sophomore fall and winter, during which he played varsity football and hockey, saw Crippen emerging as the traditional big man of his class.

This athletic success, in itself, interested MacDonald only mildly; but as Christmas vacation drew near, Ted Crippen acquired for him a peculiar interest, for, in the mysterious fashion of the campus, the rumor spread among the knowing ones of the class that Crippen was to be the pivot man around whom Daniel Wharton's club would build its section of sophomore members.

MacDonald, when he learned this, rejoiced that adjacent seats in a French class, and his policy of cultivating the influential men, had already made him acquainted with Crippen; and from that time, counterfeiting a friendly but disinterested attitude, never visibly currying favor, he achieved an intimacy with Crippen that grew steadily.

Nor was he the only one aware of the value of Crippen's good will. Soon he found that he himself, by being seen frequently in the company of Crippen, had acquired a radiated importance in the eyes of some of his classmates. It gratified him that a few of these now sought him out, dropped into step beside him on campus paths, greeted him more enthusiastically in Commons.

Though he did not permit them to alter his policy of reserve, these omens secretly elated him, and it was in a jubilant mood that he packed his trunk for the Christmas vacation. East, he knew, was staying over several days, working in the post office with other students hired to help with the Christmas mail. MacDonald, after deciding that it would be impractical to say good-by to him while he was at work, boarded a limited express for home.

Home, during the three weeks' vacation, was a convenient place for late sleep after each of the round of holiday dances. He made no mention of Lawrence East. Once at the dinner table his mother, in a manner he recognized as intentionally casual, inquired about Cousin Lawrence. The short answer MacDonald gave prevented further reference to his grievance. Between him and his father persisted the hostile silence that had begun with their disagreement over East.

(Continued on Page 109

This is Station
N.K.P.A.
Sauerkraut Headquarters

Broadcasting a Short Talk
by ROY IRONS, Secretary, on

Sauerkraut
and the Emblem

ABOUT a year ago, I broadcast facts about Sauerkraut—the wonderful health food—from this station.

Today I have been asked to tell of the importance of the Emblem, N.K.P.A., adopted by the National Kraut Packers to distinguish their product, and now appearing on their cans and barrels.

The right to this Emblem is the highest honor that can be conferred on a Sauerkraut packer. It is his degree, summa cum laude. Only those members of the Association conforming to the high standards set up by the packers and the U. S. Government, are licensed to employ it.

The Emblem—and I ask the housewives and lovers of Sauerkraut to note this—always means First Quality Sauerkraut. It means Sauerkraut made in the most sanitary plants and in the most sanitary way. It means Sauerkraut of proper color, proper shredding and correct lactic content. It means Sauerkraut with vitamins, lactic ferments and mineral salts.

The Packers found it advisable to take this advanced step. Certain producers had been placing Sauerkraut on the market which had no right to the name. I do not mean that Kraut lacking the Emblem on the label is never First Quality. However, let me emphasize the fact that all cans and barrels bearing it, contain only First Quality Sauerkraut.

It has been welcomed by housewives, and dealers who, like the Packers, have the interest of the consumer at heart.

I am tempted to quote for you the statement of many of the world's famous authorities — Kellogg, Sadler, Hartmann, Combe and others—as to the marvelous health qualities of Sauerkraut. But time forbids. If you would know the facts about this wonderful, wholesome and economical food, write for our booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food" (with 49 ways of serving it). It is Free. Thank you.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

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ACTION . . . Everybody wants "*Action*". Manufacturer, retailer, service man. President, sales manager, salesman. They all speak of *action*. For *action* has come to mean interest; sales; *profit*.

So they send out mailing pieces that represent all their hopes and then they await—*action*.

But before any piece of printed advertising can make sales—before it can get *action*—it must get Attention.

Right there is where Strathmore Papers will help you.

Strathmore Papers will make your direct-advertising different from the usual run.

How? The colors, the textures, the finishes of Strathmore Papers are outstanding. Their attractiveness helps your mailings to get Attention—to get *action*.

Perhaps you have realized this—but have thought Strathmore Papers too expensive for general use. Such is not the case. Your printer will show you inexpensive Strathmore Papers for your "everyday" jobs as well as better Strathmore Papers for your finest printing.

There are Strathmore Cover papers for your catalog or booklet covers, for your display cards and other advertisements. Strathmore Book and Japan papers for your folders, booklets, broadsides and envelope enclosures. Strathmore Bond and Writing papers for your letters, envelopes, billheads and office forms.

All these papers are sampled in the Strathmore Handbook. Conveniently divided into their respective price and purpose Groups. Ask your printer to show you this helpful book and to submit "dummies", for your next printed advertising, on expressive Strathmore Papers.

And if you would like an actual demonstration of the ability of Strathmore Papers to secure *action* by getting Attention, write for "The 7 Secrets of Attention-Getting" . . . Strathmore Paper Company, 15 Bridge Street, Mittineague, Massachusetts.

Action

Your direct advertising must get Attention before it can get *action* and sales!

	For covers of your Booklets or Catalogs: for Broadsides, etc.	*For your Folders, Booklets, Envelope Enclosures, etc.*	*For your Letters, Envelopes, Billheads, Office Forms, etc.*	*For your Special Paper Uses*
The DISTINGUISHED GROUP *Very finest papers* For Distinguished Printing	Artlaid Charcoal . . Cockatoo Grandee Old Stratford Parchment Cover Strathmore D. E. Narrow	American Japan Parchment Artlaid . . Charcoal . . Cockatoo Grandee . . Old Stratford Book Strathmore Japan Strathmore D. E. Narrow	Strathmore Deed Strathmore Onion Skin Strathmore Parchment Strathmore Script Woronoco Bond	Artists' Papers Blue Print Papers Bristol Boards Detail and Drawing Papers Diploma Parchment Drawing Boards Greeting Card Specialties Jewelers' Bristols Lamp Shade Papers Manuscript Covers Papeterie Papers Patent Office and Illustrating Boards Special Finishes Steel Plate for Photogravure Strathmore Stationery for Men Tag Parchment Typewriter Papers Wedding Papers
The PRESTIGE GROUP *Medium price papers* For Prestige Printing	Alexandra D. E. Narrow Alexandra Japan Cloth Center Cover Munsell . . Old Cloister Covers Rhododendron Cover	Alexandra Book Alexandra D. E. Narrow Alexandra Japan Rhododendron Box Cover	Alexandra Brilliant Alexis Bond Snowdrift Telanian Extra Super Woronoco Damask	
The EVERYDAY GROUP *Inexpensive papers* For Everyday Printing	Bay Path Cover Bay Path Imperial Saxon Deckle Edge Cover Saxonet	Bay Path Book Bay Path Imperial Saxonet	Bay Path Bond Blandford . . Saxon Bonds Bay Path Vellum Multicopy Bond	
The DECORATIVE GROUP *Papers of wide price range* For Decorative Printing	Aladdin Cover Araby Cover Bannockburn Cover Fanfare . . Strathlaid Parquetry Cover	Aladdin Box Cover Araby Box Cover Fanfare Parquetry Cover Strathlaid		

PAPER IS PART OF THE PICTURE

Expressive Strathmore Papers

(Continued from Page 107)

This silence, on his last Sunday morning at home, was broken. MacDonald, turning a page of the society news, found his father's gaze resting curiously upon him. His father had been caught off guard, and on the lean gray face was an expression of troubled perplexity. After fidgeting for several minutes in his chair, MacDonald rose to leave the room, but stopped at the sound of his father's quiet voice:

"Andrew, is the rooming arrangement at college still working out as badly as you thought it would?"

"Yes."

"As I understand it, your chief objection to Lawrence is simply that ——"

"It isn't just my objection," interrupted MacDonald placidly; "it's the way my friends feel about fellows like East."

"Well, then," his father resumed, "the objection your friends have against Lawrence is simply that he is poor?"

"That—and what being poor has done to him."

"What has it done to him?"

"Made a wet smack out of him."

"A—a what?"

"A wet smack—a wet smack," repeated MacDonald with labored patience. "A fellow who hasn't any dope on himself, and doesn't dress the way we do, and doesn't go out for the things we go out for."

"Who do you mean by 'we,' Andrew?"

"My crowd at college."

His father slowly nodded. "I see," he said. "Still, isn't that just another way of stating your first objection? There are certain things Lawrence can't afford, and as a result your friends don't want to associate with him."

"It boils down to that, I suppose."

"And yet when I talked to Lawrence last fall he impressed me as an exceptionally sane, likable fellow. That's what puzzles me. If he were personally unattractive or stupid, I could understand why your friends would avoid him. Don't you find him agreeable?"

"I don't bother him," explained MacDonald, "and I'm satisfied to have him let me alone."

For a time his father regarded him inscrutably through silver-rimmed spectacles.

"Does that seem right to you?" he asked slowly. "Are you satisfied that that's a decent attitude to take?"

"It's the way my friends would feel about it."

"Never mind about your friends for a moment," pursued his father quietly. "What I'm interested in knowing is this: Don't you—you personally, I mean—feel that there's something small and snobbish about your attitude toward Lawrence?"

"I have my own crowd—and I don't see why I should worry about East."

"Well, I am worrying," his father said, "but it isn't about your friends and it isn't about Lawrence; it's about you."

"If you wanted to worry about me," replied MacDonald lightly, "last fall was the time to do it."

A silence fell, during which he defiantly returned his father's steady, searching look.

"For the last two years," his father began, "you have had the queerest standards for judging people and for picking your friends. You talk about nothing but money and social position. You never seem to care if a person is congenial or whether you might profit by companionship with him. You certainly never learned those standards at home, and your mother and I wondered what had come over you—that is, we wondered until that time you brought Schuyler Browne home at Easter. Then we ——"

"Schuyler Browne is my friend," said MacDonald sharply, "so please ——"

"That doesn't prevent me from discussing him," continued his father mildly, implacably, "and it doesn't alter the fact that he is a wretched little snob. Since you must always pattern yourself after someone or other, why can't you pick out some admirable character? Now you have the real reason why I put Lawrence in with you. I was in hope that close contact with a genuine person like him would do you a lot of good."

MacDonald, standing motionless, glared at his father.

"The only good East has done me," he snapped, "is to lose a lot of my friends for me—friends of my own sort!"

His father, accepting defeat, picked up his paper and forcibly shook it open.

"If they're that sort," he said bluntly, "you're well rid of them."

MacDonald turned abruptly and left the room; and without further speech between them, he found himself, a few days later, back on the campus again, occupied once more in his old pursuit of scrutinizing every move, of weighing every speech.

Bound for a ten-o'clock class on a morning in January, he pulled a slip of paper out of the mail slot and saw that it was a summons for East to report at the treasurer's office. Thoughtfully he laid it on the table. Returning to the room after luncheon, he found East standing by the fireplace. East, he saw, had been crying, and his lips, when he looked up now, trembled strangely.

"Andy, they gave me a scholarship!" he announced huskily. "They just called me in and gave me one. Just think, Andy, three hundred dollars a year, and it's to start at mid-years!"

"Good for you!" MacDonald, unwrapping his carton of cigarettes, nodded approval. "I'm glad to hear it."

"At first I was afraid the treasurer had sent for the wrong fellow," East said, then grinned in a shamefaced way as he backed to the door. "I'm going to blow a dollar of that money now in wiring the news to mother. Man, will she be glad!"

MacDonald, deploring the sentimentality, again nodded; but as East withdrew he turned a look of great weariness upon his back and began changing his clothes for supper.

That night, after the first show at the moving pictures, he and Ted Crippen together strolled out to the sidewalk swarming with conflicting tides of people leaving and entering the theater. Neither he nor Crippen spoke as they sauntered to the drug store favored by the students. Inside, the long room echoed with talk and laughter; and MacDonald, facing a hundred sophomores and upperclassmen, bowed here and smiled there in a manner serene and reserved. But inwardly he was subjected to the old carping inquisition:

"Am I doing the right thing? Shall I speak to him? What should I say now? Did he cut me? Do I seem too eager?"

At a corner table in the rear they lingered over their sundaes. MacDonald noticed an unusually sober air about his companion, and was not surprised when Crippen, after the crowd had thinned out, began discussing club elections. He and a half dozen friends, he explained, were forming a section for the purpose of joining the same club, and the club they wanted to join was the one of which Daniel Wharton was president. They had to go slowly, Crippen pointed out, because the section must include only sophomores who would be acceptable to the election committee. The addition of a strong man strengthened the prestige of the whole section, but the inclusion of a weak man hurt the chances of all.

"We want to stick to fellows who'll be congenial," said Crippen; "fellows—you know—who'll enjoy being together their last two years. The trouble is, Andy, nearly every fellow we'd like to let in has some friends he wants to bring in with him. That mixes things up, because pretty often a ball of fire will have some wet smack of a friend."

"I can understand that."

"We've held it down to seven men so far," continued Crippen, and named sophomores whom MacDonald knew for important figures in the class. "Another trouble is, every new name we bring up has to suit all the fellows already in the section."

"Of course," agreed MacDonald calmly, removing his hand from the glass table top lest Crippen notice the shaking of his cigarette.

"I told the fellows last night that I'd like to have you with us. They said all right, and told me to put the proposition up to you."

Crippen paused and MacDonald thoughtfully nodded. "Why, yes, Ted," he said. "I'll be glad to be with you—very glad."

"Our section is a darn good one," remarked Crippen enthusiastically, as they were leaving. "The important thing, I say, is to be with your friends, and this crowd is going to be a darn congenial bunch."

"That's what I like about it," agreed MacDonald, who asked nothing of the section except that it win him admittance to Wharton's club. "We'll all be good friends, and of course that's the important thing."

They parted near Crippen's entry and MacDonald clenched his fists as he walked across frozen grass toward his room.

"I'm going to make it—I'm going to make it after all!" he whispered, and could have beat his arms together for the triumph that surged exultantly through him.

Nothing occurred to shake his confidence as January passed. Instead, his prospects and those of the section grew steadily brighter. Each of the group was invited to make the customary calls at Wharton's club—calls during which the sophomores, as prospective members, suffered under the inspection of upperclassmen aggressively at ease. And each was more significantly honored by visits at his room from Wharton and his committee.

Now that East no longer menaced his hopes, MacDonald found his resentment toward him abating. And when East, in spite of some maneuvering on MacDonald's part, happened to be present one night when Wharton called at the room, MacDonald derived not a little satisfaction from his own handling of the situation. Taking his cue from Wharton, he did nothing to show that he considered East an outsider in this company. He exerted himself to display tact; and when the senior left he was pleased by a belief that his tact had been recognized as tact.

The upperclassmen calls, by university ruling, were discontinued during mid-year examinations. The inter-term vacation MacDonald and Ted Crippen spent in New York at the home of one of the other sophomores in their section; and here the bonds of friendship among the group were further welded by an invasion of night clubs, from which they returned under a wintry dawn, penniless, but loudly unrepentant for the reckless pace they set.

Even the discovery, on the first day of the new term, that he and East now had two classes together failed to annoy MacDonald. The second day of the term was stormy; and in the evening, East, who had with his scholarship won some leisure, appeared at the door of MacDonald's bedroom with a copy of *King Lear* in his hand.

"Andy," he asked, somewhat diffidently, "what do you say we go over this now for tomorrow?"

MacDonald, realizing that he must face the task sooner or later, glanced at the window, where sleet hissed upon the panes. There would be no calling tonight, he knew; the campus was deserted, and all who had open grates would throw an extra log on the fire.

"All right," he assented. And while the storm whined and coughed against the windows, the two roommates, spending their first evening together, elevated their feet by the fire and took turns in reading aloud the tale of the irritable old king and his three amazing daughters.

IV

SEVERAL weeks later, MacDonald, filled with bitterness at what he was doing, overtook Crippen in front of the library.

"Ted," he announced abruptly, "I'm dropping out of the section."

Dismay showed on Crippen's face. "What's up, Andy?" he asked anxiously. "Anything gone wrong?"

"I've decided to stick with East," MacDonald explained. "I can't leave him alone."

Several students were coming along the walk toward them, so Crippen drew MacDonald nearer to the library steps.

"It's too late to do that, Andy," he said urgently. "You know the section won't take in any more fellows now."

MacDonald nodded stolidly. He knew there were men in the class—Crippen, for example—who were influential enough to dictate to the clubs, powerful enough to compel the admittance of a friend or two before signing up themselves. But MacDonald realized that he was not one of these, not sufficiently important that Wharton's club, in order to get him, would pay for him at the price of admitting East too.

"I'm not asking you to take East in," he said. "I'm just notifying you that I'm dropping out."

"You won't do anything but ruin your own chances," objected Crippen, glumly regarding his galoshes.

"I know—I know," said MacDonald harshly. "None of the clubs are calling on him, but if you fellows knew East as I know him, you'd be darn glad to have him in the section."

"I hate to have you drop out, Andy. Hadn't you better think it over?"

Quickly MacDonald shook his head. "I've thought about it enough," he replied. "You tell the fellows, Ted."

"All right, Andy, I will," assented Crippen; and MacDonald, conscious of a curiously limp feeling of relief, walked slowly toward class.

But this relief had come only after days of doubt and struggle. The fact that he and East, under their new schedules, were together in two classes had unavoidably thrown them into each other's company; and presently MacDonald had discovered that he was no longer striving to escape this. He himself was without friends; because of his policy of conduct he had no acquaintances that had progressed even to the stage of good fellowship; and it was against a background of a long, unrecognized loneliness that he had formed with Lawrence East the first friendship of his life.

"He's a hell of a good egg," was the way he had finally summed up East to himself. "One of the very best."

From that time he had begun to suffer a feeling of guilt in East's presence. The coming club elections were a topic they did not discuss, but the closer friends they became the more acute had grown MacDonald's sense of betrayal at the thought of his proposed abandonment of East. Plainly East expected no assistance from him; he sought nothing but companionship, seemed amiably indifferent to the approaching crisis. This, more than anything else, had shamed MacDonald's conscience into an unaccustomed, disturbing activity, had roused in him the first feeling of loyalty he had ever harbored for anything outside himself. And it was this loyalty to East that had, in the end, made him turn his back upon his own dreams.

He could not tell East, who knew so little about clubs, but he did notify two people of his decision. A letter from Schuyler Browne, seeking news of club prospects, had lain neglected for several days. Now, with a feeling of distaste, he briefly answered it. Then, because he must confide in someone, he wrote his father for the first time in four months. He wrote with a scorn for his old self, conscious of an unfamiliar affection for his father, and he wrote in a degree of contrition, of sentiment, that he could never have brought himself to speak.

Browne's answer arrived promptly, and it was in a disillusioned mood that MacDonald read the concluding sentences:

> I have been planning to reënter college next fall and was counting on you when club elections came around for me. You are making a tragic mistake. Even if you don't reconsider for the sake of your own future, are you not under some obligation to stand by me?

MacDonald tossed the letter into the fireplace and his palms brushed together as

(Continued on Page 113)

GREATER PRESTIGE

DUR

ON April 7th last, W. C. Durant announced that he was "Back on the Job"—that he would henceforth assume the personal direction of his automotive interests and concentrate his attention and fortune upon their development. ∴ Beginning with the Star Line of low priced quality four cylinder cars, now in its fifth year of popularity, Mr. Durant advanced the Star Six, the immediate success of which has more than justified his pronouncement "the Star Six is a Sensational Car." This was the first step in a constructive program which for the last eight months has included personal market investigation among his dealers in all parts of the country, the resultant rearrangement of his sales and service organizations, and the further development of his products for distinguished public service ∴ Now, the man who was the first in the industry to offer the public a choice of popular types of motor cars in one organized group, announces the further realization of his modern program.

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DURANT products have been remodeled, regrouped and renamed. Each has been developed according to the most advanced modern standards and is a composite of all that is best in its class. Three distinct types of motor cars are represented—in the most popular price range—each good enough to bear the name of the man who is back on the job to stay.

DURANT-75: A big six cylinder car of 119-inch wheelbase, ultra modern appearance and luxurious appointments, capable of exceeding 80 miles per hour, with double high transmission (4 speeds) and 4 wheel brakes.

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In order to avoid confusion, all sixes hereafter built in Durant factories will be called Durant. The four cylinder cars, better than ever and greatly reduced in price, will be continued under the name Star.

DURANT MOTORS, INC.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

An Old Man and a Corporation

"For more than forty years I was an engineman on a railroad."

One of the leading publications of the country recently published in its editorial columns the following human document:

SITTING in a beautiful park in a far Western city in a casual talk with an old gentleman, as we judged about eighty years of age, he told us this story:

"For more than forty years I was an engineman on a railroad. I had a short run. I liked my work because it gave me time to study certain things that interested me. For years now I have received a gratuity from the road, though through my saving habits I could live without it. I come out here every year to enjoy the climate. The other day a man, a stranger, came to me and said, 'Mr. . . . . , I have been sent here to hunt you up and to ask you if there is anything the company can do for you.' I was surprised and answered, 'I know of nothing. I now enjoy a gratuity from the company. I can think of nothing more that can be done. I am getting along very well.' Then I said, 'But suppose there was something the company could do, what then?' The reply was, 'Well, the company sent me especially to talk with you, and if there is anything lacking in your welfare that gives the company an opportunity to help you in a reasonable way, I am sure it would be done with pleasure. You had a good record and you have not been forgotten.'"

The old gentleman mused a while and then said, "And yet they say corporations have no souls. I suppose there are a hundred men in this city who are similarly situated."

We think it is fair to say, though the same will apply to other companies, that the railroad here referred to was the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

—From a recent issue of the Commercial & Financial Chronicle.

SINCE *the establishment of the Pennsylvania Railroad System's pension plan in 1900, more than 20,000 employees have retired under its provisions and $52,000,000 paid out in pensions. A total of 8,769 are still living and receiving pensions.*

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

(Continued from Page 109)

though he were dusting something from his hands.

"Trying to use me," he muttered; then, virtuously, he added: "The wretched little snob!"

He was stuffing clothes into his laundry box the next morning when a boy entered with a special-delivery letter. Standing among scattered shirts, he ripped open the familiar envelope and read:

My Dear Son: I just received your letter, and your mother and I are happier about you than we have ever been before. Remember, Andy, it is you and your future happiness that we have been worried about.

I know your decision was a hard one to make, because the club election was something you had set your heart on. I wish you could have the election, too, but what you are doing is worth much more to you than anything else could be. It is a real victory, something that you are going to be prouder and prouder of as the years go by.

The last time I talked to you I implied that you were a snob. I take it back, Andy, for you have done something fine and unselfish, and your mother and I are very, very proud of you.

Affectionately,
FATHER.

MacDonald, holding the letter, raised his head and found that he was regarding himself in the dresser mirror; for an instant his eyelids shut in a quick, involuntary movement.

"The old man's a good egg," he said; nodding at his solemn image, he added with infinite seriousness: "He's a better egg than I am."

A victory, something to be proud of, his father's letter had said. Until then the sacrifice had been for him a step taken grudgingly, a move enforced by an emotion that was not all affection and only partly shame at himself. But his father's words had changed that; and now into his heart stubbornly crept the knowledge that there could be glamour about defeat, too; he was withdrawing from the field, but now that thought occupied him less than the belief that there was something heroic in his ignominy, something faintly magnificent.

At times rebellion returned and from a bruised heart he cried, "If they only knew him as I know him!" But these protests passed; and with the new luxury of pride in himself he lived through the twilight of the winter, seeing little of those he had formerly cultivated, spending long, contented evenings before the fire, smoking and talking with the somewhat shabby roommate from whom he sought no advantage beyond companionship.

V

UNDER a brilliant sky the mail carriers who served the campus set out, on a Monday morning in March, with unusual burdens on their gray-clad shoulders. Their leather bags were freighted with hundreds of white envelopes that contained original bids for the sophomores, and as they made the round of the dormitories they left in their wake realized hopes, unexpected joy and bitter disappointment.

There were sophomores who, fully dressed, sat on the edge of beds in nervous expectancy; there were sophomores who cut classes to lounge on window benches and pretend to study; there were sophomore roommates who talked in forced casualness while their ears remained alert for the fateful click of the mail slot in the door. There were others who, released from an early lecture, tried to appear unhurried as they walked toward their rooms, and among this number was Andrew MacDonald.

When he drew near the familiar entry his heart was pounding. He had made full renunciation of his dream; he knew there would be no original bid awaiting him; but he could not kill an unreasoning hope for the intervention of some unimaginable miracle.

The mail slot, he discovered, was empty. From the threshold his swift glance saw that there was no precious white envelope on the study table. Cut to the heart, he looked at East. On his roommate's face there was an expression of acute unhappiness; and MacDonald knew that it was sympathy for him, rather than any regret for his own failure, that affected East. He achieved a smile intended to be reassuring.

"To hell with 'em, Larry," he said lightly and tossed his notebook on the table. "It's their funeral—they're passing up a couple of real balls of fire."

"You're darn right, Andy," said East, adopting the facetious manner with visible relief. "They're passing up the two foremost balls of fire in the class. But what do we care?"

MacDonald, as Monday and Tuesday passed, felt curiously aloof from the fevered activity on the campus. Outside, there was a hurly-burly of gesticulation and argument; but his rooms were pervaded by the hush of a funeral parlor. His position had about it a strange, unreal quality; for in his fancy he had lived through this week many times during the past two years, and never in those dreams had he played the rôle of a sophomore passed by, of one secluded in his room while seniors fought over his classmates.

He took refuge in the companionship of East. Seldom now were the two apart; and MacDonald, on Wednesday afternoon, sitting by the bay window and looking out into a misty rain, waited for East to return from the chemical laboratory. Presently, at a step on the path, he slowly rose and stared down at the slicker-clad figure of Daniel Wharton, accompanied by Tom Allen, another member of the election committee.

Leaning close to the window, MacDonald watched the two seniors turn into his entry. Then he jumped back and faced the door. Although he knew this was the season for secondary bids, although he knew that election committees were now supplementing their original lists—he could not believe that these footsteps on the stairs proclaimed the arrival of the miracle he had dreamed about. But he trembled at the sound of a sharp knock on his door.

"Come in," he said steadily, and Wharton and Allen stepped into the study.

"Hello, Andy," said Wharton.

MacDonald, nodding, gripped the back of a chair; his voice was harsh and hurried, as though he feared the strength of his temptation. "I won't sign up alone," he began doggedly. "I'm going to stick with Larry East no matter where we go—no matter if we don't make any club at all."

Over Wharton's face came a look of surprise at the defiant reception; but his voice was composed.

"I see," he said quietly.

"I'd like to sign up with you," MacDonald blurted out; "I'd rather sign up with you than any other club on the Street. But if you want me you've got to take Larry too. I know he doesn't know many fellows in the class—that's because he hasn't had time to be around the campus much—but if you knew him the way I know him, you'd rather take him than me, or any other fellow in the class."

Allen, visibly flustered, tugged at Wharton's elbow; the club president bowed as the two backed toward the door.

"We didn't know you felt that way about it," he said.

"And you don't—you wouldn't want the two of us?"

Wharton was shaking his head. "To tell you the truth, Andy," he replied regretfully, "our committee hadn't figured on that."

With a ghastly smile on his face, MacDonald watched them go. Then the sound of their descending footsteps stormed through him, assailing his resolution and his pride. A sharp dismay at his loss carried him to the half-closed door.

He wanted to run after them, to abase himself utterly and cry: "All right, if you'll still take me, I'll sign up alone! East can make out for himself—it doesn't mean much to him. I'll sign up—please!"

But he stood where he was, his hand on the door knob; and while the descending footsteps were still on the stairs, he heard the tread of someone else coming briskly into the entry. All footsteps ceased, several voices rose indistinctly to his ears. Then swiftly MacDonald tiptoed to the banister, leaned over, unseen, and listened to the conversation on the landing below.

"Andy isn't high-hat," the voice of Lawrence East was arguing earnestly. "He just seems that way because he's sort of reserved."

"The chief thing I had against him"—Tom Allen's voice addressed Wharton "was that little twirp, Schuyler Browne."

"Andy gave up a couple of good chances to make a club," East went on, "because he was afraid I'd be left out. He's the whitest man on this campus and the best friend I've got."

"Well," admitted Wharton approvingly, "we know him better now than we ever did before."

"I only wish you knew him as well as I do!" exclaimed East warmly. "If you did, Danny, you would've sent him the original bid instead of sending it to me."

There was a brief pause. Then MacDonald heard Wharton speak in the authoritative voice of one ending a discussion:

"Look here, Larry, you tell Andy that we want the both of you to come over this afternoon and sign up together."

The seniors departed and MacDonald, his eyes stinging, waited by the threshold as East came rushing joyfully up the stairs. They met on the landing, face to face.

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

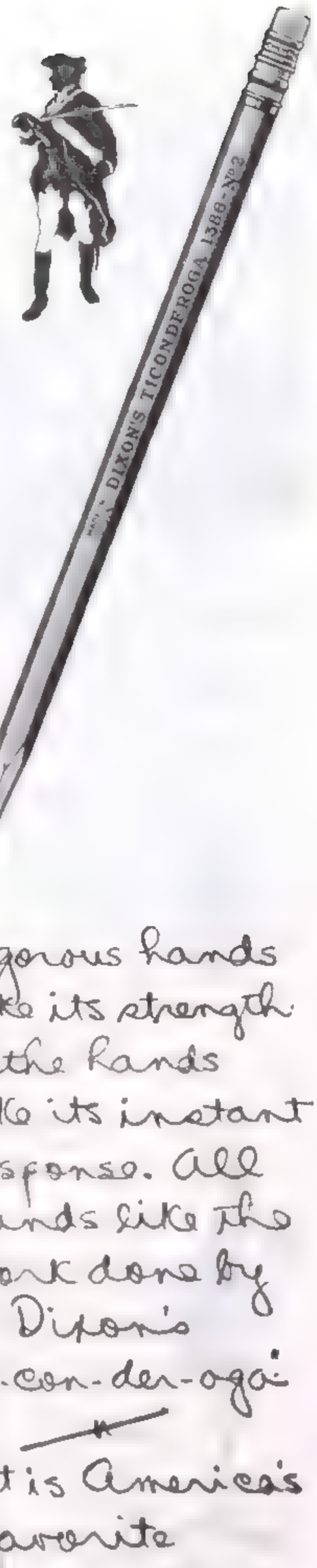
(Continued from Page 21)

He stood his ground. Three times he tried to start his vocal performance; each time he had to stop. My own turn over, I stood in the wings convulsed with merriment as I watched Rab getting angrier and angrier. He began to harangue the audience, and so powerful was his voice that its tones rang out above and beyond the combined din of the now thoroughly delighted audience.

At first he accused some of the auld-toon men of causing the disturbance, then he went on to state that the people in front were missing some of the finest talent ever assembled in Hamilton—a statement which was received with screams of derision—and finally, losing his rag completely, he extended his fingers to his nose and challenged any three men in the audience to come up on the platform and fight him. As a matter of fact, one or two groups of miners showed rather a willingness to accept his invitation, when the lights in the hall suddenly went out. The concert terminated in chaos and some free fights. Not until several weeks afterward did I hear that Rab himself had given secret orders to the hall keeper to turn out the lights soon after he went onto the platform. The wily rascal had seen how the wind was blowing and thought this was the best end to a venture which had earned him a nice bit of "ready," but which was a dire failure as a singing competition.

Many, many years later I was performing in St. Louis, and immediately I danced on the platform a terrific voice cried out, "Come on, Harry, let them see what the wee collier laddie Irae Hamilton can dae! Harry, ma cock, up an' at them!" I couldn't see the speaker. But I could never mistake the voice.

"A' richt, Rab," I shouted up to the gallery, "I'll dae ma best. See you round in the dressing room after the show!" Of course it proved to be my old gaffer, Rab, settled down and doin' well, like so many of his compatriots, in a great American city.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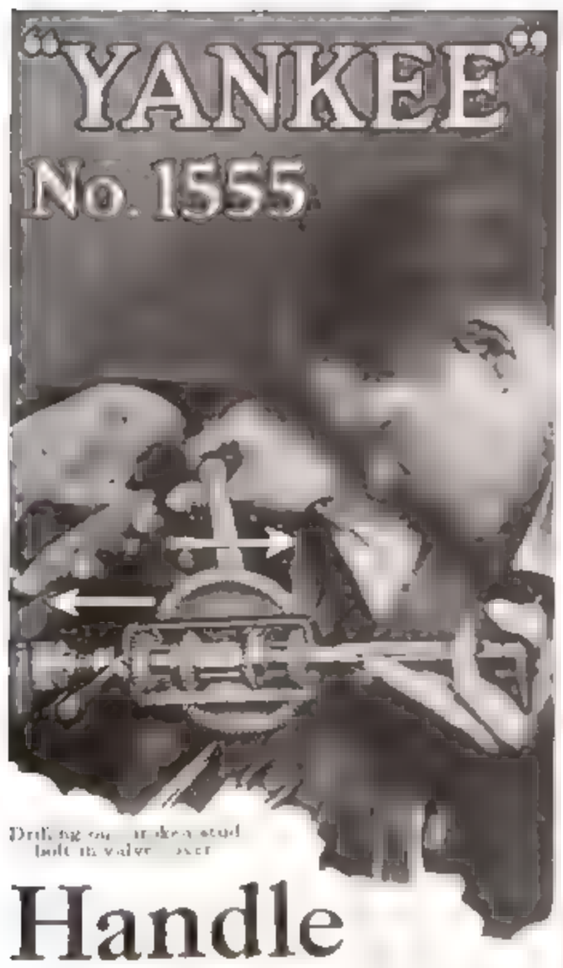

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Inlet to valve chest

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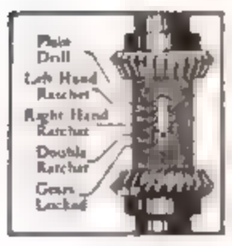

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"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

As each of my brothers reached twelve years of age he left the school and went down below. Matt was the first for whom I found a job, and then Jock, Alec and George followed in due time. Matt was a chap like myself, as strong as a lion and a keen, willing worker. He and I teamed up together by and by. And didn't we make the coal fly from its seam when we specially wanted to have a good week's pay! As I have said, those were the days—believe me, the happy days—when a miner was only proud of getting what he had worked for. Take all you can get and give as little as you feel inclined seems to be the motto of too many people all over the world today. It's wrong! It's all wrong! It is demoralizing in every direction. It is unjust to the good, honest workman; it has a softening, deadening influence on the boy or man whose heart is the slightest bit out of its natural position. Recently, both in Britain and America, I have been preaching the gospel of free trade in brawn and brains; the creed of letting a man earn as much as he wants to within reasonable limitations. In America the system has been adopted very widely. But in my own country trade and industry are being hampered and initiative and ambition stifled by too much "ca' canny—take everything and give as little as possible."

The Lauder Reputation

Matt and I worked so hard that we came to be known as the Coal Mawks—the coal worms that bored away and bored away, ceaselessly and persistently. If there was a difficult or dangerous job we were on it like a cock at a gooseberry—always granted that the money was all right, mind you! The two brothers put up some amazing records in coal getting. I have myself cut from five to six tons of coal in a shift. That was at the soft coal, while at the poytshaw coal—twenty-nine and a half inches in thickness, and with little room to swing your pick—I have reckoned a ton and a half an excellent day's work.

While still in my teens I became a contractor. You have to be a responsible and experienced miner before you are allowed to take on a job by contract. It was at Barncleuth and Silverton collieries that I got my first contract to drive a level, from Will Frew, the underground manager. The system adopted in fixing a contract is simplicity itself. The manager takes you along to a certain working in the mine and says, "Gie me an offer!" You examine the coal face, the quality of the coal, the depth of the seam, the arrangements for haulage, wooding, and so on, and on these facts you make a quick mental calculation. On this occasion I offered Frew to take on the job at six and sixpence a fathom.

"Done!" said he, and we shook hands—as binding an agreement as if the deed had been drawn up by a dozen lawyers and confirmed by the Court of Session. "A spittle in the loof an' a shak' o' the hand," as the old Scottish phrase has it, has sealed more honorably kept bargains in Scotland than were ever attested on parchment in any other country in the world. In my day a miner's word was his bond. It may still be. I hope so anyhow.

I suppose there are still contractors in the Scottish mines, but as I have said, the machines have altered everything and coal cutting is not now the man's work that it used to be. Incidentally, I learned long after leaving the pits for the stage that in several of the Lanarkshire collieries there were still places below known as "Lauder headings" and "Lauder levels," a tribute to my reputation and industry as a miner which I value very much indeed.

I would be about eighteen when I started to "love a lassie"! The tender passion comes early to the boys and girls in the Black Country. At least it did so in my time. We were men and women at sixteen and seventeen. School days were left far behind. We were battling for bread at an age which today would be looked upon as childhood. I was "boss o' the hoose" when I was thirteen; in a year or two after, I was a man earning a man's pay and with a man's outlook on life. Was it to be wondered at, therefore, that I early fell under the spell of two bonnie blue eyes and a mass of dark curls when the former flashed a look at me from a Salvation Army ring in the Black's Well one Sunday afternoon? I was smitten on the spot. I was captured and enraptured. It was love at first sight—first, last and only. Annie Vallance—Nance!

It's just on forty years ago, but I can scarcely write the dear name for the feelings that memory causes to surge within me. . . . You're not going to see this page, Nance, darlin', before it goes to the printer. You'll no get a chance to cut out what I'm sayin' about you! . . . If ever a bonnie lassie knocked a young fellow tapsalteerie—literally, dizzy—fourteen-year-old Annie Vallance did me. I couldn't eat the first night I saw her, I couldn't sleep, and the next day I couldn't work. I had got it bad. Oh, dear me! I thought I was going to die. But there's aye a Providence in these things. I managed to get an introduction through one of her young brothers. For Tom Vallance I have had a very soft side from that day to this. I taught him his job as a miner and he is now, as he has been for thirty years, my faithful friend and manager. Where I go Tom goes. I do nothing without consulting him. He is almost as well known all over the world as I am.

Did the course of true love run smooth in our case? I don't know that it did. There were lots of chaps after Nance, but I told her plump and plain that I would fight anybody who tried to take her from me. Yes, I would kill any three men in Hamilton who dared to look at her! As for Nance herself—if ever I saw her turn a keek in any other direction—well, it would be the worse for her. This aheik stuff did not go down well with the young lady, but that it had some slight effect I still flatter myself to this day. But sweethearts we soon became; sweethearts we remain. Once I was interviewed by a prominent American journalist who said he wanted to get my views on divorce problems. What I told him was this: "I don't know anything at all about divorce problems. I've been coming to the States for twenty years and I always bring the same wife with me."

A Drink and a Bit of Tact

To consolidate my position, so to speak, I got a job at Number 7 Pit in the Quarter, a village close to Hamilton. The underground manager was Nance's father, Jamie Vallance. At first he did not know anything about me or that I was courting his daughter. He was a stern, dignified, but straightforward man. No liberties were tolerated by "Jammuck"—in those days he had as quick a right-and-left as any prize fighter, and those newcomers who thought they had an easy mark to deal with in him speedily learned their mistake. Every man at the Quarter held the underground manager in a mixture of fear and wholesome respect and esteem. I know I did. For months I did everything I could to earn his good opinion. I worked very hard and had always a cheery time o' day for the boss when he came along the workings or I met him above ground.

Nance would now be about seventeen and I about twenty. My brothers and sisters were all working. Plenty of money was going into our house. There was no more call for me to hand over all my pay to my mother. I determined to get married. Nance was quite willing, but in her case she realized a difficulty. She was the eldest girl in the family, her own mother's mainstay, and there was a troop of younger brothers and sisters to be cared for and raised. Neither of us knew just how the auld folks—neither of them yet forty, by the way—would take the proposition; we were nervous of broaching it.

But one Saturday night I happened to meet the manager downtown. He was in a genial mood. We stood and clavered for a while and then I invited Mr. Vallance to have a refreshment in the bar of the Royal Hotel. He indicated his willingness to partake of my hospitality, but I could see from the look he gave me that he was wondering whether I had started to drink beer at my comparatively early age. However, when I ordered a lemonade for myself and a wee hauf for him, he thawed considerably. "Now or never!" said I to myself, and there and then I told him, nervously, but without any waste of words, that I was in love with his daughter Nance and wanted to marry her right away.

Jamie eyed me up and down without saying a word. He took a deep breath or two. I looked anxiously toward the door, suddenly remembering all the stories I had heard about his quick temper. Should I run for it while the going was good? Then he turned to the bar attendant and slowly ordered "the same again." I was saved for the time being.

Jammuck Passes the Buck

After drinking his nip, the manager put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Harry, ma lad, ye've put a sair problem to me this nicht! Answer me a'e question: Do ye love her?" With tears in my eyes I replied that I loved her with a' ma heart and that I would try my best to mak' her happy.

"Swear it, Harry!"

"I swear it, Jamie!" I answered, and lifted my right hand. We were silent for a moment or two.

Then the manager turned to me again and said, "Harry, if there's love in the camp atween you and oor Nance, tak' her an' joy be wi' ye! But," he added quickly, "ye'll hae to ask her mither first."

I couldn't get out of the hotel quick enough. Nance was waiting for me round the corner. We were both overjoyed at the result of the interview with her father. There would be no trouble with the mother, Nance assured me, for that good lady, with the intuition of every true mother, knew all about our little romance. . . . Do you mind, Nance, that we stayed out till nearly eleven that night? That we strolled up and down the Lanark Road about nineteen times not knowing what we were doing or saying, or where we were going? How I told you I was determined to be a great man one day and make you a lady, with silk gowns to wear, a carriage and pair to ride in, and a big house to live in with double doors and hot water laid on? Do you mind how you laughed and said I was daft, but that I was your own Harry Lauder and that nothing else mattered? You will remember all that perhaps, but neither you nor I can remember how often we kissed each other, how often we looked in each other's eyes, how often we sighed and cuddled up closer and closer!

"Aw, cut out the sob stuff, Harry!" I can hear some of you chaps saying as you read this last page or two. But I can't. It's in my bones. I know I'm a sentimental old duffer now. I've been sentimental all my life—Nance made me so in the first instance, and she still keeps me full of sentiment today.

I have just sent her a telegram to London where she is spending a holiday. Every day while she is away from me I send her a telegram or speak to her on the telephone—whichever is the cheaper!

Long courtships are not encouraged in the mining districts of Scotland, and when Nance and I had been walkin' out for a few months we decided to get married as soon as we could find a house. Fortunately we met with no difficulty in this direction. The colliery proprietors I was working for at the time had a house vacant in the Weaver's Land, a colony of miners' residences owned and controlled by them. The rent

(Continued on Page 116)

Three sections of the "Century," with their new "5200" engines, waiting at LaSalle Street Station, Chicago, for the signal to start on the 20-hour run to New York.—From a painting by Walter L. Greene

A new fleet of thoroughbreds to haul the New York Central limiteds

Fourteen through Pullman trains to New York leave Chicago daily over the New York Central Lines. They usually run in seventeen or eighteen sections, occasionally in twenty, and, at times of peak traffic, in twenty-four or more sections.

Making their departure from the two centrally located Chicago terminals in LaSalle Street and Roosevelt Road, this procession of limiteds follows the unique water level route to the East that for three centuries has been the natural transcontinental highway between the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic seaboard.

This winter a new fleet of thoroughbreds of the rails—the giant "Hudson" type locomotives—is being placed in service to haul the Chicago-New York limiteds. These six-driving-wheeled engines—the "5200" class—are the most powerful ever designed for this service.

They will be seen on the *20th Century Limited,* the *Lake Shore Limited,* the *Wolverine,* the *Fifth Avenue Special,* the *North Shore Limited* and other famous trains running between New York and Chicago, as well as on the overnight limiteds between New York and Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo, Buffalo and other large cities on the New York Central Lines.

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(Continued from Page 114)

was three and sixpence a week, which sum was kept off the weekly pay envelope. As I was working on contract and earning about three pounds a week, the rent could not be considered excessive. Moreover, I had always been of a saving disposition, especially since falling in love, and had more than twenty pounds in the bank—a sum more than ample to set us on our feet as a young married couple.

The vacant but and ben having been repainted and papered, we started to furnish the humble nest right away. The main article of furniture which engrossed our most earnest attention was the kitchen dresser. No workingman's house in Scotland in those days was complete without a dresser. This is a highly polished wooden contraption with two swinging doors in front and a back rising above the level of the top boarding. Her dresser was—and still is so far as I know—the special joy and pride of the Scottish housewife. In its shelves below, and outside on top, she displays her crockery and ornaments and table equipment to the best advantage. As often as not a doily is spread outside, and on this ornamentation the clock, or a pair of vases, or a couple of toddy bowls are placed with an eye to effect. The whole thing is kept as shiny and spotless as possible. The first thing the visitor to the miner's home does is to examine the dresser with a most critical eye; it is the keynote to the taste, the cleanliness and the general housewifely qualities of the lady in command.

As I have said, Nance and I spent a lot of time and thought over the purchase of our dresser. But at last the die was cast—we selected one which cost us three pounds, ten shillings. It was a beauty. Dark stained and so perfectly polished that we could see our faces in the wood. We were so enamored of this marvelous piece of furniture that we went back to the cabinetmaker's shop again and again just to make sure that he hadn't sold it. And immediately the house was ready for us the dresser was installed with much formality and care. A bed, bedclothes, a table and some chairs, together with a paraffin lamp and a strip of carpet to go in front of the fireplace, practically completed our purchases for the house; the little extras such as a clock, ornaments, knives and forks and spoons, we knew we would get as wedding presents.

The Height of Sartorial Excellence

If I remember rightly I spent less than fifteen pounds on furnishing our first house, which meant that I was left with the handsome margin of about five pounds for eventualities. I was so anxious to complete the home that I carried practically all the "plenishings" from the shops to the Weaver's Land. Even the kitchen table was transported on my head, its legs sticking up in the air, and I laugh now as I recollect the amount of banter I had to submit to from friends and acquaintances as I trudged down the main street as if I had been Diogenes carrying his tub.

A couple of weeks before the marriage our wee house was as neat as ninepence. You could have taken your breakfast off the floor, as we say in Scotland. Nance's mother was the guiding spirit in getting the habitation shipshape. Night after night she and I went along and we scrubbed and polished, polished and scrubbed until everything in the place shone like a mirror. I was so happy that I danced and sang as we worked. And wasn't I the proud young fellow when I took my bonnie wee bride home to her ain hoose for the first time!

After being cried in the parish church for three weeks and having the banns posted at the registrar's window for a like period—we went downtown every night and stood reading this solemn document until we knew every word of it by heart—we were married in the Vallance house in the Bent, Hamilton, on the eighteenth day of June, 1890. Nance looked a picture in a new white dress I had given her as my marriage gift. She also wore a wee poke bonnet with red ribbons tied beneath her chin. My, but she was bonnie. I don't know how I looked, but I know that I had on my Sunday suit with a stiff white shirt—the first I ever possessed—a stand-up peaked collar and a very loud tie with green spots on a yellow background. On my feet was a pair of gutta-percha shoes, half leather and half canvas. The whole outfit, barring the suit, which I had had for some months, cost me less than ten shillings at Harry Wilson's, the local outfitter.

Doubtless I was in the height of fashion for a miner's wedding at that time, but my own opinion is that a minister of today would refuse to marry a man accoutered as I was at the altar—my father-in-law's plush-covered parlor table. When the time came for me to produce the ring I was so excited and nervous that I could not get it out of my waistcoat pocket for quite a long time. Ultimately I unearthed it from among a mixture of odds and ends, such as a knife, a plug of tobacco, a broken pipe and a piece of string. The incident, accompanied as it was by the tittering of my brothers and sisters, almost brought me to a state of collapse. Long years afterward I made good use of it as a bit of stage play in my song Roamin' in the Gloamin'.

A Scotch Pay Waddin'

After the ceremony was all over we adjourned to the Lesser Victoria Hall, where the marriage spree took place. Our marriage was what is known in Scotland as a "pay waddin'"—all the outside guests paid for their tickets. Most marriages in the Black Country forty years ago were conducted on these highly sensible lines. Men with marriageable daughters had no money wherewith to give fancy wedding parties. If you wanted to attend a friend's marriage you cheerfully paid your whack. In our case, the price was fixed at eight and sixpence the double ticket. The two families drew up lists of probable well-wishers and issued invitations to them, marking the financial obligation very clearly on the invite. My brother Matt, who was my best man, and Nance's sister Kate, who acted as best maid, sold thirty double tickets and they joyfully reported to me that they could have sold as many more had the hall been big enough to accommodate the extra number.

Like the wedding of Sandy MacNab, our "do" was a swell affair. There were lashings of steak pie, chappit tatties, rice pudding, tea and pastries. There was beer in abundance for all who wished it. And there were bottles of Scotch for the heid yins at the top table. Jamie presided over the function. He said a brief grace and ordered the assembled company to fa' tae. (English: Get busy on the grub!) They required no second bidding. Some of the young miners had refrained from eating any food for a day or two so that they could do full justice to the steaming pies, the endless plates of potatoes and cabbage and carrots and the enormous helpings of rice and raisin pudding. The fun and clatter became fast and furious; the din was deafening.

Nance and I sat together at the foot of the main table. We were very much in love, but we had both hearty appetites, and we tucked in with the best and bravest of them—at least, I did. After the tables were cleared there were speeches and toasts. My health and the health of the bride were duly toasted. Then the chairman sang a song, Norah, the Pride of Kildare, only stopping twice or three times in the middle of it to implore silence from some of the more obstreperous spirits who had started arguments about how much coal they could cut if the face was workable at all. In any social company of miners the conversation generally gets down to coal cutting. Millions of mythical tons must have been cut on the night I was married.

Then old Sandy Lennox was called upon for a song. Sandy had an extraordinarily big nose which always seemed to be insecurely attached to his dial, and when he sang he had a habit of shaking his head. This made his nose wabble in the most comical fashion. He had not sung more than half a dozen words when all the company were convulsed by the antics of his nose, so he sat down in high dudgeon, which was only mollified by a good stiff nip passed along to him from a crony at the top table.

I sang Annie Laurie and Scotland Yet, and everybody who could sing or recite or do anything at all was called upon in due course. By eleven o'clock the *conversazione* was declared at an end. Then the dancing was started and was kept up, with constant hoochs and skirls and screeches, until four or five in the morning. I would not take the responsibility of asserting that all the wedding party were strictly sober when the early hours arrived, but I can truthfully say that everybody enjoyed themselves thoroughly. So much so, that when Nance and I quietly jookit awa' from the hall about three o'clock in the morning we were never missed. And that is a fairly accurate description of a pay waddin' in Scotland forty years ago.

Next morning, a Saturday, Nance and I were up early and off to Glasgow for our honeymoon—of one day's duration! We spent most of the time in McLeod's Wax Works in the Trongate, standing spellbound before the effigies of Charlie Peace, Burke and Hare and other notorious robbers and scoundrels and murderers. What a honeymoon! But in those days a visit to the Wax Works was considered one of the greatest treats by which a man could entertain his wife or his sweetheart. Later we went for a run on the top of a tram car to the gates of Barlinnie Prison, after which we wandered down to the Broomielaw, had a sniff of the Clyde, and this finished the day for us in more ways than one. Tired, but completely happy and contented, we got back to Hamilton and oor ain fireside. We were "kirkit" the next day and on the Monday morning I was up at five o'clock and off to drive another yard or two of the Lauder level in Allenton Colliery.

Before There Were Movies

During my courting days I had kept up the singing habit; indeed almost every night that I didn't spend in the company of my dearie I was competing at some concert or other. It seems strange nowadays to think that this form of entertainment has completely passed out. But in my time as a boy and young miner in the west of Scotland these singing competitions were exceedingly popular.

Remember that this was long before the days of cinemas in little mining towns and villages. An occasional concert in the local hall, or drama in the "geggie"—provided by touring companies—was all the entertainment the people had to keep them from absolute boredom.

Even the cheap-Jacks that toured the industrial centers and sold their wares by public auction in the squares and at the street corners carried their own singers with them as a special attraction. Generally the vocalist was a low comedian. Whenever trade was dull the auctioneer stepped down from his rostrum and announced that his place would now be taken by "the world-famous comedian So-and-So, who would entertain the public free of all cost and charge." Of course the people came trooping up to take advantage of this generous invitation.

One of the first comedians I heard perform from a traveling cheap-Jack's van was a little man calling himself Wee Harris. He was certainly very small and very comical in his costume and antics. He had a Glasgow accent that could have been cut with a knife. His songs did not err on the side of delicacy, to say the least of it. His great hit was a ditty about the indigestion troubles of the Duke of Argyll, and this song never failed to send the audience into fits of delirious laughter.

The public taste in those days was not nearly so refined as it is now. I have seen

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The Eggnog.....that shook up the city government

A husband, visiting his wife at the municipal hospital, listened to her complaint about the watery quality of the milk used in her eggnog.

The husband forwarded her complaint to the SCRIPPS-HOWARD editor.

An investigation revealed that a political clique was selling the hospital skimmed milk at the price of rich milk . . . and getting a juicy rake-off from the dairies.

This led to a militant probe of the whole city administration, which was found to be freighted with graft, inefficiency and extravagance. The daily stories, printed by the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper, of hospital patients neglected, city funds misappropriated and criminal mismanagement generally. aroused the public to impressive action.

The leading citizens volunteered for municipal duty; the reigning commission was overthrown; and a city manager of unquestioned ability and honesty was elected.

Not only the hospital, but the entire city, was happily rid of abuses long tolerated. This is no isolated example of the service rendered by SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers. In 25 cities, SCRIPPS-HOWARD editors are leading the fight for public welfare against individual avarice and selfishness.

It is a fight that pays, not only in reader-loyalty and confidence, but in the resultant reader-responsiveness which more than 2,500,000 families give, both to SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers and their advertising columns.

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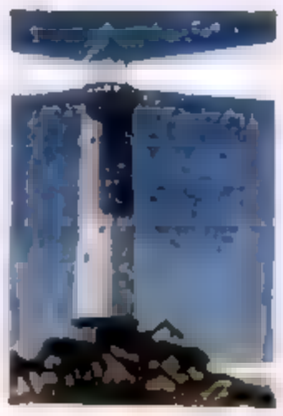

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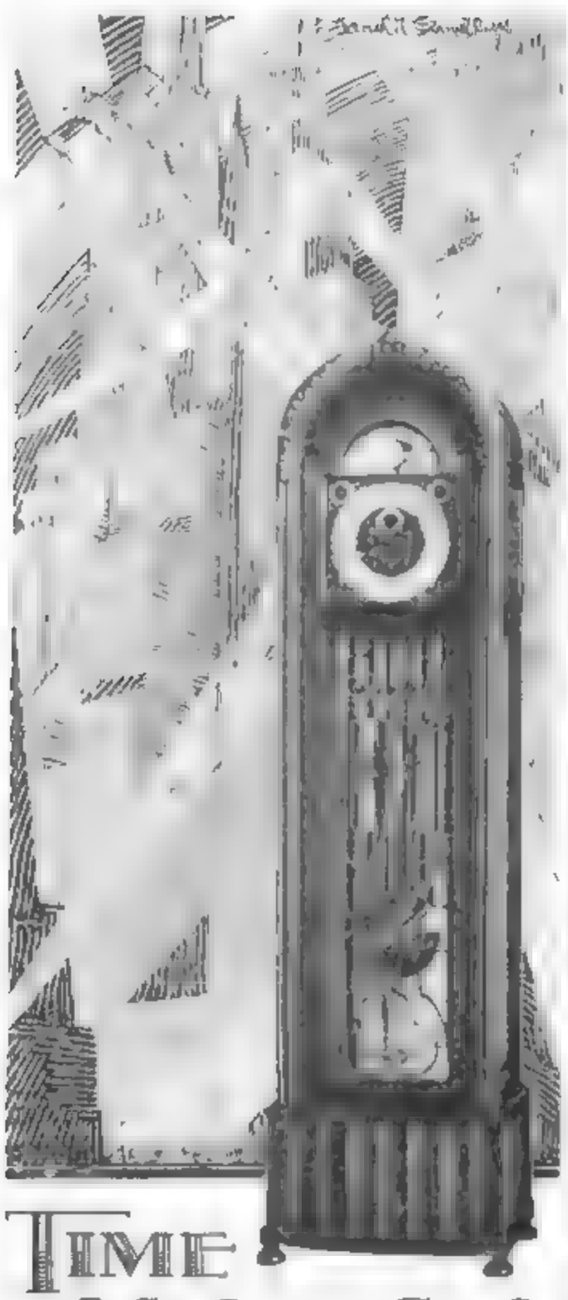

TIME IN MODERN GARB

YOU'LL like the newer Colonial Clock creations;—there's such a swirl of style about them. All that's fine and enduring in the refreshingly new beauty of *art moderne* has been given full expression. And underlying their modernity is that personality and lasting character which always makes a Colonial Clock more treasured each passing year.

Whatever your taste, there's a Colonial Clock to win your adoration. Whether you select one priced over a thousand dollars or one at less than a hundred, the "Colonial" nameplate inside the door will assure you of the renowned Colonial goodness—a case of Solid Honduras Mahogany and the finest of Imported movements.

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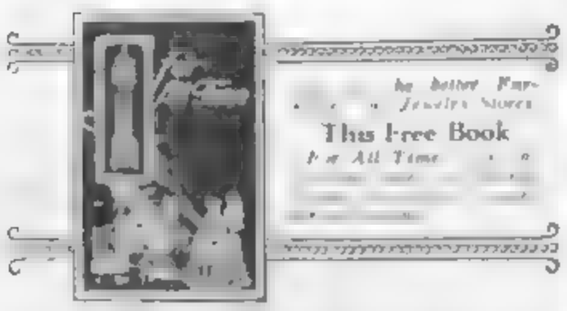

COLONIAL CLOCKS

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the local policemen roar with merriment at Wee Harris' suggestive asides and jests. Today they would probably take action in safeguard of public morals and good taste. But Wee Harris was a sure draw at all times, and when he had collected a crowd and put them all into good humor the auctioneer would again take up his position and do a roaring trade.

Singing contests were frequently arranged by these gentry. The usual thing was to stage a "grand, open-air, free-entry contest to finish up a very pleasant and successful week with our old friends in Hamilton." The prizes to be won were shown on the stall for several days beforehand. I can remember with what admiration and envy I regarded a "magnificent solid-silver butter cooler" which was to be the premier award in the comic section of an amateur contest arranged by a London auctioneer who had visited this district for many years. I made up my mind to win this gorgeous prize. Win it I did, and my mother was so delighted when I took it home that she started to polish it right away. In a few minutes she had polished all the silver off it! But she kept it in the house for years.

I entered for many of these *al fresco* contests on the public streets of the town and won dozens of medals and cheap prizes, mostly household ornaments such as vases, clocks, timepieces, mustache cups—cups with a ridge inside the rim to prevent the whiskers from getting into the tea or coffee—fenders, fire irons, and the like. Indeed, at one time my mother's kitchen presented the appearance of a cheap-Jack's store. She would never throw out anything that "oor Harry" had won, but when I was married I relieved her of some of the impedimenta and thus gave her room to walk freely about her kitchen. The medals I wore on my watch chain, much to my own satisfaction and the unbounded admiration of my brothers, sisters and pals.

My reputation as a comedian had gradually spread. Invitations came rolling in for me to sing at all sorts of functions—soirées, football festivals, Saturday evening concerts, church bazaars. I accepted them all. I was well rewarded by the applause of my hearers, and if I got my train fare paid when I visited outside towns and villages I was delighted. The first fee I ever received in my life was at Larkhall. This was the modest sum of five shillings. But had it been five pounds I couldn't have been a prouder man. It was the first real step on the ladder of fame. I was now something better than an amateur; people were ready and willing to pay me for my talent.

The Value of Good Make-Up

The thought intoxicated me. If the hard-headed folks of Larkhall were prepared to pay, other concert promoters must do the same. They did. Gradually I cut off all the gratuitous engagements. To every correspondent who wrote me asking for my services I replied that I was not now able to accept without payment of a fee of five shillings, or ten shillings, or a pound, as the case might be. To my immense delight, this did not stop them, and engagements started to come in with pleasing regularity.

The songs I had been singing up to this time were mostly ballads, burlesques and character stuff that had been sung by other singers. I had also bought one or two choruses and single verses from Glasgow song writers. These did not please me in their original shape and I altered and twisted and rewrote them until they made fairly presentable numbers, full of grotesque comedy, with patter and trimmings to correspond. Very early I began to appreciate the value of good make-up. I took tremendous pains over every costume I appeared in. The use of grease paint and pencil and stick I studied as a student studies his books. For hours on end I practiced the art of make-up in my mother's parlor, and afterward in my own house when I was married. I have spent an hour and a half making up for one character song before a concert. All my life I have acted on the principle that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing as well as you know how. If I saw a weird pair of trousers in a pawnbroker's window, or an old Paisley shawl, or a funny pair of elastic-sided boots, I saved up till I was able to buy the article I wanted. Often I would go into the shop and arrange with the proprietor to hold something over for me until I could save the money to pay for it.

One of the most important engagements that came my way as a boy of eighteen or nineteen was to sing at a concert in Edinburgh. This show was run by a well-known local comic, Mr. R. C. McGill, who had evidently heard about my successes in Hamilton and district. He offered me seven-and-sixpence and my train fare—would I care to accept this fee? Would I accept it? I was at the station an hour before the train left, for fear I would miss it! All the way through to Edinburgh I was rehearsing my songs, my patter, my facial expressions, trying my voice.

My Glasgow Debut

As luck would have it, I made a big hit that night with the Edinburgh folks. I sang three songs. The first was the Soor Dook Swimming Club, a nonsensical ditty about people bathing in buttermilk; the Bleacher Lassies' Ball, a fantastic love song extolling the beauties of a girl who worked in a flax-bleacher's field and was "so light and airy that she was just like a canary"; and Which of the Two is the Oldest—the Father or the Wean? a lugubrious song describing the sorrows of a henpecked man left in charge of a precocious child. I could not repeat the words of these songs if you paid me to do it; they have gone, fortunately, completely out of my memory. But I know they made the people laugh uproariously; that was all I cared about.

After my turn was finished several of the local lyric writers came round to see me, including Tom Glen, a Leith man who supplied many of the Scottish comedians, amateur and professional, with songs and patter. He and I became very friendly. He said my act was splendid, but my material weak—would I let him supply me with some ideas?

"You've got what so few of them have, Harry," he said to me, "and that's personality. You made me laugh, and I haven't laughed at a Scotch comic for ten years. And I have got some notions you can set the heather on fire with."

This was all good hearing to me. Tom Glen was well known as an idea merchant and song writer, and to have merited his unstinted praise was a feather in my cap. To cut a long story short, Tom supplied me with the groundwork of many songs thereafter. I bought from him, to begin with, a quaint broken-down dude song called Tooraladdie, which I sang all over the west of Scotland with unvarying success. I forget how the verses went, but the chorus was as follows:

Twig Auld Tooraladdie;
Don't he look immense;
His watch and chain are no his ain,
His suit cost eighteenpence.
Wi' cuffs an' collar shabby,
O' mashers he's the daddy;
Hats off! Stand aside
An' let past Tooraladdie.

Awful rubbish, eh? I quite agree. But the verses were really funny and my make-up was enough to draw a smile from a Free Church elder. I set the song to an easy jingling melody. It caught the public fancy and was hummed and sung by everybody. Another song I got from Glen—for a fee of five shillings, the same price as the first one—was entitled Wha Died an' Left You the Coat? This was also a grotesque song about a man whose uncle had died and left him his fortune—twenty-five shillings—and an old coat, green with age and patched all over. Round about this time I started to write songs for myself, frequently taking an idea for which I paid a few shillings, and twisting it round into a completely new song. Thus was what happened in the case of a song entitled Mary Couldna Dance the Polka, a female character study into which I introduced some droll dancing, and which always sent the lady members of my audience into squirms of merriment.

But in my heart of hearts I was never satisfied with these early songs of mine. They were crude. I knew it. I made up my mind to produce better stuff. I realized that merely to redden one's nose, put on a ridiculous dress and cavort round the stage in more or less amusing antics would never get me anywhere out of the rut of the five or ten shilling a night entertainer at purely local functions. And already I was having dreams of wider fields. I felt that if I could get together a repertoire of really good songs I might yet have a chance of making a successful attack upon the stage proper. An opportunity to this end was to present itself sooner than I had imagined or hoped for.

After doing a turn at a Saturday-evening concert in Motherwell, one of the artists on the bill with me urged that I should send in my name as a competitor for a forthcoming Great Comic Singing Contest under the auspices of the Glasgow Harmonic Society. This was an organization of temperance people who ran Saturday-evening soirées, or tea fights, as they were called, in three of the large public halls in different parts of the city. The main object of the promoters was to keep the working people off the streets and out of the public houses. These entertainments had an amazingly successful vogue for many years. After the tea and cookies had been consumed a long and varied concert program was put on.

Frequently a vaudeville star of the first magnitude would be engaged from one or other of the local music halls or brought up specially from London. On these nights the demand for tickets was tremendous. Another highly popular attraction was when an amateur competition was announced. It was in connection with one of these contests that I made my first public appearance in Glasgow. I won the second prize, but far more to the point, my success secured for me a series of engagements for other Harmonic concerts. The fee was one pound, and for this you had to sing at all three halls, free transport being provided by the organization.

No Longer an Amateur

The audiences at these Glesca Bursts—thus the entertainments were vulgarly designated on account of the limitless tea and ample supplies of pastry provided for a shilling a head—were highly critical. If they liked you they applauded with terrible efficiency; if they didn't they adopted very pointed methods of getting you off the stage as quickly as possible. I am glad to say they liked me from the first, and I have nothing but pleasant memories of my numerous appearances at a type of concert which has long since passed into oblivion.

I need recall only one incident which stands out in my mind in connection with these Saturday-night entertainments in Glasgow. One of the prominent comedians engaged from the south sported a fine astrakhan coat. I saw him hang it up in the dressing room. It fascinated me beyond any other article of male attire I had ever seen. A man who wore a coat like that, I told myself, must be a great artist. Some day I might have an astrakhan coat myself! But surely there was nothing to prevent me having an astrakhan collar on my present coat. So with the fee I earned that night I bought a strip of astrakhan and got Nance to sew it onto my coat collar. I felt that now I was a real artist for the first time. When I walked abroad with that coat in Hamilton I had to suffer much chaff and sarcasm, but I stuck to the astrakhan collar.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Sir Harry Lauder. The third will appear next week

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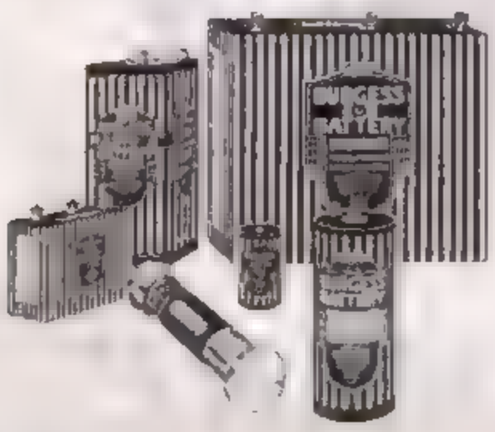

RADIO IS *BETTER* WITH DRY BATTERY POWER

THE STRANGER AT THE FEAST

Continued from Page 34

face sobered. "You and I, and Mr. Newcombe here, when he comes to, can feed on Joan, madam, but she herself is far beyond being fed by drying bones. Forgive me for laughing, but I was thinking of what she actually said when I told her about being her father."

"You told her?" gasped Mrs. Newcombe. "When?"

"About a week ago, as soon as I began to suspect what you had done. Did you think I'm the kind to let a child bully herself sick with wonder at what had come over the people she loves? According to my single-track ideas it doesn't pay to monkey with love, wherever you find it. To keep happy, she had to know. The first question she asked that showed something had put the wind up her gave me the signal. I had to set her mother straight, and Corny too. So I swore her to secrecy. I made her promise just to keep on being herself; then I told her the whole business. There must be something the matter with her—some horrible perversity—because she said it was the most beautiful story she had ever heard. She hasn't stopped loving Paula or Corny or me. She never will, and if ever the world you're so mortally afraid of decides to take her to task, I pray God to grant me a ringside seat."

Mrs. Newcombe crumpled and burst into sobs, rousing her husband out of the trance through which he had been listening to the amazing half-told tale. He went quickly to her, patted her back comfortingly and helped her to rise. Silently, hand in hand, and with one of his arms supporting her, they left the salon. Oliver drew a long breath and sat staring until the sound of their footsteps had ceased. Then he went to his room, the rubber ferrule on his stick thumping boldly along the familiar way.

XVII

AN HOUR later Mr. Newcombe crept down the darkened stairs, unlocked the front door and passed out into the night. Hatless, he fled along the paths, taking one turn and then another, scarcely knowing where he went. Heretofore the hornets of doubt had always risen before him and given him the chance to fight his way through. But now the swarm was after him, driving him mercilessly. He presented a pathetic, routed, fleeing figure, but what made him lovable was that his brain was absurdly engaged in wishing he had learned to swear.

He had had the bare facts from his wife, as unsympathetic a source as possible, and what had they done to him? He adored these people, singly and as a group. Did he feel the proper horror as regarded his daughter Paula? He did not. Had Corny committed the crimes of forgery, falsification of public records, conspiracy and fraud? He had. Did he esteem him any the less for it? He did not; he loved the boy. And Joan, that precious and adorable child. Had her hair or her eyes or her cheeks turned red upon learning she was born out of specific wedlock? Not so her own mother could notice it! Was that tragic irregularity only a huge joke, as Oliver seemed to suppose? And Oliver himself. Could you hold a grievance against a man as straightforward as the edge of a clean-cutting ax?

Now if these people were admirable without exception and as near to his heart as ivy to a wall, where was he, Mathew Newcombe, and where had he been all his life? Then he swerved around to his wife, cast up at her feet by the gust of that last desperate query. Did he respect her any the less for the stand she had taken? No; and no again. But did he agree with her? Did he? Did he? He veered off from the sudden and amazing sting of that question and strove to put on armor by reminding himself that he had always loved her and he loved her still. He had loved her because of what she was, and if she had acted differently she would have been other than herself. Remembering her thin racked body, weeping itself to sleep after the ordeal of the ghastly interview with Oliver, a lump rose in his throat and he whispered incongruously, "Damn! Damn! Damn!"

The sound of the mild curse, mingling with his thoughts of her, fell upon his own ears with startling effect. Now indeed did he know he was lost; not doomed, but just plain lost, swept from his accustomed bearings and entangled by the divergent threads of affection. They dragged him this way and that, gave him rope and brought him to heel, wound him up and spun him around. He was a top, a shuttlecock and a weather vane all in one, and the next moment his gray head became a bit of thistledown, dodging along before the wind.

Half the night was gone before he stumbled up the steps, exhausted, locked the door behind him and stole noiselessly the length of the silent hall. He gripped the marble balustrade of the stairway with a nervous hand, stood for a moment with fallen head, and then went slowly up to the bedroom. He hesitated whether to strike a light, but his wife's heavy breathing reassured him. She was asleep, plunged miles deep in the slumber which follows only at the end of strength. No sound could have disturbed her, nothing short of a shaking. He undressed with frequent abstracted pauses, put out the light and crept in beside her.

But he slept only by restless snatches, and even in those meager interludes of semiconsciousness he was still being pursued, harassed and stung by the dream demons of doubt. His long walk had brought him no good. It had neither found him a sure foundation nor tired him physically beyond the reach of mental torment. To call it a walk was silly. It had not been a walk but a flight—a distracted, aimless and ever-increasing panic. Here was his hopeless problem. How could he simultaneously stand by himself—the self of so many insouciant, unquestioning years—by his wife, and by a beloved quartet made up of a mother, two fathers and one daughter? It couldn't be done, and yet it had to be!

Thank heaven, he had enough intelligence left to forestall his calling Oliver's pat hand. He had never played poker, but through absorption he had acquired enough of the elements of the national art to know that the lank Englishman was not bluffing. He went as far as to imagine himself defiantly declaring that he and his wife would leave at once, and with hair-raising promptness he visualized the twisted smile with which Oliver would carry out his threat, ending one set of problems forever, but binding a burden on Mathew Newcombe and on Mathew Newcombe's wife which would inevitably break their backs.

He dreaded the coming of the dawn, and with the usual perversity of anticipated fears, that dawn never came to him. He slept straight through it, and when he awoke he was immediately conscious of a sense of astonishing alleviation. He searched his brain for its source and found it. It was simply that for the first time in his life, and incidentally in his sleep, he had managed to take a decision unhampered by the inch rule of an ethical formula. He turned his head slowly on the pillow to look at his wife. She was awake, but there was something so settled, so leaden, in her posture that he knew without the necessity of being told in words that she meant to lie in that bed for the full term of Oliver's sentence.

"I see you're awake," he began tentatively.

"Yes, I've been awake for a long time, Mathew, wishing I could sleep the way you do."

No words could have been more unfortunate so far as her habitual domination

(Continued on Page 123)

Dishes taste better and cost less when you shop at Piggly Wiggly

The best stocked table of the world at prices [illegible] when you shop at Piggly Wiggly stores

Few Husbands *Even Dreamed* *Women Could Achieve It—*

—a new, special method of household buying that is sweeping the United States

For years husbands have had the habit of taking it all for granted: these dishes they like to linger over, these meals fit for a king.

Visitors from Europe have been amazed at what American women have done—at their ever increasing skill in serving better food at lower cost. Yet only of late have husbands begun to realize just what it all means.

Today women have accomplished one striking thing which men understand. In their big task of shopping for foods they are using the very method of buying which men in business hope for but seldom achieve.

Because women have gained amazing knowledge of actual values, because they have the courage to rely on their own judgment, they have been able to sponsor a new nation-wide movement in household buying. Within a few years they have brought into existence from coast to coast an entirely new type of store—Piggly Wiggly.

Here, with no salesmen to persuade them, women make their own independent decision on every purchase.

Here they have the pick of the world's markets assembled by experts for them to examine.

Here they are assured of saving money on all purchases day by day.

They choose for themselves—by themselves

On the clean shelves of the Piggly Wiggly store, with prices plainly marked, women find the choice foods of five continents waiting for them to choose from.

Think what a vast number of grades and kinds of each food are offered for sale in America today! Over five hundred different brands of mustard, for instance! Over one thousand brands of tea! What wide variations there are in quality and price! Out of all these, the "best buys"—the finest varieties of each food—have been painstakingly selected by the able men in charge of Piggly Wiggly.

Taking what they please from the shelves, examining, comparing at their leisure, women shop as they have always wanted to at the Piggly Wiggly store.

There are no waits, no delays. You begin shopping and you stop, just as suits your convenience. You use as much time or as little as you like, for each purchase.

How many good ideas for your menu come to you from the choice foods on the shelves! How satisfying it is to read the price tags hanging by every article and make comparisons with other stores.

Always you will find better values here

The money you save every day at the Piggly Wiggly store is a big item. On all your purchases you get the advantage of Piggly Wiggly's special plan of operation.

A few years ago it was simply a good idea, a single store of a new type—this method of household buying that has now swept the whole country. Today over 2500 Piggly Wiggly stores are serving the women of 824 cities and towns. Because it brings them the finest foods at the lowest prices, two million women are now using the Piggly Wiggly plan.

For meals to please your family even more, for prices that will keep your husband even more cheerful, try out this new plan of buying. Visit the Piggly Wiggly store in your neighborhood.

No waiting for clerks at the Piggly Wiggly store

Examine what you please choose what you like best

The cost of your day's shopping is much less at Piggly Wiggly

Through careful tests the best varieties of each food are selected for Piggly Wiggly from the hundreds on the market

Piggly Wiggly Stores

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An easy way to save money

All prices are shown on swinging tags. Compare values and save money at the Piggly Wiggly store

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MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
Neutral Tint Won't Show On Your

For a perfect score *use* Mennen

Check Mennen Shaving Cream against any opponent. We're game to stand on your judgment. Be liberal with the other fellow—but be fair to your own face. We'll leave it to you to say that the complete Mennen shave is the sweetest in the world.

Until you know Mennen Shaving Cream, you have yet to reach 100% shaving satisfaction. *Dermutation* (the Mennen exclusive beard-softening process) starts the instant cream and water reach the chin. It gets right down to cases, completely softening the beard from tip to base under a firm, snowy bank of lather that softens the face while conquering the beard.

Dermutation relaxes and levels the microscopic mounds at the base of each hair so that the razor glides smoothly and easily without nicking, cutting or scraping these tiny skin peaks. No soreness. No rawness. No smarting. No need for mussy rubbing in with your fingers. No free caustic to "burn". Lathers freely in any water, hot or cold, hard or soft. Five soothing tonic emollients prevent that stretched-tight feeling and leave the face smooth and fresh for hours to come. Speeds up your shave, too.

Mennen Shaving Cream is Now Made Without and With Menthol

Some like a cooling dash of menthol in their lather. You can have your Mennen either way, now. To get the mentholized ask for the tube with the red ball.

For a Fine Finish After Shaving

Mennen Skin Balm is a man's face lotion made for men, in a handy tube. Has a brisk tingle, refreshing as a cold needle shower. Non-greasy and dries rapidly. Has a real masculine fragrance.

Mennen Talcum for Men. Tones down face shine. Neutral tint. Doesn't show. No chalky pallor. The one talcum all men like.

The MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.
and Toronto, Ontario

(Continued from Page 120)

was concerned, for if there is an aggravation more instant or instinctive than the rage of one restless sleeper at having his slumbers envied by another, it has still to be discovered and classified.

"I lay awake almost until morning," said Mr. Newcombe shortly. "When I came in you had been sound asleep for hours. I'm glad you had that rest, because you're going to need all your strength."

"What for?" she asked, her curiosity aroused.

"Because you'll need it for packing. You and I are going to get out of here today."

"Oh, Mat, I'm so glad!" she breathed, half rising.

"I don't think you quite understand," he continued. "We're going to go away from four people and not from three—four people who have a right to live exactly as they see fit. You and I are going instead of Corny."

"No!" she exclaimed. "No!" And she fell back in the bed.

There was far more in her cry than mere obstinate rebellion. It rang with a note of amazement and despair, of unspeakable betrayal and overwhelming loss. If Mathew had turned on her, on whom could she lean? No one! Without him the world was suddenly emptied, peopled only by the shadowy manikins, the incorporeal shades, of her own beliefs. Millions might share them, but without Mathew those millions melted away to less than nobody. She was alone.

Mr. Newcombe arose and dressed. When he was ready to leave the room he stood for a moment beside the bed, looking down at her with a tender but untroubled expression. He might be small, ineffectual to look at and to meet, dull in his reactions to most subjects and intentionally dumb on many others

Giving him the benefit of every doubtful dimension, he could be rated only as an average American within an average class. But this outwardly unprepossessing vessel contained a rare elixir—the quintessence of kindliness.

"My dear," he said, "I don't have to tell you I love you, perhaps more today than ever before. But I've just found out something of tremendous importance, and that is that you're going to keep right on loving me in spite of anything I do, just as I love Paula and Joan and Corny, and even that brutal warrior, Oliver. Such being the case, I have nothing to lose and everything to gain, which is just another way of telling you we're going to get out of here, packed or unpacked, before the sun sets."

He went downstairs with a firm step, but nevertheless he was not at ease. There was an air about the place that distressed him with a new woe. He was lonely. It was not that he was afraid to face Oliver, Paula, Tappen or Joan after the amazing revelation of the previous evening. It was just the opposite. He would have loved to be with them, mind as well as heart, and he could not. Something excluded him—something less adamant than the convictions of his wife and as vague as his own scattered but persisting limitations. He was simply left out of a game he did not know how to play, and the realization made him as disconsolate as any ten-year-old boy in the same fix.

The feverish activities of a last day were occupying all minds to the exclusion of troublesome abstractions. Tappen and Abdul, his shadow, were going away, and that was all that mattered to anyone. Mr. Newcombe was fully conscious of the belief that he carried the reprieve which would call a halt to the doleful preparations, but to his surprise and exasperation he discovered that the minutest obstacles can stall off an overtopping event. When he tried to stop Paula she passed him with an impatient wave of the hand. When he spoke to Corny he got an absent-minded nod which dried up his news at the source and left him tongue-tied. He took to the fields to prepare the exact wording of his thunderbolt, and by the time he got back luncheon was practically over

Joan hailed him from the door of the garage, where Bazire was already tuning up the engine of the car. "You'd better hurry, grandfather, or there won't be anything left to eat."

When he entered the dining room he found Paula, Tappen and Oliver still lingering at table, and apparently they had scarcely missed him or his wife—at least so it seemed to his disconsolate mood. He paused in the door, waiting for some signal of welcome, however casual, and finally Paula turned her head and nodded to him.

To see that her eyes were underlined by half moons of shadow gave him exactly the shock he needed.

"Come in, father. You're very late."

"I don't want anything to eat," he said, stepping forward. "I've got something to say to you, Paula—something I tried two or three times to say earlier in the day. There is no reason whatever for Corny to go away, because your mother and I have come to our senses."

"Why, father!" exclaimed Paula, casting startled glances first at Tappen and then at Oliver, while the two men threw up their heads and frowned.

"It's simply absurd," continued Mr. Newcombe rapidly, "that either Corny or Captain Oliver should feel the slightest compunction about staying on here. Your mother and I are leaving this afternoon. Personally, I shall always think of the three of you, and Joan, as four lovable people who were intended by God to be happy together."

"Oh!" cried Paula, as if he had struck her, and dropped her face in her hands.

Tappen half rose impulsively to go to her, then caught himself, sat back in his chair and watched her hungrily but without eagerness. The frown gradually cleared from Oliver's brow, giving place to a look of actual commiseration as he turned his leonine head. Staring into his empty eyes, Mr. Newcombe faltered forward, aghast at the effect his words had produced. He felt intuitively that it was from the invalid, the blind man, that help must come to his bewildered understanding.

"Too bad you couldn't have come to your decision a bit sooner," said Oliver, speaking so easily that Tappen glanced at him in surprise and even Paula half lifted her head. "Here we are, all arrived at truth after weeks and years and lifetimes of stalling, and it isn't going to do us much good as far as I can see."

Paula raised her head completely. "What are you talking about?"

"Everybody in this household knows everything except that everybody else knows it too," explained Oliver with a quizzical smile. "You and I, old dear, and Corny, and your mother and Joan, and now your father, all are in the possession of the same set of facts, and I must say it's raised a bit of the devil with all of us except Joan. She's the only one the truth hasn't hurt and will never hurt."

"Joan!" cried Paula, striving to sort her conflicting emotions. "Joan knows "

"Known it for days," interrupted Oliver quickly, "and the mere fact that you and Corny didn't guess she knows is the measure of how much it's harmed her. In a way, she's made fools of the rest of us, and will probably keep on doing it as long as each of us lives. But that isn't the point, is it, Mr. Newcombe?"

"I'm sure I don't know," stammered Mr. Newcombe; "and yet that's not quite true either. What I mean is I can't for the life of me make out why anybody should be hurt but me and my wife."

"Exactly," said Oliver. "You've put your finger on the nail head. Bumped again, but you can't feel it. You see, it's just as I told you last night. Corny isn't going; he's gone—at least out of the reach of your voice, or Mrs. Newcombe's, or mine. We three, we can't any of us bring him back, can we, Paula?"

There was a long moment of silence. Tappen watched Paula with eagerness added to the hunger in his eyes, but the eagerness slowly died. Oliver watched her, too, through his ears, and a scowl gathered and deepened on his brow, only to clear at last and leave his face at peace but peculiarly empty. Mr. Newcombe glanced blankly from one to the other of these people he loved but would never completely understand. A maid entered and announced that Bazire was at the door with the car.

Paula's eyes, underlined by the half moons of shadow, turned on Tappen a look of eloquent -almost desperate—appeal. "You don't really have to go, Corny, not—not so early —not now?"

The words cut him to the quick, but the look stirred within him the uttermost sources of tenderness. "Of course I don't," he replied evenly, and turned to the maid: "Tell Bazire we'll run down during the night. No—wait! I'd better tell him myself. Come on, Paula. We'll find out what sort of time the old boy is sure he can make."

They went out together, settled with Bazire on eleven o'clock as the limit of the margin of safety, and then wandered on beneath the trees. Tappen had a feeling that he had been granted a year of grace, but it did not blind him to the fact that he walked on treacherous footing. Never had he had greater need of brains added to intuition. He played a game where all short cuts might lose him utterly and only the long shot could win, but his great advantage was that he knew it.

It was not enough that he should prevent Paula from speaking, from attempting to define the undefinable and thus make concrete the fog which had crept between them. It was his job to make her feel and know that she need not speak at all—that he shrank no less than she from specific anticipations ranging all the way from a promise to write up to the looming eventuality of Oliver's death.

Let what would happen, today—this enchanted afternoon—was not to be his but theirs. He pounded the determination into his own mind and, by that witchery which is the touchstone of communion, into hers. Each moment gained had the taste of victory, and presently the hours were marching bravely by, filled to the brim with the little touches, the long pauses and the lingering contacts which go to make up the warp and woof of memory. The happiness of that mild day became an element—something they could breathe, drink and taste, and never forget.

But in the evening, with all lesser goodbys said, and Joan—a moist, tearful, pulsing yet strangely quiet Joan—tucked in her bed, it was different. They were afraid of silence and what it might do to them—what it might build or destroy. They frightened it away with brusque movements and casual words, flung like stones.

"You're sure you haven't forgotten anything, Corny?"

"Quite. It wouldn't make any difference if I had."

"Why? What do you mean by that?"

"There's no other steamer for a month, and in a month a man can always replace his actual needs."

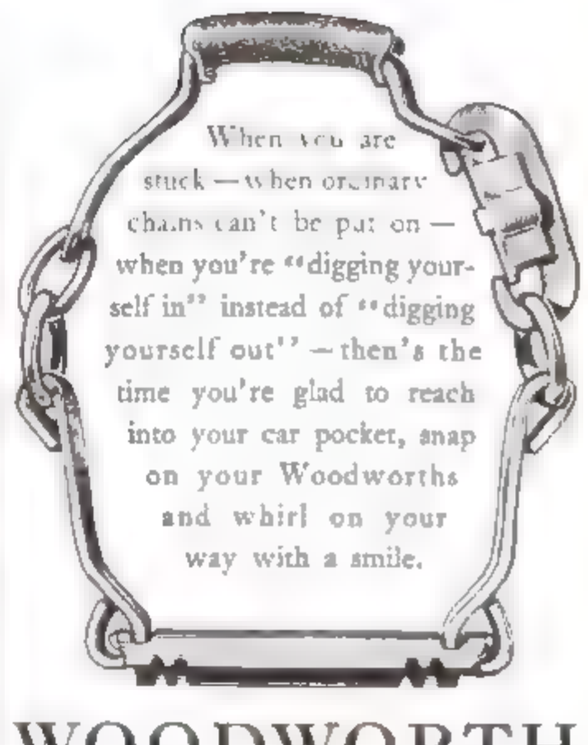
A pause followed, gradually prolonging itself to dangerous lengths. "Of what are you thinking?" asked Paula, blurting out the very thing she had not meant to say. "But perhaps you can't tell me," she added hurriedly.

"Oh, yes, I can," said Tappen, his lips smiling, though his eyes remained fixed. "I was thinking of the whole of you, Paula, and the way you've swallowed that proud and lovely woman of so long ago—the woman of the train who wouldn't move her foot to let me go until I'd yelped for mercy. Remember the yellow dog?"

"Yes, dear; but please ——"

"I was fresh from where I'm going, young as a pup, all paws and wagging tail, and you were Poise with a big P. You had the aloofness of a divinity and the reserve of a battleship with guns. I looked upon you from way off. The only reason I didn't sit on my

(Continued on Page 125)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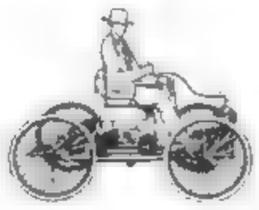

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(Continued from Page 123)

haunches and howl is that a pup is no respecter of persons."

"I'm so glad." She knew he had been talking for effect, to save himself and spare her. Her voice became suddenly abnormally soft, with a suggestion of the thickness of velvet. "It's true you were surprisingly young, but you are still. You'll always be young, Corny."

"Yes," he affirmed with set jaws, "while we both live. I'll keep green a long time in the memory of what you've done to yourself and to me. We've been lucky, Paula—fantastically lucky. I may be a fool, but if I am, don't waken me. I'll go—I'll leave you tonight—but there will be no parting and no division."

She swayed toward him and grasped his wrist with both her hands. "Oh, Corny, why—why ——"

"There, there, my dear, don't say it—please don't, darling. It's a long road, but the only one that will surely go all the way through."

Tine came herself to say that Bazire was at the door. Paula glanced at her with a look, half unbelieving, half frightened. "Go away," she ordered.

"May I not say good-by to the master?" demanded Tine, quick tears starting down her cheeks.

Tappen arose, went to her and embraced her. She began to sob loudly. He turned her around and led her away, patting her broad shoulders and murmuring gay protestations of his undying affection. When he returned, Paula was standing like a wraith in the dimly lighted great hall. Her white summer frock blew from her in the draft from the open door, defining the slim arrow of her figure, held to the wall by two flattened hands. He sensed the fear that was in her, merely brushed her mouth with his lips, and would have gone on if it had not been for her cry. She hurled herself into his arms as he turned. Words poured from her, disjointed, all but inarticulate.

"Oh, Corny, take me—take me with you. I'm not sorry about last night. Let it kill me. Let me die with your arms around me. Don't leave me behind."

He held her closely, amazed at the sudden thinness of her body. It was as if he held the works of a watch without its case. He could feel the rushing of blood in her veins, the shaking in her bones, the quivering of muscle and sinew, the wild thumping of her heart. She was naked in a manner beyond the stripping of mere clothes, and he stood transfixed by pity and humbled by reverence.

"My darling," he whispered, "there's only one way I can take you with me and come back to you in the end."

He picked her up bodily, carried her to a great oaken chair and settled her in its embrace. Her head fell back. Her arms lay along the red leather straps, and her white hands, long-fingered, hung down above the scarlet tassels. He left her and went out to the car. Bazire was at the wheel, eyes to the front, but Abdul was not at his side.

Tappen turned on the light within the tonneau and discovered his truant servant. The boy was crouched in the far corner of the back seat, and peered at him with a sinister unflinching gaze over the huge blanket roll he held in his lap. His eyes were preternaturally bright and his fez was cocked at its most belligerent angle.

Though comparatively and essentially young, Tappen was an age-old campaigner. Among many other stray bits of desultory knowledge, he knew everything that could go with propriety into a head boy's kit, and Abdul's bundle exceeded the limit by many pounds. "What have you got there?" he asked sharply.

"Things for me," replied Abdul promptly. "Some things for master too."

Tappen wasted no more words. He drew out his penknife, opened it quickly, cut the thongs which bound the roll and snatched back a corner of the blanket. He caught his breath at the sight of the shining helmet of Joan's hair and his hands moved more carefully.

She was asleep—not feigning; genuinely asleep—her lips and eyelids half parted, the fingers of one hand clutched through the blanket on Abdul's shirt and her hot cheek pillowed against his breast. There was a suggestion of purity, innocence and trust in her plaited white nightdress that drove a lump into Tappen's throat.

"What do you mean by this, you copper-plated devil?" he whispered angrily. "Wait till we get home and I'll boil you in coconut oil. I'll stake you out on an ant hill. But first I'll have you beaten till you confess you're a pig—an unclean pig—and the son of a pig."

"This girl for you," muttered Abdul sullenly. It was written that all men are fools, but assuredly infidels were greater fools than the faithful! "Master say he leave woman behind. All right. He no tell me leave anything else behind."

"So that's it," murmured Tappen, mollified in spite of himself. "Hand her out to me and move yourself up front where you belong."

He took Joan in his arms, and the warmth of her body struck straight through to his heart. She half awoke, looked up at him sleepily, and dropped her head confidingly on his shoulder. He carried her in, fearing to find Paula still where he had left her, and wondering what she would think. To his relief, she was gone.

He carried Joan up the stairs, hoping he could reach her room unnoticed, but he caught a glimpse of Oliver standing at the far end of the hall. Even in the dim light, he could see that the blind man was fully dressed and evidently alert to all that was going on. He was puzzled and made up his mind to look into the matter on his return. He had meant to count the steps, but the distraction put him out so that when he reached the head of the staircase he did not know it and set his foot down violently.

Instantly a door opened and he heard Paula's low voice: "Is that you, Corny?"

"Yes," he replied, and hesitated.

"Where are you going? What have you got there?"

Her tones rose. No doubt she could see the blur of white in his arms. He did not answer, but walked toward her. As he drew near the light issuing from their room he tried to prepare her. "It's all right, Paula. Only Joan sound asleep."

"Joan?" cried Paula; and then, as the conviction swept over her that the child had tried to steal away with Tappen—"Oh, Joan!"

"Nonsense," said Tappen. "Don't take on that way, Paula. It isn't the child's fault. It was Abdul and his confounded letch for property. He could barely stomach my leaving you behind, but the insane idea of abandoning a 100 per cent bonus was too much for him. Property, my dear—that's the whole explanation—property and his leopard's spots that never change."

From the blankness her face broke into a wavering smile as Joan stirred and reached out her hands to her. "Give her to me," she whispered.

"No, no," said Tappen, "she's too heavy for you. Let me put her in her bed and you can have her."

Together they walked to Joan's room, slipped her under the covers and watched as her head, weighted with sleep, fell back on the pillow into the utter unconsciousness of the very young. Then Tappen turned to steal away, but as he reached the dark hall he became aware that Paula was at his side. He was frightened—unsure of himself. He did not dare speak to her, much less touch her. He quickened his stride, but before he could draw away from her, her arms were locked around his neck and her lips were on his mouth. He kissed her hungrily, and then, finding her alive and warm, with all the passion of his body.

"Bless Abdul, Corny," she whispered in his ear with caught breath. "I was mad. I love you with heart, soul and body. I was mad to think I could live without you. I don't want you only always—I want you now. I'm owned, too, Corny—owned forever. I don't care what happens as long as you never, never leave me."

He sank on a divan beneath a mullioned window and gathered her tightly in his arms. They held each other in a pulsing immobility, sitting spellbound within a silence that thundered in their ears. Sounds beat against its outer shell and fell away like moths fluttering against a lighted pane. They were one—indissolubly one—secure against time and place, willing victims of the scourge of any fate so long as they might share it.

All around their peculiar insulation the house began faintly to stir. It did not come frankly to life, and there was no startled blazing of lights anywhere, but nevertheless it became dynamic with surreptitious movements, the whispering of slippered feet, and presently the undertones of talk muffled not by closed doors but by angles and distance.

Mr. Newcombe crept out of his room and down the stairs without noticing Paula and Corny at the farther end of the shadowy passage. Nor, locked within the enchanted circle of their embrace, did they sense his passing. He had heard sounds which they also must have heard, but without consciousness of hearing. He was mistrustful of the magnified noises of the night, and though he had no reason to be alarmed, the vibrations which had reached him were more than enough to arouse his curiosity.

When he arrived at the ground floor he could see that the front door was wide open. Beyond it gleamed the parking lights of the car, and he could hear Abdul and Bazire in subdued but excited staccato conversation. As he stood with one hand on the marble newel post, hesitating whether to go out to them, another sound, odd and yet stealthy, made his grizzled hair stand upright. He gripped the post firmly, pivoted his head with a gradual motion and saw a ghost.

But in spite of its weird proportions, it was not a ghost. It was Oliver, incredibly tall and thin in the dim light, big-headed, and spidery as to body, fully clothed and with a soft hat pulled down over his sightless eyes. He was feeling his way carefully along in a straight line without thumping his stick, and moved all the more slowly by reason of the weight of a traveling bag which dangled at the extremity of his left arm. As he drew abreast of the foot of the stairway he came to an abrupt stop and paused for a long moment, his head thrown back as if to identify a troubling emanation too faint for immediate recognition.

Mr. Newcombe held his breath and stood as if turned to stone. Presently Oliver went on, more cautiously than ever, but as he drew near the open door his pace and his manner changed. He advanced to it boldly and hailed Abdul without troubling to lower his voice. Mr. Newcombe ran lightly down the hall under cover of the sound and stopped within easy hearing.

"It's a bit of bloody nonsense, Abdul," Oliver was saying, "but I've got to get out of here."

"Please, please!" interrupted Abdul anxiously. "Bazire say if you no tell master come quick he going to miss boat."

"Shut up," said Oliver. "What do you mean by talking back at me? Your master has changed his mind. He isn't going to Africa now or ever."

"Master stay this place?" asked Abdul, his eyes bulging as his face fell.

"Sure as you were born a rascal. So if you want to stay with him, you'd better climb out."

"Where you go?" asked Abdul, hoping against hope.

"Me?"

"Yass."

"Why, I'm going to Africa. I'm going in Mr. Tappen's place. I'm to take his kit until I can get something better, and you, too, if you want to go. How about it? Speak up now! Do you, or don't you?"

"Me boy for you?"

"Yes. Same pay as you've been getting, mind you."

"All right."

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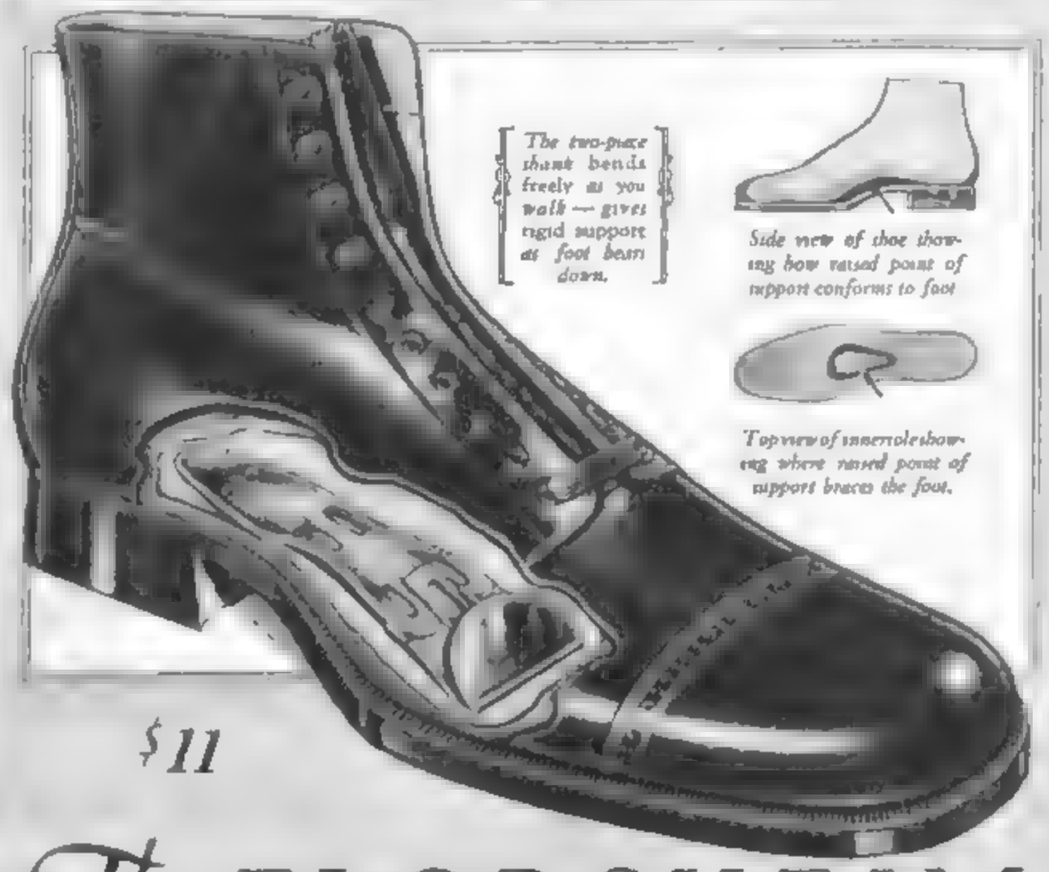
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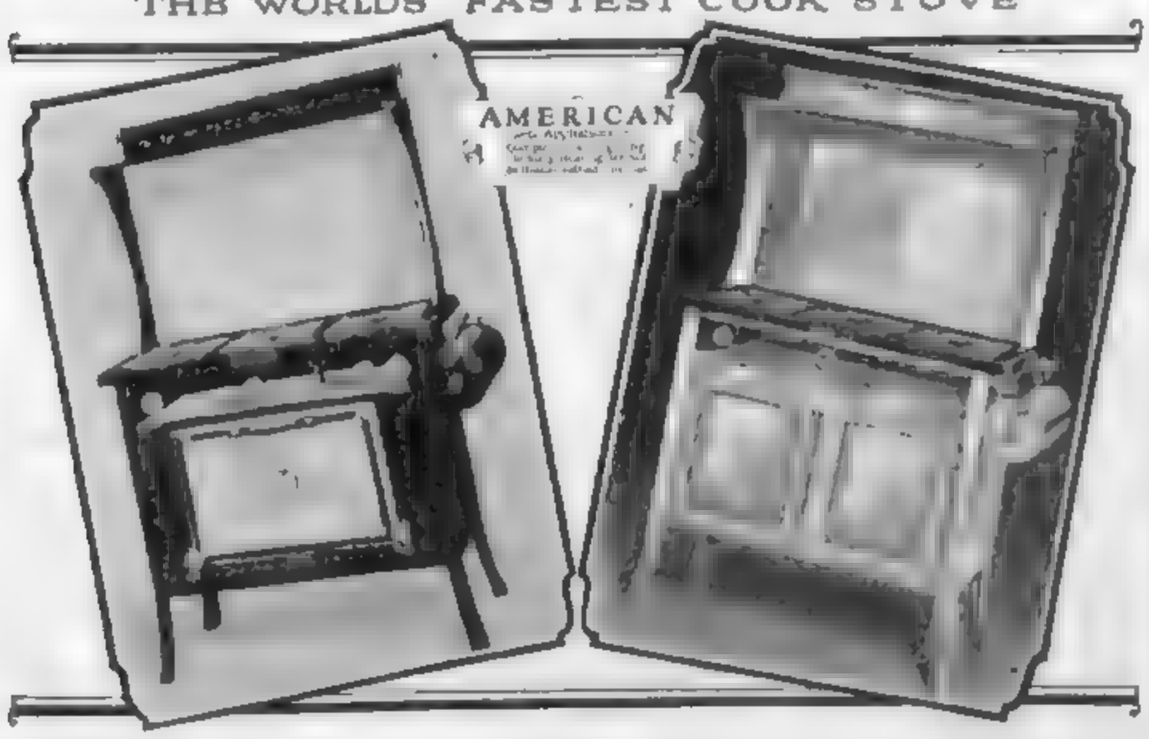

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"Great stuff, Abdul! Take a long farewell of sorrow—kiss her on the brow. We'll lie with our feet in the sun and drink the milk of coconuts. We'll have oceans of *surra* for ourselves and feed pots of beer to the black boys and their sweating ladies. We'll visit the centers of music throughout the land of the tom-tom. We'll carry our joy with us. We'll start a new custom and make them dance by the month instead of by the week. We'll do a lot of things. Here, take my bag."

"I get you *machilla*, hammock for you to ride," recited Abdul rapidly, jumping to stow Oliver's bag. "Eight *machilla* boys carry you plenty quick. I be good boy for you. I cook, wash, talk, get bath and light pipe."

"Shut up," growled Oliver. "Tell Bazire. Tell him to open her wide. Tell him if he catches the boat I'll give him the fattest tip of his life, and that if he drives like the devil all the way back again, he'll just about be in time for more good-by baksheesh from Mr. Newcombe. Tell him all that."

Mr. Newcombe promptly coughed, because he had been taught that one must always cough upon overhearing one's name. He stepped out from the door, his pajamas fluttering audibly in the chilly night breeze.

"Who's that?" asked Oliver sharply, fooled for an instant by the unaccustomed sound of the little gentleman's slippered feet.

"Only me, captain," said Mr. Newcombe. "Don't worry. I've just come down to see you off."

"Very decent of you, sir," said Oliver. "Always did like you. Sorry about last night."

"That's nothing," said Mr. Newcombe hurriedly. "You were right, anyway. . . . Say, captain, I wish I were going with you instead of back home. I mean it, you know."

"No time now," replied Oliver seriously. "I've got to shake a leg as it is."

"Of course. Quite impossible at the moment. But get somebody to write to me. Tell me all about it, how you get along and everything else. If you stay there long enough, who knows? Perhaps I might—— Well, anyway, write to me, will you?"

"I certainly shall. It will be great sport, sir. I'll make your mouth water."

"How are you fixed for money?"

"I'm going to break the lock of Tappen's dispatch case on the way down," said Oliver with the calm of one who has thought out all details. "Sure to be plenty of cash, you see, as no letters of credit would go. He can take it out of what he's holding for me, and I'll send back his papers and all his personal truck by Bazire."

"What about a passport?"

"None needed. I heard Corny say so. . . . Good-by, sir."

"Good-by, captain," said Mr. Newcombe a little thickly. "Never forget you've got friends, and a —— Well, never mind. You'll know who loves you as long as you live. Anything you want from me at any time. Good-by, my boy, and God bless you."

(THE END)

THE NEW UNDERGRADUATE

(Continued from Page 23)

regarded their contact with professors as a time to learn by listening and not to discuss and debate and reason. The relationship was in reality a literal extension of its status in theory—more of a teacher-to-pupil condition than a man-to-man understanding. And it has taken years to discover that the best results for the student are not obtainable unless a more human relationship exist, which puts the young man at his ease and makes him feel that this older man who is tapping the wells of his intellect is a friend molded from the same flesh and inspired by identical impulses, but just a little further advanced in educational attainment.

I believe it is only logical that we may look upon Princeton, with its 2200 students, as representing a cross section of American life, and that conditions we find here may be taken as fairly typifying conditions which exist generally in our country. What have we that is different from what it used to be? In a general sense that question may be answered by saying that nearly everything is different in the matter of custom and that everything is pretty much the same in the matter of humanity itself. When I say youth has undergone a violent transformation I do not mean that boys have ceased to be boys or that we have a group of doddering old men where the dynamic joyousness of immaturity once existed.

The fires of youth have not gone out. Enthusiasm, exuberance and vehemence exist today in the same measure they did years ago. The margin of difference is that they have been brought under control and are let loose less frequently than formerly. Violent expression is no longer the vogue, except on occasions. Why, it is hard to say. Perhaps it is a fad of the day; perhaps it is a congenital change in the outlook of youth upon life.

A great hue and cry is raised now and then against the excitement stirred by a football game between college teams of old established rivalry. Let us examine this situation as it applies to Princeton. We have as our time-honored opponent Yale, and the tradition which has been passed down with regard to this annual meeting on the gridiron is a thing which can no more be dismissed through outside opposition to it than the reverence we hold for national heroes can be vitiated because an alien influence comes forth to dispute it. Princeton spirit breaks loose in all the tumultuous uproar of its 2200 lung power and in all the unleashed force of its youth power when its football team goes against Yale. Hysteria reigns in its cheering sections. Study the countenance of any undergraduate as he watches this game and you will see the reflection of a soul which has given itself utterly to the madness of the moment. In defeat or victory it is exultant, ecstatic, frenzied.

I have tried to see wherein all this is sinful and wicked and bad for the student, as some would have us believe; but I must admit that phase of it persistently eludes me. I cannot see that it is any of these things. On the contrary, I indorse it with all my heart and crave for more of it, for I believe that any healthy, normal boy must have some outlet for his emotions and that there could scarcely be a cleaner place for him to lose his head than in vociferous cheering on the football field. Where else would he be as safe in letting off this steam which belongs to him and which nobody has the right to deny? Is it not better that he find the outlet for it, as he will inevitably, as a part of a body whose joyous clamor springs from a wholesome cause?

The damning characteristic of the young people of this age is that they do not have enough enthusiasm. So, to condemn them if they do exhibit it in such favorable circumstances as these seems to me to be the height of folly.

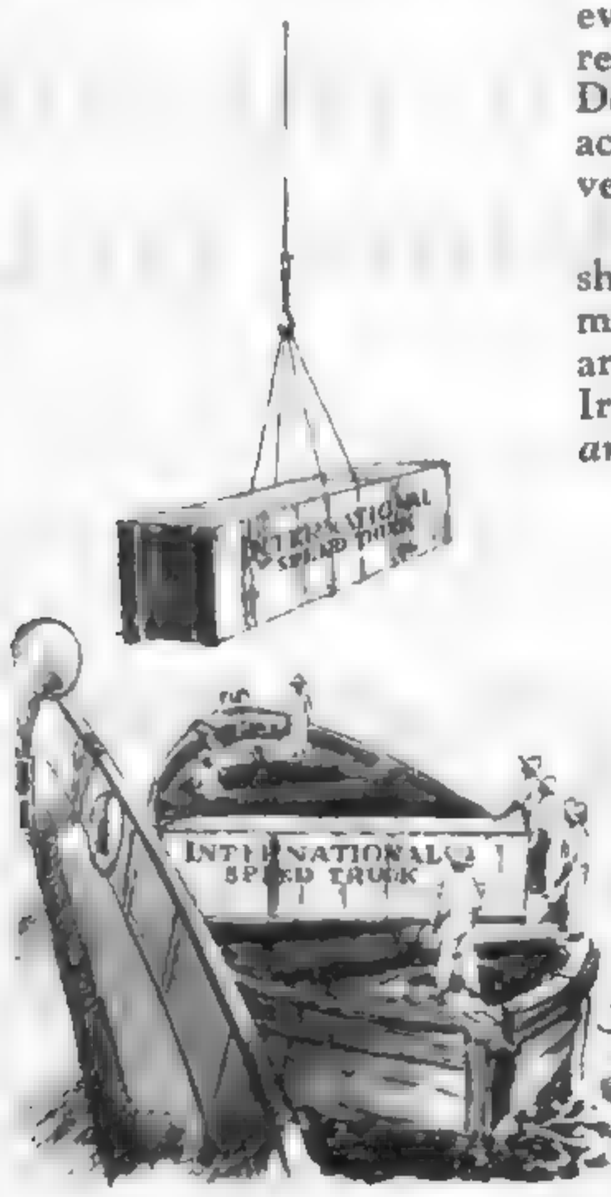
In 1926, when we scored victories over both Harvard and Yale, our foremost opponents, the undergraduates celebrated, in accordance with custom, by building a huge bonfire on the campus. I went out among them and did not see anyone who was drunk or had been drinking. I don't deny that there might have been some; I say simply that I saw none.

And that brings me to a side light on the present-day college boy which I regard as an especially fine tribute to the strength of his character. In the high tension of modern life he is up against terrific pressure.

(Continued on Page 129)

Above: Modern Irrigation engineering is transforming great areas to productivity in various sections of Peru.

Below: Cargo of International Trucks being transferred by lighter from the steamer Essequibo to the dock at the port of Pimental. The steamer is touching at this port for the first time, with the largest single delivery of trucks ever made in Peru.



Reclaiming the Desert of Peru

IN the "Olmus Irrigation Project" the government of Peru is promoting the largest piece of public development work ever undertaken in the South American republic. When it is completed, the Olmus Desert, comprising upwards of a million acres, will be made to bloom like the proverbial rose.

Motor Trucks are shouldering a heavy share of the great burden and, as with many another construction project the world around, *the trucks are Internationals.* The Irrigation Commission has chosen to *standardize* on International after trying out many makes of trucks. Fifty-four Internationals—both heavy-duty and speed trucks—have been proving their qualities in many months of the most strenuous hauling.

The matter of service plays its part, too, in the Peruvian preference. International Harvester maintains a world-wide representation that puts trucks on the job speedily, and keeps them there, wherever the job may be. In the United States and Canada 160 Harvester-owned branches serve International owners. If you have a hauling job and want it well handled, let International Trucks and Service work for you.

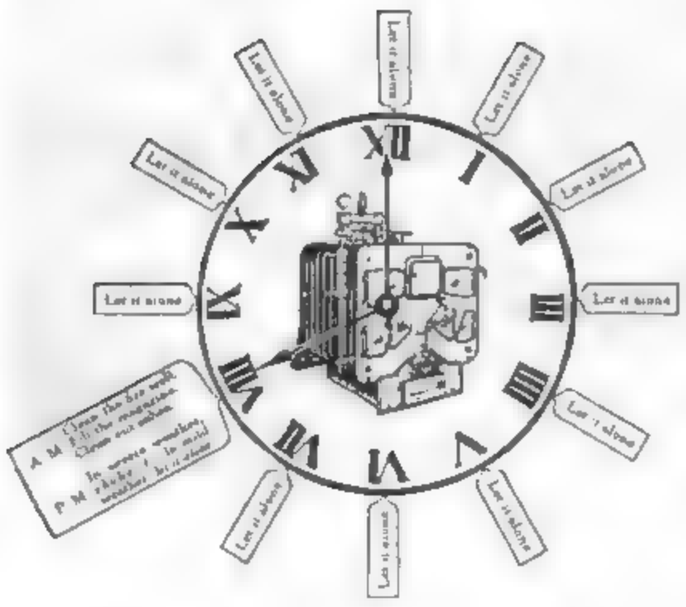
The International line includes the ½-ton Special Delivery; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks, 1½, 1½ and 2-ton; and Heavy-Duty Trucks, 2½ to 5-ton; Motor Coaches; and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Folders will be sent on request and the various models may be seen at the nearest display room.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 SO. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

INTERNATIONAL
HARVESTER
TRUCKS

...the lowest cost heat you can buy

★ ★ ★



—and 12- to 24-hour operation without attention

From a magazine above the fire, coal feeds by gravity to sloping grates, in proportion to the amount of heat required.

No blowers or other mechanical contrivances.

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed.

Equally successful for steam, hot water or vapor.

Type for every need from small home to large buildings.

No night fireman required in large buildings.

Easily installed.

Pays for itself by burning low-priced, small size coal.

Proven by thirty years' success.

Built and guaranteed by a responsible organization.

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A VALUABLE BOOK ON HEATING

"The Business of Buying a Heating System" is fully illustrated, and not only gives you all the information you need to judge the Spencer for yourself, but discusses every important phase of the heating question. It will simplify your whole consideration of the subject. We will gladly send a copy to you upon request.

Because the Spencer Heater is specially designed to burn No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite ...which costs about half as much per ton as ordinary house heating sizes of anthracite...it can cut your annual fuel bill almost in half...and quickly pay for the entire installation cost.

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SPENCER HEATER COMPANY

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., *Factory and General Offices* OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Division of LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Spencer steam, vapor or hot water Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal ∽ ∽ **Averages $6 less per ton** ∽ ∽ **Less attention required**

(Continued from Page 126)

Many of our time-honored conventions are under fire. We drink openly, discuss intimate questions of life freely, toy with new principles of government and of business and look askance at old forms of authority. All these things put the young man's power of restraint to the severest test, and yet he goes along unscarred by them, intent upon his task of acquiring knowledge of practical value.

The whole swing is toward truth without embellishment. America is setting a new record in the production of matter-of-fact young people. Practicalness, the equivalent of common sense, is the sacred image to which we as a nation are making obeisance.

An outgrowth of our compact existence at Princeton has been the steadily mounting spirit of understanding between students and faculty. Woodrow Wilson, when he was president of Princeton, made a study of the subject to see whether young men responded better to educational and moral influence if the classroom relationship were made more of a friend-to-friend or man-to-man affair. Convinced that they did, he instituted the preceptorial system of instruction, and this has proved itself to be a great boon to the morale of college life, especially through these recent years when so many complex problems have developed.

A preceptorial conference, as we call it, is simply an informal meeting between undergraduates and members of the teaching staff, held in the homes of the latter or in rooms on the campus as a supplementary feature of the regular class routine and so arranged that each student attends several of them a week. Here we see the principle of intimate contact carried out in a highly practical manner. There is no direct quizzing, merely an informal conversation to test their familiarity and proficiency in the subject. Mr. Wilson's idea that this method would make for greater freedom of expression has proved right. That is one of the reasons why we have aimed to attract younger men to our faculty—men whose point of view has not been too far removed from that of the undergraduate by reason of a marked disparity in ages.

Their Conscience for a Guide

I ask that my observations on the favorable side of the young men of this generation be taken at their face value and not as condemnation of the social and intellectual status of college life in the times of their fathers and grandfathers. I am not a critic of the past, nor am I interested in comparisons beyond the point that it seems to me the habit of thinking that boys used to be much better than they are now has been badly overdone. Youth was not infallible then, is not at present, and perhaps never will be. Every age has had its sore spots, and if there were any way of accurately measuring one against another, I dare say they would be found equally malignant or equally innocuous, whichever it may be.

It is inspiring to see just how resourceful and creative young people can be. In the early 90's some of the students expressed keen dissatisfaction with the system of surveillance then in vogue to guard against cheating at examinations. They resented the presence of proctors in the classrooms and complained that the whole system had degenerated into a battle of wits, with a premium placed on cunning. The honesty sought by legislation and enforcement had become a victim of its own device.

A group of students composed largely of the members of the class of '94 petitioned the faculty to do away with this form of espionage and to substitute for it a system by which the undergraduates would be put entirely on their honor not to cheat. Their request was granted, and in that year the honor system came into existence at Princeton, never to be relinquished. Under its operation every student taking an examination writes this line upon his paper: "I pledge my honor as a gentleman that during this examination I have neither given nor received assistance." There are no longer any proctors to stand guard over them. The only sentinels are their own self-respect and sense of honor. If they violate the code and are discovered they are called before the Student Council, representative of all four classes, and upon the establishment of their guilt are forced to leave college. The faculty has nothing to do with the imposition of this punishment; the fate of offenders is left entirely in the hands of fellow students.

What has been the fruit of this? It is that a robust sense of responsibility has been created, that the importance of honor as a lifelong principle has been emphasized in formative minds, and that it has become a part of their creed that no law is worthier of observance than that which comes from the dictates of one's own conscience. In the course of each year's term Princeton has about one violation of the honor system, sometimes two, and at other times none. Honor and truth have become traditions of the university. We have repeated illustrations of it. Take, for example, students who have dropped back in their studies. In a refreshing spirit of frankness they will admit they have been loafing or that they are physically inert or even that the cause of the poor showing is intellectual or moral.

A Bogey Score on Mentality

Not because we have on our hands a younger generation which is thoroughly modern or that the wildness of youth has become a factor demanding consideration, but because of the things we have learned in our quest for the most effective media of training, the acute problem before us and every other institution of higher learning is this: How may the student be influenced to assume a proper attitude toward his scholastic work? Supplementing what I have briefly described in connection with the establishment of an *entente cordiale* between student and instructor, here at Princeton we have sought the solution by the adoption of three distinct lines of endeavor. The first is the policy of selective admission, which takes in the applicant's school record, his record on entrance examinations, his record in the scholastic-aptitude test, and testimonials of a personal nature regarding his character and promise. A balance struck from these factors shows whether he comes to us with real determination to put himself in the way of all intellectual influences of the college; and it enables us to establish what is known as his "bogey score," which is simply to rank him in one of five groups. Our expectation is that he will make his estimated group, which leaves him clear of deficiencies and possible failure. Below the fifth group is failure.

Our second step involves a radical change in the method of instruction through the institution five years ago of the new upperclass plan of study, under which juniors and seniors are required to specialize in the subject that has been shown by previous record and natural adaptability to be the one best suited to equip them for their life work. This subject is their own choice, and in order that their knowledge may be extended in other fields, they elect two other courses. Independent reading and research is a definite part of the new curriculum and is vigorously encouraged in the belief that it creates a desirable habit for after life, as well as bringing the young men into intimate contact with the teaching staff.

Two years ago we had a rather unexpected demonstration of how this system of personal research may work out at times. A senior specializing in English history took as his thesis for graduation Walpole, the English statesman. Our library did not contain the exact reference book he wished, so he conceived the idea of writing to Yale to see if they had it there. The Yale librarian wrote back that they did, and the young man thereupon made a special trip to New Haven to gather the data he wished. And that, I believe, is the only instance of a Princeton man going to Yale on such a mission.

In the past few years has come also the crystallization of our third effort. This has involved a reorganization of the methods and courses of teaching in freshman and sophomore years, with the one object in view of preparing the underclass men for the more advanced work of the upper years. With regard to freshmen it is no longer assumed that all students are of identical scholastic equality. Our system now is to classify them on the basis of their previous standing in preparatory school and the records they make in their entrance examinations. Those who qualify are placed in advanced divisions in mathematics, Latin, French, English, physics and chemistry, being assigned to the course for which they are best equipped. It is easy, I believe, to see the advantages of such classification. Boys progress in their proper grooves, the more advanced with men of like attainment and the lesser advanced with fellow students who have reached a similar stage of learning. And in the sophomore year both are put through introductory courses to the work which comes before them in the junior year, that they may have the opportunity to sound out their own adaptability and thus be better fortified for electing their studies in the higher classes.

It has been our experience that the wiser policy of training is to minimize the story of facts and to emphasize the reasoning power of the student in arriving at independent judgment. I never think of our observance of this principle without recalling a remark made by Robert Stewart Brooks, of the class of '98, a graduate of our engineering school. On one of his visits to Princeton after graduation I asked him what he had found to be the secret of success in his profession.

He thought for a while and then said: "Not to lose your head in confronting a new situation." And this simply expressed philosophy impressed itself upon me as sounding the keynote of what we have been trying to do with our Princeton men.

What men discover through their own research and effort gives great lasting power to knowledge finally formulated and authoritatively imparted. Independent reading and reasoning is nothing more than plugging on your own account. The great trouble with the processes of education in former years was intolerance toward freedom of thinking. There was not room in the world for divergences of opinion if it chanced that these divergences sprang from immature minds. That era is past. The world not only tolerates different conclusions but expects and welcomes them. For we realize that while young people may now be thinking differently, they are at least thinking.

No Standardized Students

One thing which can be said about the younger generation of this period is that it has set a new mark in educational history for thoughtfulness. Boys leave college with more initiative to use in their chosen spheres of business and science and art. And I should feel extremely sorry if this were not so—if our men went out into the world and echoed only the things which had been told them and which any older graduate could recall as having been a part of his own training. The new idea of college attainment embodies not only freedom of thought but freedom of action, as against freedom of ignorance or superstition or prejudice. There is a decided swing away from the turning out of standardized college men, machined and tooled on the mass-production principle. In recent years the world has recognized the wisdom of stimulating individuality of expression, and this has been the great aim of modern education.

If you can get boys who go to college to feel that education is the greatest thing in their immediate lives, you have accomplished the most important part of the task of putting them on the highroad to scholarly accomplishment. Of the devious methods used to bring this about, we have found it especially effective to emphasize to the

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Three days motoring in luxurious Harveycars through a strange country, on your way to or from California. A courier acting as hostess and guide with each car—a young woman who knows the Indians and the country—its history and fascinating lore.

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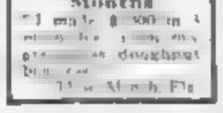
A SURPRISING new profit opportunity is now offered to every ambitious man and woman! A sensational new kind of food business has been invented that can be operated by anyone in either full or spare time. Now, almost incredible as it may sound, $400 to $1000 a month is possible in even the smallest cities!

We supply you with equipment and plans for making and selling a delicious new *greaseless* doughnut that is cooked in a remarkable electrical device. Easy to digest and more toothsome than old-style doughnuts ever were. This delicious new dainty—Brown Bobby—costs less to make and sells four times as fast. No wonder so many people without one bit of experience are literally cleaning up fortunes with this new money maker.

You can open a shop; rent cheap floor space in a grocery, delicatessen, lunch counter, drug store, etc. Or start at home—and make good profits your very first week!



Men and women start in this business daily ... [illegible] ... doughnut ... Dept. 18-11, 350 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

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KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't ... loose plates another day. KLUTCH will end your troubles. 50c at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he will not, don't *waste money* on substitutes but write us. We will mail you a box. Send us 50c when satisfied.

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For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has had the unqualified endorsement of physicians and dentists.

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Always insist upon genuine Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Each bottle contains tested and proved directions; also authoritative list of uses.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

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Are You a $100 A-WEEK MAN On a $40 a week Job?

A. T. Ulon ran an elevator for $28 a week. Now, after three years with Simpson, he earns nearly $70 a week, an increase of 250%. Chadwick earned about $50 weekly as a tea and coffee man. During his four years with Simpson he has averaged over $100 every week. These are but two typical successes. H. Begrow, 28 years old, made better than $6,500 last year, and Phil Levitt averaged over $6,000 a year for four years, before being promoted to branch manager. Simpson has a real opportunity for serious minded men who are anxious to improve themselves. If you are not content in your present position, write us for full information.

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Simpson men are able to make money right from the start, and earn it easily because they have [illegible] advantages. The [illegible] of the fine [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] of the house, bring to Simpson representatives the most sales.

How Earnings Grew

	Year Freshman	1925	1926	1927
C.	Sorter	$3 470	$5 206	$5,340
A.	Goodwin	1 640	2 690	2 965
H.	Begrow	945	2 770	6 500
N.	Faber	2 105	2 474	2 736
M.	Rels	3,285	3 740	4,230

Simpson salesmen not only make money but get pleasure out of it. They are the envy of their friends because they are selling to the best dressed men in their communities. Our entire business is built on the repeat business of their old customers.

The Finest Fabrics and Biggest Values in Our History

This season Simpson salesmen will be better than ever before to show you a wonderful assortment of fabrics and a wide variety of styles and weaves. Every man who wants a [illegible] will find it here. Every man who wants a [illegible] will find it here. Every man who wants a [illegible] will find it here

New FEATURES
of effortless *speed* and *accuracy*
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THE NEW SERIES 3 MONROE

No lever setting to change from addition to subtraction, multiplication to division.

Checking dials that give visible proof of all work.

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All Full Automatic MONROES *divide and multiply automatically.* Just put the work on the Monroe and watch it give the answers.

Why make a human being carry a load like this?

TRYING to get accurate figures with human labor is an expensive, uphill job. It makes worriers of those who handle the figures; keeps them tensely alert for mistakes they can't avoid.

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The Monroe Adding-Calculator gives you effortless accuracy and speed in all your business figures. It *adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides.* It does all these mechanically, automatically. And it is so easy to operate that from the first day anyone can turn out useful answers.

You can try one in your office—on your own work—the Monroe way—to see how the Monroe Adding-Calculator can make a profit in your employ.

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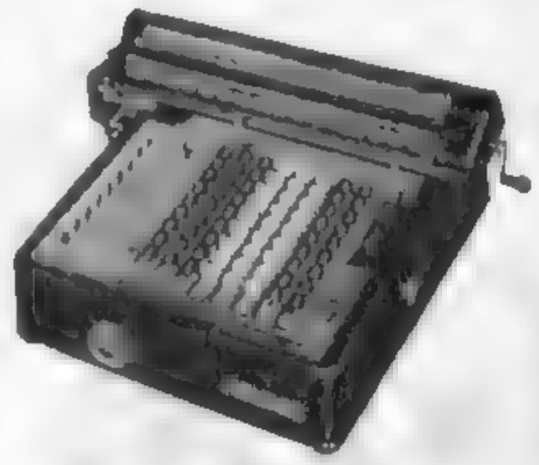
MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY, Inc.
Orange, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Sales Offices and Service Stations in all principal cities of the United States and throughout the world.



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Send coupon for Feature Book—gives the information you are entitled to have about Adding-Calculators.

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City and State

During the past year ..92 leaders of industry ...saved over $100,000 in paper costs – *and gained in efficiency by having the right paper for every purpose*

The services of the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau—which achieved these results—are now made available to other business houses.

IT HAS all happened since 1926. Until that time there had been no organization in the country equipped to make a scientific study of the papers required for the business uses of individual firms.

Then a number of large corporations became interested in having the selection of their business papers put on the same basis of efficiency and economy as other stock purchases. Some of these firms had standardization committees. But they found it difficult to get at the *facts* as applied to the particular printed forms they used.

Were the bonds, ledgers and bristols they were buying *right* for the purposes intended? Would the permanent records of the company still be legible after the folding and handling of half a century? How good a paper was necessary for shipping-department blanks—for inter-office memoranda—for executive letterheads? Even the best of purchasing agents lacked the equipment necessary to make tests covering such a variety of individual cases. . . . To meet the special needs of these corporations, the American Writing Paper Company, Inc., inaugurated its standardization service.

An experiment at first, this department was such an immediate success that it has now been made a permanent organization under the name of the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau. The following are only a few of the many nationally known concerns which have already availed themselves of this service:

Acacia Mutual Life Association
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Dollars-and-cents economy has *not* been the primary aim of these standardizations. Their purpose has been to put the right paper to work in the right place. And yet, in determining the exact grades of paper suitable for all uses, an aggregate saving of more than one hundred thousand dollars has been made possible for ninety-odd concerns.

★ *Our offer—a thorough analysis of every printed form used in your organization*

In your office there may be no need for paper standardization. But at least it will do no harm to find out.

The service of the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau is to make a thorough analysis of the paper used for every letterhead, form, ledger sheet and card index which you employ. The work is done in one of the most complete paper laboratories in the world. Elaborate testing machines, which duplicate in a few hours the wear and tear of generations, determine the fitness of your papers for their tasks. When the analysis is finished, you are provided with a comprehensive report which establishes quality standards, fixes price limitations and simplifies buying procedure.

Because of the scope of this service it can be rendered only to a limited number of corporations this year.

It is made absolutely without charge or obligation of any sort.

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Eagle-A Bond Papers

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LOOK FOR THE EAGLE-A MARK IN THE PAPER YOU USE

(Continued from Page 130)

disturbing influence—an antidote, as it were, to questionable books and plays and movies, which, under the cloak of an unusual condition, have unjustly been put forth as typifying the present-day freedom of thought. You can say to a boy that he must not read this book or see that play, but the fruit of your caution is the reverse of what you intend it to be. You stimulate a curiosity that might possibly have remained dormant. Inhibitions are unsatisfactory. Far better to build up in his mind something which will energize his intelligence to the point where he will see the futility of it all.

Some months ago the newspapers gave much prominence to what was termed an epidemic of suicides among college boys. While the whole incident was overstressed—the total number of cases amounting only to nineteen, as I recall—many intelligent persons wondered whether it indicated the presence of an abnormal psychic sense in the young people of today—an artificial curiosity brought about by higher learning to explore the mysteries of the hereafter. This was a natural but groundless fear.

Far From the Millennium

My answer, and I believe it has also been the stand taken by other educators, is that the suicides were sporadic circumstances without correlation and lacking the slightest significance as disclosing anything about what is going on in the minds of the younger generation. But from the newspaper standpoint it was a good story. I do not blame the newspapers for playing it up, since it did appear at one time that there was some ground for thinking that the proximity of one case to another indicated a condition rather than a series of dissociated happenings. The final proof that it was not a condition comes in the fact that it has disappeared and we no longer hear anything about it.

The incident, or to call it by its right name, the coincidence, does, however, bring up an interesting point. Are the young people of this generation more psychically inclined than those of the past? Does higher learning stimulate any such tendency? Again I give the accepted answer of the educational world and say no in the sense that it has aroused abnormal emotions, and yes, in the sense that it has shed invaluable constructive light on the subject. The overwhelming weight of evidence accumulated through the years is that the more we learn the clearer thinking we become, and no sane person can contend that suicide is an expression of clear thinking.

I have given a rather clean bill of health to the young men of this day, but it is certainly no more my intention to create the impression that they are perfect than it is my thought to make it appear that we are entirely satisfied with our educational policy and program. Regarding both I am of a similar mind. In all probability each is some distance removed from any state of perfection. And it would be unfortunate if we tried to deceive ourselves into believing we had reached the millennium in either respect. To be completely satisfied is to relax effort and to fail to learn by experience. Yet we should be equally short-sighted if we did not acknowledge that education has made great strides and that the young men of these times are further advanced than those of other days.

The trouble with the critics is that they have not taken the necessary time and care to identify the real cause of the thing which confuses them. In laying all manner of ills at the threshold of young people they have overlooked the pressure from the outside—the rapidity of progress, the introduction of new devices to reduce manual labor, the revision of standards and the consequent readjustment this violent interference with our everyday life requires.

I turn to statistics prepared by the dean of the college, Christian Gauss; the secretary of the university, Prof. V. Lansing Collins, and our controller, George C. Wintringer, to round out these thoughts concerning college boys, old and new style. The average age at entrance is the same as it has always been—eighteen years and a few months. About 1500 apply for admission each year, out of which number we are able to take only 600 in order to keep within range of our 2000 limit, which has already been exceeded by 10 per cent.

Under the selective form of admission we choose the applicants with the best records in previous scholastic work, entrance examinations, aptitude and character. Dean Gauss discourages the matriculation of students who seem to be temperamentally unfit for higher learning. Expulsions are based on moral turpitude and there have been none at Princeton in years. The average number of dismissals, which are final as far as attendance at Princeton is concerned but give the boy a chance to go to another college, is one or two a year.

Students in Earnest

About 20 per cent of Princeton men work their way through college, finding employment as waiters, dining-room captains, clerks, checkers and in other capacities. The average diligence among this 20 per cent is high, because they are in dead earnest about acquiring an education. By hard application in the first year it is possible for the working student to earn one of our 200 or 300 scholarships, which will leave him free of tuition fees for the next. We consider it inadvisable for any boy not the son of well-to-do parents to enter college unless he has a nest egg of from $300 to $400, but when financial troubles develop after entrance we extend help to him. The average income of the parents of boys to whom such assistance has been given is $1800. There has been a steady growth of the number of working students, and it has been exceedingly gratifying to see that they enjoy the same social recognition given to their comrades. The democracy among college boys is of a more genuine texture than can be found in most places.

The cost of instruction as paid by the student represents only a part of the cost of that instruction to the university. Tuition and other educational fees are approximately 75 per cent of what the university pays. When undergraduates are dismissed before the end of the first half of the term the tuition is remitted; if they are dropped after the second half has started there is no refund.

And to return to the thought I had at the outset. The world has undergone many radical changes, university life is vastly different from what it used to be, and on the surface students are no longer the same. But bear this in mind—our young men are as right thinking and wholesome as they ever were—and more thoughtful.

THE AMERICAN BOOK OF WONDER

(Continued from Page 19)

and so it is, but it is only one page. The others reveal faith in the problem of service as a source of satisfaction both in pecuniary profit and in professional pride.

This newer note is a product of many forces, not the least of which, perhaps, is the growth of enterprises so extensive that men of large caliber, fully the equals of the merchant princes of an earlier day, but divorced from the direct appeal of profits, have had to be hired to manage them. Administration and management, as distinct functions apart from those of either *entrepreneur* or capitalist, now occupy thousands of men whose work impels them to think of business as something more than purely a profit-producing procedure. The one-sided philosophy of egoism which so generally characterized the business ethics and morality of the past generation, which declared business was business, is giving way to the new philosophy which sees that business "is also an altruistic public service and commerce a system of coöperative social conveyance."

That is business talking to itself. It is a quotation from a bulletin addressed to the production executives of American industry by the American Management Association, which represents big business.

Business for the first time in its life is articulate about itself. In a few years it has created an enormous library of self-regarding literature, most of it dated since 1900. On the other side, as to the public's view of business, there is a mass of garrulous writing, much of it wholly unresponsive to the changing state of facts.

Taking it back to the personal reference, suppose we try asking ourselves what our common expectations of business are.

First, perhaps, we think of value, quality, service. These integrities we take for granted in a manner that would have astonished those of the preceding generation. Our wrath when we have been disappointed is evidence that disappointment is not the rule. Formerly the hazard of buying was in both price and quality, and the idea of service was so exceptional that—as, for example, in the matter of replacement parts—the manufacturer's general notion was that once he had sold you the machine you had to have the parts and these he could sell to you at a high profit, exploiting your necessity. Now service—here limited to the sense of continuous customer satisfaction—is a universal and competitive rule of business.

As to price, or value, you may still believe there is some hazard there, and of course there are many instances of apparently unreasonable discrepancy between the cost of producing a thing and the price at which it reaches the consumer. Generalizations are necessary here. First, the price, whatever it is, is one that everybody pays, and is in itself an open challenge to competition. It was not until after the Civil War that retail merchants generally adopted the one-price system of merchandising. Before that every transaction was by higgling over the counter. When, in New York, A. T. Stewart began marking prices on his goods, permitting no deviation, other merchants could not imagine that he would not be ruined. If he stuck to it and honestly meant it, then it would be simple for his competitors, knowing his prices, to undersell him just enough to get all the trade. It did not work that way. No one could afford to undersell him, because with the fixed prices went also quality, and the profit was reasonable. What happened was that in a few years all the important business of retail merchandising was obliged to adopt the one-price system.

As for prices in general—value, that is to say—one must look not at a specific bargain, at one or two among millions occurring every minute, but to the average economic cost of the total quantity of goods consumed. Is that rising or falling? Everyone knows it is falling. Proof is that we are able steadily to increase the quantity and variety of our satisfactions. This or that may be dearer; other things, by offset, are cheaper. Coal and lumber are dearer, automobiles and electric appliances are cheaper.

The rule is that those things have been cheapened most that represent the highest degree of fabrication; and this, when one thinks of it, seems an incredible fact, with wages steadily rising. It shows what skill, imagination and power can do when intensively employed. Living in general, measured by the average person's command

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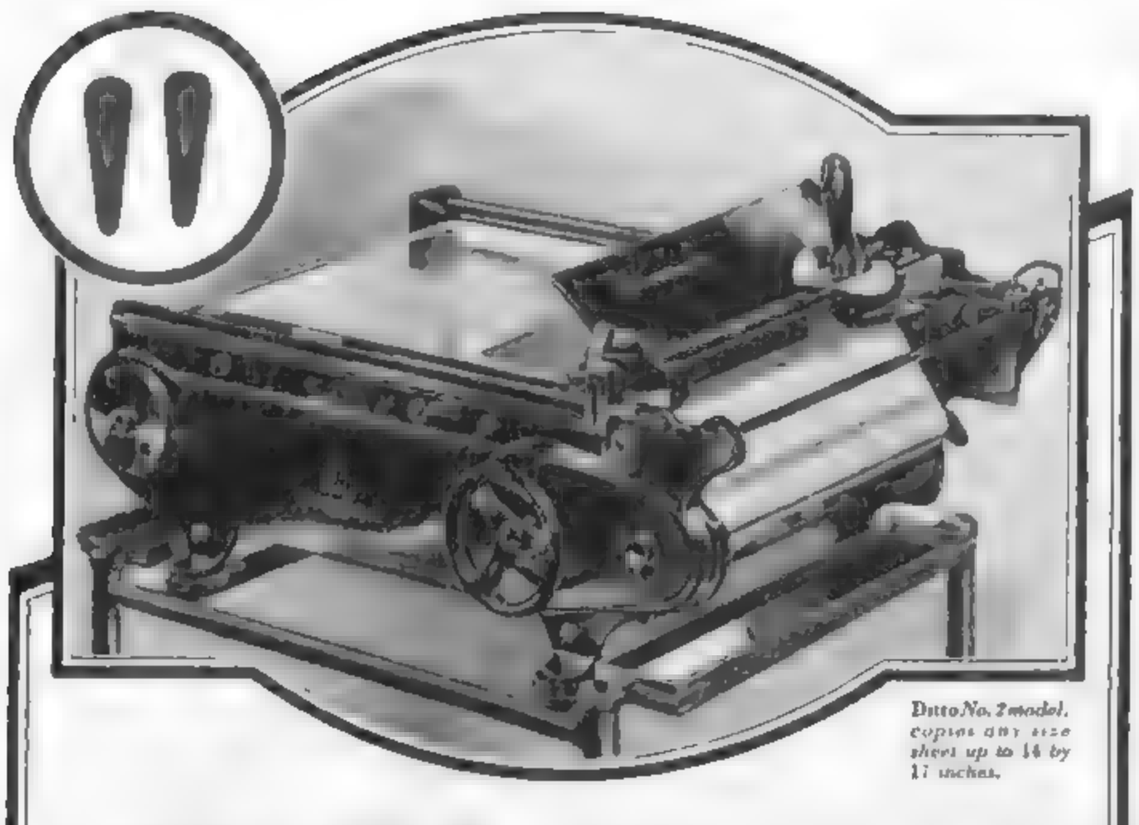

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over goods, is cheaper here than ever before, and cheaper than anywhere else in the world. Prices, after all, are relative. What do we have and consume? That is value in the right sense. Apart from any theory of its social function, merely as sound modern principle, business is obliged to lower the price of goods continuously in order to sustain its volume. Profit in our scheme is from volume. And volume is from pressing goods lower and lower through the social pyramid to the very base.

Value, quality, service—such are commonly our expectations of business. Only, perhaps, we do not realize that thirty years ago one who had taken so much for granted could not have been trusted to spend the budget of an ordinary household. However, as you see, if these three virtues of business are moralities at all, the character is utilitarian. They create customer confidence, build assets of goodwill and name, and turn out to pay very handsomely. Why, therefore, had they been wanting in business?

They had not been always wanting. Here again is curious history concerning the effect of the machine upon business behavior. Old-fashioned business was honest. The importance of goodwill was understood. Service, of course, had not been thought of; there was no need to think of it. Merchandise did not include such things as motor cars, tractors, private light, heat and power plants, automatic electrical appliances, farm implements with moving replaceable parts, all requiring continually more or less service. That was another world. Merchants had relations with one another extending to distant places and foreign countries, and these were governed by a code older than any modern language.

The relations of the merchant to his public, however, were local, and he himself was subject to community pressure. Unethical practices, quickly found out, not only got him into trouble with his customers; he found himself in disgrace with public opinion as a citizen and might be singled out for words of reproach even as he sat in his church pew. This happened to Robert Keayne, one of the founders of the Boston Town House, who, when complained of before his church for having overcharged his customers, "did with tears acknowledge and bewail his covetous heart, yet making some excuse for many of the particulars which were charged upon him, as partly by pretense of ignorance of the true price of some of the wares and chiefly by being misled by some false principles."

Spavined Horses and Machines

Then suddenly the world is another kind of place. Machine craft displaces handcraft. Industrialism and factories succeed guildism and small workshops. What was trade, concerning itself only with exchange, becomes business, concerned also with production. At the same time new means of transportation are created. The affair between business and the public is no longer local. It tends to become anonymous, and business morality passes under the strain which moralists used to propose as a test of individual behavior, asking, "As against the certainty of large private gain, how would you weigh the life of an unknown man in China?"

In his dedication address at the Harvard School of Business Administration, Owen D. Young explained it in this manner:

"Then the area of business operations widened. The products dealt in became highly specialized and technical. A man could not sell a spavined horse as sound in his own community without penalty, but he could sell a spavined motor as sound in some other community, perhaps indeed halfway around the world, without being quickly discovered at home. Even if discovered, the penalty was not so great. The sale of a spavined horse to one of his own community may have been a moral delinquency. The sale of a spavined motor to people quite unknown may have been regarded locally as a clever piece of business. The church became increasingly powerless, and local opinion might well be not too critical of a man who brought wealth from other places to his home community, especially if he contributed to the local hospital and was otherwise generous in its distribution. In a word, the widening area of business . . . outstripped all local sanctions and tended to leave the individual free from restraints."

Greed is the most futile kind of ugliness, and has, moreover, no imagination. Business by this rule—let the buyer beware—was not only insecure and in the long run unprofitable; it was bound to fail for precisely the same reasons that caused piracy's downfall. There is much more profit in the continuity of trade than in fraud or pillage. If you cheat people they will stop trading; if you plunder them they will have nothing left to trade with.

What next happened was inevitable. There was no limit to the growth of business but the consuming power of the whole world. The physical limits of the world were fixed, but as business grew, this world contracted. The post, the telegraph, ocean cables and steam transportation, foreshortened the time dimensions of space. A distant market ceased to be an opportunity you could exploit with impunity. You were too quickly found out and published, and then you lost the trade. Moreover, you gave your community or your country a bad name, hurting all trade, and for this you were not easily forgiven at home. Tears in the local church would not absolve you. In foreign trade a few shipments of shoddy goods might create against all goods of the same national origin a buyers' prejudice, and that would be the nation's loss.

An Obsolete Almanac Joke

Out of all this came trade-marks, brands, standards, new codes of business practice, all with a view to creating customer confidence. Now when a Chicago implement maker sends a threshing machine either to Kansas or Australia, or when a Detroit motor-car maker sends forth an automobile to be sold to whom it may concern, he sends his reputation with it and plans beforehand to follow it with service. "Satisfaction guaranteed" ceases to be a hollow selling phrase. It is a principle without which business could not progress. This intelligence now holds throughout. When sugar was generally sold in barrels—and that was in our own childhood—sand in the sugar was a staple almanac joke. Who put it in no one ever knew. It had to be either the grocer or the refiner, and they accused each other. Now sugar is for the most part sold on the refiner's reputation, in sealed packages, and anyone proposing to put sand in it would be examined for lunacy.

It is clear that any of these are utilitarian motives. They pay. They would more easily prove that an ancient pride of trade has been restored to modern business than that any new meaning has appeared. That is all true; it is further true that so far as you can examine the mind of modern business, expressing itself in codes of ethics and ideals of behavior, you will find the practical element to be always chemically present. Well, as to that, there is a school of thought to hold that the basis of any morality is utilitarian; morals is only a mode of conduct that somehow rewards itself. That may or may not be, and it is irrelevant. There is a new meaning in American business. All such motives as are represented by ideas of value, quality and service may together be put aside, and still our expectations of business are not exhausted. What more do we expect of business?

Harvard University now confers degrees in business as she confers degrees in law, and President Lowell speaks of business as the oldest of arts and the newest of professions. A few years ago one who had referred to the profession of business would have had some difficulty to make the meaning clear. Now everyone knows what it means and more or less of what it implies.

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 134)

The distinction between a profession and a business or between a profession and a trade is not merely that a profession is supposed to call for formal training and a high degree of specialized skill. That would mean only a difference of capacity or education. There is a much deeper difference, and this is in the way a professional man regards his work. It may be a gainful occupation, but in his exercise of it he will be guided by considerations other than those of private gain. He will feel, in the first place, a sense of obligation to the profession itself not by any act of his to injure its good name—that is, disappoint the public's expectations of it. He will be jealous of its ideals. And with a view of his own work and the profit thereof, he will combine a view of social ends.

The mechanic is not expected as a mechanic to see his work in the light of its social implications. The engineer is. Therefore engineering is a profession. In this country it is, and it was not until engineering had come to be a profession here that the engineer extended his view to include social facts. Formerly he had been content to keep a technical field. Now nothing that concerns the scientific management of business is beyond his view, so that he includes, along with problems of power and productive method, such other problems as those of distribution, social benefit and human behavior.

It may not have been inevitable that a profession of business should appear. It has appeared nowhere else, though the need of the light it breaks into economic darkness was universal. Not for this country alone, for all industrial countries, the last third of the nineteenth century was an age of dread. Pessimism, foreboding, a kind of cruel cynicism, cast ominous shadows on a scene of triumphant material achievement. By use of machines and science, man had integrated a power he apparently could not control. Certainly he did not comprehend its meaning or foresee its consequences. This was not merely a power to externalize things. The increase of things was the obvious result.

What the power did unawares was to alter the status of humankind on earth. Not only did it change the environment; it created a new race—namely, that part of the population which is called industrial because it lives by modern industry and could not live by any other means. In Western civilization this now is more than half the total population.

A New Race on Earth

Rightly to perceive the status of it, you have only to imagine what would happen to it if suddenly the world in all respects were again as it was a century and a half ago. Do you think it would return to the land? It was never on the land. Moreover, the agricultural population now existing is certainly quite all—probably much more—than the land could sustain without the tools, the power, the method and all which have been supplied and continue to be renewed by industry and industrial science; and all this, according to the supposition, would be wiped out as if it had never been. The industrial race would perish. That is what would happen to it, for it is plus upon the earth and industry is its mother.

Industry, including all the mechanical and scientific knowledge in which it consists, is only a hundred and fifty years old. In that time it has created a new civilization, a new race, and has introduced change as a visible condition of life. The only certitude is change. The only stability is the rate of change. Think what that means.

For thousands of years before, change was so slow that it could not be measured in the contrasts of one lifetime. People died in the same environment in which they were born, unchanged; life as they left it was life as they found it, even to its material forms. One generation could not see both the beginning and the completion of an important building, such as a cathedral. So far as they knew there was no change; at least it was historical.

With no preparation of mind or wisdom, as if out of the void, this new power appears. You may regard the machine as an extension of man's own leverage, or, with a touch of imagination, you may see it as a mindless thing through him created—a new type of creature, an experiment of Nature perhaps, possessing in itself a law of reproduction, since it is machines make more machines, and seeming also to contain a principle of evolution, since they are continually changing in both aptitude and form.

There was a simultaneous event. Where man got the machine he does not really know. He thinks he made it. But it was out of his mind he got a new idea of the use of curiosity. From this came what we call applied science, which is basically attitude and intention. The attitude is practical and the intention is to make knowledge work. So it is linked with the machine, which is first of all a drudge whose sense of fatigue is beyond human sympathy. Now man no longer beholds the sun as a heavenly body and admires its geometries in space. He studies it cunningly as a chemistry, hoping to learn more about the properties of matter. For now he regards the earth not as a goddess to be wheedled but as a mass of matter in tension, containing hidden sources of energy that perversely evade his control. He does not solicit her secrets. He demands them. Once clumsily he found a thing first, wondered at it, spent a long time thinking what he might do with it. Now his intentions run beyond his knowledge. First he wants something and then sets out to find it. He knows beforehand what he will do with it. Industry, the new mother, is waiting for it.

Great Power Uncontrolled

Presently people begin to be aware that the tempo of existence is changing. It changes more in a few years than in all past human experience, actually; and the rate of change is self-accelerating, though this is difficult to be aware of. The environment becomes fluid. It alters in one lifetime beyond recognition. Try, for example, to imagine American life without automobiles, radios, movies, electricity. You cannot imagine it. Yet you need not be an old man to remember that there was life without these things. What transforms the environment and produces all change is that power of machine and science rising higher and higher, as by some law of its own nature.

Where wheat was reaped last year, an industrial city stands this year. That is the creative magic of this power.

Where there was a human relationship between master artisan and journeyman, there is now conflict between capital and labor. That is the social disaster of this power.

Where formerly there were slow tides in the well-being of people from cycles of fecundity in the earth, now there are sudden alternations of boom and crisis, with mass unemployment as a social scourge, effects as terrible as famine. That is the economic stupidity of this power.

Where formerly there had been rich and poor, known to each other, there are now industrial slums and incredible riches, both anonymous. That is the indifference of this same power to the spectacle of humanity. Man's nature is projected in a grotesque manner, both the goodness and the badness of it, by terrific magnification, and more the badness than any goodness, because in the exercise of this power he conceives himself to be neither moral nor immoral—merely dynamic. Moreover, he says he cannot control this power. He is no mystic, but he says the power is controlled by natural laws and he is not responsible for the results. This he would prove by economic logic. Command of fact knowledge and control of the forces of Nature were the sources of the power, but the power so derived was itself uncontrollable. That was the position.

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asking: "What is it worth to go on creating material wealth in this way? Is society as a whole any better off? Are we not beguiled by things to give ourselves into a bondage from which there may be no escape? What is all this running to and fro of people to get themselves better fed and housed and clothed and entertained? They consume a great deal and possess nothing, not even their own lives. Is it not an illusion that we are progressing at all? Are we not selling ourselves out to a power we cannot control, one that may in the end destroy us?"

A member of the United States Supreme Court, not Mr. Justice Harlan, was wont to talk moodily in this strain. But the question whether society was better or worse off was academic. Society simply could not exist without the power it feared. Its life was there. That was the real dilemma.

Where was the power and what was its name? It was in the hands of business and that was its name—big business, when the sense should be sinister. Society, for many reasons, was unable to control business. First was the fear of hurting it, really. This was an instinct of self-preservation; it could not hurt business without hurting itself. Secondly, political wisdom had very little contact with economic reality. There were no traditions to guide it; the problems were original. Thirdly, the state could not control business unless it were willing to go the whole way and administer the economic affair. Not only was that practically impossible; it was repugnant to the American theory of government. The reason why the state could not control it by laying down principles and leaving it to administer its own affairs, within those principles, was in the difficulty that principles of law assume certain conditions, whereas here the conditions were always changing. How could a law of principle be written to anticipate change, or to comprehend change itself as a condition? As well try to make business social-minded by a law mandatory.

Business at this time had no sense of social responsibility. It had never been expected to have any such sense; more, any pretensions thereto would have been resented. It was, as far as possible, excluded from participation in government. It was a function of government to protect society from the power of business. Again the fear. Mingled with fear was a deep ancient prejudice. As business represented by succession both the trader and the artisan of preindustrial civilization, so it inherited the social stigma that for all time had adhered to trade and artisanship.

From the Time of Xenophon

All the early political economists treated traders and artisans as parasites. Exchange and production. How strange that, since we live by these activities, they should bear a social stigma! But this had been immemorially true, partly no doubt from a far Oriental taste that causes the æsthete to despise a flower, no matter how beautiful it may be, that has kitchen associations, and partly from a lingering tradition that superiority divinely exists in the warrior or hero caste, whose contempt for traders and producers was sublime.

Sam A. Lewisohn, of the Miami Copper Company, has an interesting essay on this subject in the August, 1927, number of the Management Review. Business, he says, is only now setting itself free from the superstition that gentlemen may not engage in it; and to indicate the great age and force of the taboo he quotes a paragraph from Xenophon, the historian, written four centuries before Christ.

"The arts that men call vulgar," said Xenophon, "are commonly decried and are held in disesteem by the judgment of states with good reason. They utterly ruin the bodies of workers and managers alike, compelling men as they do to lead sedentary lives and huddle indoors, or in some cases to spend the day before a fire. Then as men's bodies become enervated, so their souls grow sicklier. And these vulgar crafts involve complete absence of leisure and hinder men from social and civic life. Consequently, men such as these are bad friends and indifferent defenders of their country."

"A similar attitude," says Mr. Lewisohn, "has prevailed till today, particularly in England," with enormous social consequences.

In the American scheme, no doubt, such prejudice was weaker than in any Old World society; nevertheless, the line of distinction here was as definite as anywhere else. Learning was a profession. The law was a profession, leading naturally to politics. Medicine was a profession. The church was a calling and the Army was a career. Engineering had fought its way up to be recognized as a profession. But business was still business. If the attitude of business toward society was insolent, there was on the other side a certain superior social attitude toward business. How unreasonable to denounce business for wanting a high sense of social function when the professions had reserved that pride and virtue to themselves!

An Opportunity Improved

The only possible escape of business from a feeling of social inferiority was in a sense of power. This had been the historical escape. But where anciently it was only on occasions that the power of money achieved its irony by bringing the high-caste knee to flex in the presence of the disdained money lender, here in the modern case the power of business had come to be the paramount power. It was at last a power of destiny over society, and there was no social-mindedness in it. What appeared to be a desperate impasse turned out, however, to be an opportunity, and the first of its kind to be improved in the world.

Two great needs now stand opposed. One is the psychic need of business to be included socially, to be esteemed, to be eased of the ancient stigma. The other is the need of society to civilize business and so incline its power to ideals of human meaning.

You cannot say precisely how or when these needs came face to face in mutual recognition. It was a definite event. It happened. No one brought it to pass. The genius of a people was acting.

There were certain obvious movements. For one thing, the allurements of business as against those of the professions became so great as to be irresistible. This was not the temptation of profit principally. There was power to be shared, and power is man's chief fascination. Business offered occasions of romance, adventure, combat, notable personal achievement. You may see the enticement working. Of the Harvard class of 1896, 35 per cent chose business, the rest professions. Of the Harvard class of 1916, 55 per cent preferred business. Also, the problems were such as to engage the unique qualities of the American mind. Men of active imagination wearied of the futility of denouncing business from without, on academic assumptions of what it was and should be, and began to explore it from within, meaning to know what it really was. They discovered it all over again, outside of their textbooks, and found here and there in business an anxiety as to the outcome equal to their own. Different types of mentality began to meet on this bridge.

One must not forget, either, the epicycle of muckraking, from about 1900 to 1910, when business for its sins was boiled in the caldron of hot publicity. The muckrakers—those of them who were honest—were crusaders, out to destroy what they called the system, which was a half-mythical monster, like the Turk the knights imagined before they had fought with him. The first collisions were fanatical. But man is an animal whose mind is cheered and chastened by conflict. That is how he came to be civilized. Much was learned on both sides;

(Continued on Page 141)

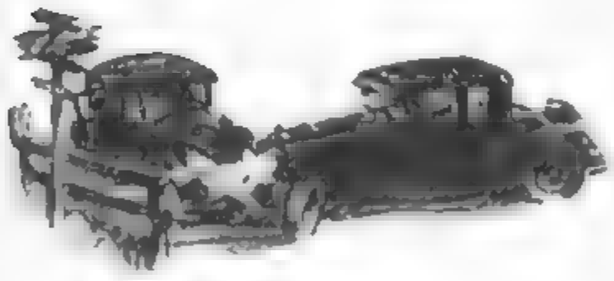
What is behind those pitiful hands?

A FACE that was lovely ten minutes ago. A face that was lighted by smiles as the sweep of the motor carried it swiftly through the fresh winter air.

A little skid.....a jar and a bump..... shattered windshield, windows, flying razor-edged pieces of glass.....cutting .....cutting.....cutting.....***and the scar on the face forever.***

Will you risk this.....for yourself..... for those dear to you?

Sixty-five per cent of all injuries in automobile accidents are due to flying glass. And the accident need not be "serious" to cause painful cuts, permanent disfigurement, even blindness. A very little jar will shatter ordinary glass and make it fly.



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Triplex is the special glass that will not shatter, so cannot fly and cut. It is clear glass, with *no wires* in it to confuse and obscure the vision. In a serious crash it will crack. But it cannot shatter. You, and your loved ones, are safe from glass scars with Triplex in your car.

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OF NORTH AMERICA, INC.

Hoboken Terminal, Hoboken, N. J
Amory L. Haskell, President

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5 M3

To every modern housewife—
(except the 3,000,000 who are using Drāno *regularly)*

Today's household need *never* be at the mercy of a lazy drain

YOU KNOW how it used to be . . . even in the most perfectly kept homes . . . waste pipes *would* slow up—clog now and then, and always, it seemed, at the most inconvenient moments. Then out would come the wire, and the tea-kettle, too. Such prodding and poking and pouring . . . worry and waiting and wetting. What a mess!

But you won't find this sort of thing happening today—not in many really nice homes.

For, last year alone, over three million housewives banished sulky drains forever with Drāno. And we expect there'll be a few million more this year . . . women are wise in this day and age!

Swish! And the drain is clear

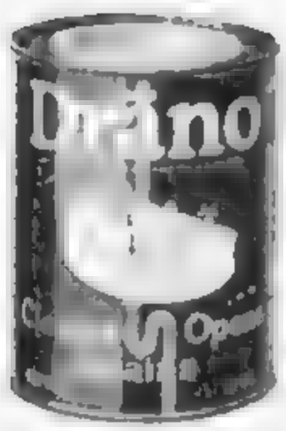
Drāno works like magic! See that there is about a cup of water in the sluggish drain—next shake in Drāno—now rinse it into the trap with a little more water. The instant that Drāno and water get together, there will be a boiling and bubbling as the grease, lint, hair, or other obstruction is dissolved. Give it a few minutes to do its work . . . then a rinsing flood of clear water . . . swish! . . . and the drain is clear—clean—free-running!

Drāno *keeps drains free-flowing*

Most housewives dose every drain in the house—not forgetting the one in the ice box—with Drāno every Saturday morning. It's no more bother than winding the clock—and it *absolutely prevents* the annoyance and mess of sluggish waste-water. Also, it's a *cleanly* habit, for Drāno, you know, actually scrubs the insides of waste pipes, and, as it scrubs, it sterilizes . . . leaves the "innards" of the pipes as clean and sanitary as your brightest saucepan!

And, what's more, *it can't harm enamel, porcelain or plumbing.*

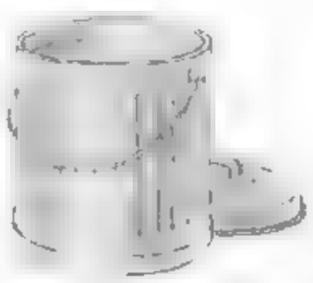
Of course, your grocery, drug or hardware store carries Drāno . . . order a supply today, or send 25c for a full-sized trial can. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



25¢ a can
Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. States
35¢ in Canada

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains
. . . keeps them free-flowing



Deodorize and sterilize the garbage can

To scrub the inside of the garbage container, sprinkle Drano freely into the can and add a cup or two of water.

On the Drāno can are printed many other household uses of this wonderful disinfecting scrubber. Try them.

(Continued from Page 138)

mutual respect emerged. It was not exactly that there were two points of view to be reconciled; rather, the necessity was to combine them, for neither had been complete by itself.

And there was another singularly patent fact. The amount of intelligence that could be employed in mere money-making was, after all, limited; and there was so much of that limited kind of intelligence that personal distinction ceased to issue from it. All kinds of people, polite, vulgar—even morons—could get rich. The competition was disgusting. And then when the rich, having acquired their wealth in disregard of social ethics, began to seek the good opinion of society by great benefactions and people rejected them on the ground that the money was tainted, there was panic at the heart of wealth. Who were the rich? Nobody. If they built palaces and private golf courses they could not get the people they wanted to come and play with them. What was it money could not buy? Social esteem.

There was never any serious attempt to found a cult of wealth, for the reason that the pursuit of money-making left men with nothing in common to think of, talk about or pass their leisure with. They were related only in a sense of solitude. In a state of society where wealth is dynastic it is different; here wealth was personal. Men did not inherit it; they made it themselves. Having made it, what could they do with it? If they forgot it and went on with the game for the game's sake, they became only more lonely and more dreaded by society.

Out of these gloomy reflections grew a passion on the part of business to explain itself. It would tell the truth, and the truth should acknowledge the past. Thus the idea of cultivating public relations, which was naïvely organized, and then exploited by a new figure calling himself a public-relations expert. He would set business right with public opinion. Often he did more harm than good; otherwise, he was handicapped by common suspicion.

That idea was not enough; it was incomplete. What it lacked came partly from the other side, across the bridge, and partly from the new mentality now entering business. This was the idea of a working adjustment between the profit motive and the social motive. As service had proved itself in the hitherto limited sense of customer satisfaction, so service in the much higher sense of social satisfaction would pay. Here we touch one of the deep springs in the American way of thinking. What is right will pay—which is to say, it will be self-sustaining. That is a test.

Individualizing Industry

As the new meaning of the word "service" began to clarify, business embraced it with a kind of ecstasy. In doing so it became a profession. It will cause you no difficulty now to understand how and why the meaning of wealth has changed. Wealth continues to multiply at a rate hitherto unimagined; men as individuals are richer than ever before. Yet nobody any longer cares how rich a man is, nor does society fear the power of business. How that power is used, with what intent and with what result—that is all anybody now regards. And there is an expectation that it will be used under a sense of social responsibility. So, much more than value, quality and service, we now expect of business that it shall act upon such problems as the proportional division of the wealth product, the continuity of production, stability of wages, unemployment, elimination of drudgery, the cultural value of labor, human relationships in industry generally. The more we expect it to do so, the more it does and will act upon them.

In the field of education it is making a significant contribution, as something it expected of itself. This is so newly conceived that there is nowhere any proper survey of its extent and character. Formerly it was that business took human material as it happened to be and shaped it roughly to the task. Now more and more it acts first on the man, to discover his aptitudes and qualities, and then finds him his right place. Even long after the subject of personnel had been recognized as one proper for scientific study, the approach was wrong. The personnel management first analyzed the job and then looked for the man to fit it. The new way is to analyze the man and then find the job to fit him, on the theory that both the productive result and the cultural value of work are benefited by suiting the job to the man.

And now for the first time there is a working contact between the academic world and the world of business. The pedagogues said to business: "You complain that the colleges turn out men who have no idea what your world is like. That is true. The trouble is that we do not know your world. Tell us about it." So now what begins to happen is that business, anxious to get what the colleges can give, but in a form in which business can use it, writes up what are called job specifications.

The pedagogue says to the student, "Here are the particulars of that world outside, the reality of it. Look over these job specification sheets and see what is there that might interest you as work."

A New Cooperation

When natural interests have been thus disclosed, business takes the student into its own schools of engineering, specialized training and research, and tries him. He may have been wrong. It may turn out that what he thought would interest him fails to do so. Well, then he is tried in other material; he may be tried many times before he finds what is really his.

There are happy accidents from this method, apart from the average result. One of the great motor companies had a young college man who apparently possessed every quality save the one of sustained interest. Why he kept failing nobody knew.

At last he said, "I must have been wrong entirely to think I was interested in business. I'll look for something else."

The personnel management urged him to try it a little further and moved him blindly to the spark-plug department. There suddenly he became deeply interested in a thing nobody could have guessed. Enameling, it was. In three years he became not only an expert but an authority in the world on enameling.

One function of the American Council on Education is to keep and improve the contact between these two worlds. This is from the report of last year's annual meeting of the council:

"Industrial coöperation was the theme of an address by Mr. J. W. Dietz, of the Western Electric Company. Mr. Dietz represents the American Management Association, which joined the council last fall to help develop close coöperation between colleges and industry in solving their common problem of personnel training. He first traced the evolution of present business and industrial philosophy concerning education. . . . The most interesting feature of this growth has been the discovery of the importance of the individual in industry. . . . Through . . . practical experiences in helping individuals to help themselves industry is learning how to liberate individual talent and is evolving a real democratic philosophy of business. . . . This evolution in industry has paralleled the evolution in education. Schoolmen also have discovered the importance of the individual. Therefore, we have a common problem in dealing with the individual. . . . We are now ready to start on a new basis. We will report to you significant facts concerning the requirements of industry. . . . We ask you in turn to report to us significant facts about personnel and training."

And with all there is yet a deep trace of snobbery among us. It has unconscious manifestations. One way of its appearing

Keeps Your Hair Neat, Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

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FOR a long time Paul Hauck of Nebraska had been reading advertisements in The Post similar to this—and he knew that he could use some extra money just as well as the next fellow. He knew, too, that he couldn't possibly lose more than the price of a postage stamp, and that he might make—

Well, anyway, he sent a coupon like the one above, made good money from the start—and just the other day told us that he had earned exactly $2.40 in an even hour's spare-time work.

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You can begin just as soon as the mails can deliver our reply to your request for facts.

And in our letter we will tell you how to start making money at once as our local subscription representative, forwarding new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

We will not assign you any definite territory nor ask you to work during any special hours of the day.

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We will not ask you to invest a single penny of your own money, nor will we require that you have had previous experience.

On the contrary, we will supply you with all the supplies you need and full, complete details on how to go about your work—all absolutely without charge.

We are offering you this opportunity for immediate action. Why not take the next step and—

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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the ... at home in spare time for C. P. A. ex...
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is in the form of a melancholy solicitude about people lest they be demoralized with prosperity. Is there not great danger that in running after things they will lose their souls? This dread of materialism is at bottom snobbish. When material things were differently divided, the few having much and the many very little, there was almost no fear that the few, by reason of their possessions, would lose their souls.

It appears again more pointedly as ridicule of the word "service." Foreigners sneer at it. Well enough. But some Americans sneer at it, too, and most of all such as have for any reason taken to themselves the vanity of dedicating their work to social service, preferably to mind the morals and manners of society or to scold it upon them. It is as if they were saying, "Service is all right if you have the culture to know what it means, but when bankers and plumbers begin to talk of service it is too common to mean anything."

The word is common and much ill used, yet in its true meaning it may well turn out to be one of the important words of this century. They sneer at it who would be embarrassed to answer you this question: What does it mean that once a week at midday, in more than two thousand cities and towns, one hundred and twenty-five thousand men sit down together under a self-imposed rule of compulsory attendance, beneath the slogan Service Above Self and mingle their thoughts and experiences "in the effort to reconcile the conflict between the desire for profit for oneself and the obligation and duty to serve others"—according to the text of Rotarianism?

Rotary is only one cult of service. It has absurdities. So has any religion. If it were fundamentally absurd or insincere, its growth from a meeting of four friends in Chicago in 1905 to a group of two thousand four hundred and twelve clubs in the United States would reduce life to the importance of a comic strip. It has spread to forty other countries, all taking their charters from the Rotary International at Chicago. An evangel of service above profit in business going forth to the world from Chicago. How little we understand it ourselves!

Service in Parables

But it is difficult for other countries to master the idea. At a dinner in Vienna a Viennese Rotarian asked an American guest what kinds of people were Rotarians in the United States. All kinds, he was told; anybody in business subscribing to the code. At this the Viennese was disappointed, for there they had been trying to make it aristocratic, open only to the élite of business. In Italy also they make that mistake. In England not quite so much, but the English were the most distressed by the singing and robust geniality. Once they had tried the singing, they liked it better.

A Belgian visiting this country on a Rotary errand was asked if the movement in Belgium was touching the intimate public relations of business. As he did not understand the question, it was illustrated in the simplest way. A small-town American plumber had been heard complaining of the trouble he was having with a certain job from defective material and other frustrations, and to the general tale he added, "You know, I belong to Rotary now, and—well, that makes you think." The Belgian listened attentively, with a bothered expression, and shook his head. It was illustrated then in another way. A Chicago Rotarian invited the whole club to lunch at his factory, with no word that anything out of the ordinary was to happen. When the club members arrived each one was met at the door by a workman in overalls, and so they paired off and sat down to lunch. This puzzled the Belgian even more.

"We are beginning," he said. "We have not this spirit."

When, in two illustrations, the thought of service both touches the quality of a plumbing job and acts upon human relations in large industry, you must suppose it has gained over men's imagination the authority of a spell. If that were all, one might take it provisionally as being perhaps ephemeral. But there is all the time a deep need for this idea of service to exist. The zeal with which it is embraced is a measure of that need. As it is important that men should have a sense of cultural value in their common tasks, so it is necessary that other men of the same piece of human nature should have a sense of social value in their daily business. It is the same thing. The need of it is at the top as it is at the bottom.

It is necessary for the kind of men now in control of the steel industry to see themselves as steel producers, with competition to meet, mechanical and chemical problems to solve, costs to be considered, profits to be calculated, all as before; it is necessary also that they shall see the industry in its social aspect. It is not steel primarily they are producing. Steel is only the accidental form of a tissue stuff required by the whole social organism. Steel making in that view is a process of metabolism. It is the breaking down of crude materials in order to bring forth forms of substance essential to the life of society.

Standards of Business Conduct

It is a necessity of the inner mind for those now in control of business to see that the difference between good times and bad times is much more than a difference between profit and loss; it is a difference between society well and society sick. Thus stability becomes a social ideal, and as you work to realize it you are serving both society and profit.

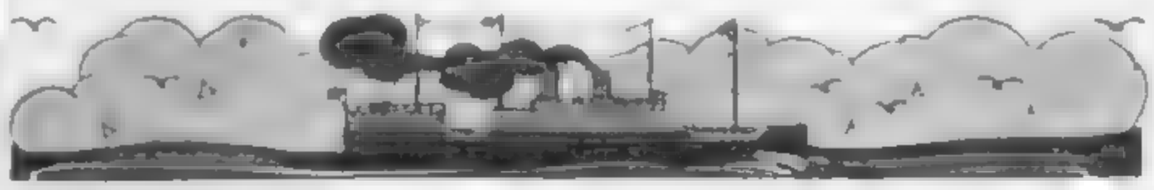
Business could not hope to become a profession without becoming also a civility. In a few years there has taken place an extraordinary change in its manners and customs. As an idea of service has come to govern its external relations, so the thought of let live is coming to be its internal law. Competition is perhaps keener than ever, but the old ferocity has gone out of it. Competition is in achievement, not in killing.

Business is not a finished civility. Neither is civilization finished. It is almost as easy to prove as to say that practices do often depart from the code to which the practitioner has solemnly subscribed. That means very little, or only that human nature is what we already know it to be. What remains is significant. That is, the need of business in the sense of its own meaning to have codes, even codes higher than the average of practice. The ideal is more important than the default.

Under the head of business ethics one might collect a most extraordinary set of documents—the codes, that is to say. There is hardly any definite group of big or little business that has not written for itself a code of ethics—undertakers, coffin makers, photographers, restaurant keepers, jewelers, fishermen, druggists, advertising men, credit men, optometrists, lumber dealers, grocers, icemen, plumbers. Generally the code is a restatement of the Golden Rule, to which will be added specific prohibition of internal practices peculiar to the trade, together with a declaration holding the group morally accountable to the public for fair dealing. There are seldom any penalties. What is stated therefore is a standard, not a law. Delinquencies, of course, are very frequent. None of them seems material.

What does all this code making represent? First a desire on the part of every business

(Continued on Page 146)



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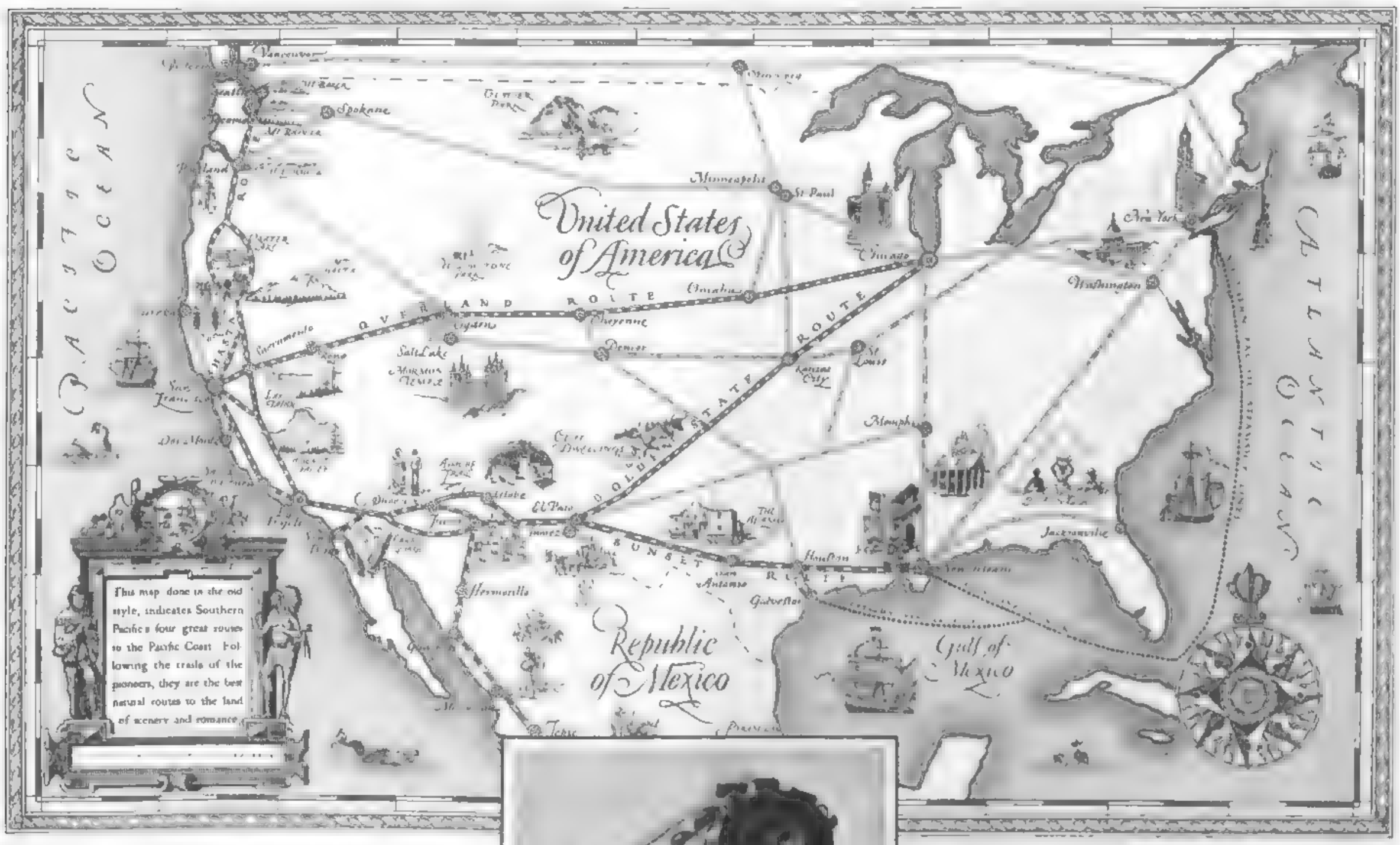

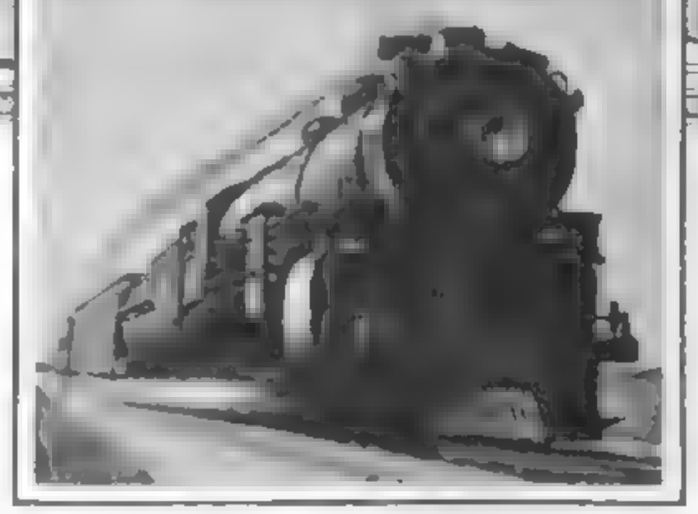

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181	7.00	10.00
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THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 142)

group to raise its self-esteem; secondly, a desire to possess the good opinion of the public. Neither one desire nor the other is likely to decline; both will rise. The moral basis is firm.

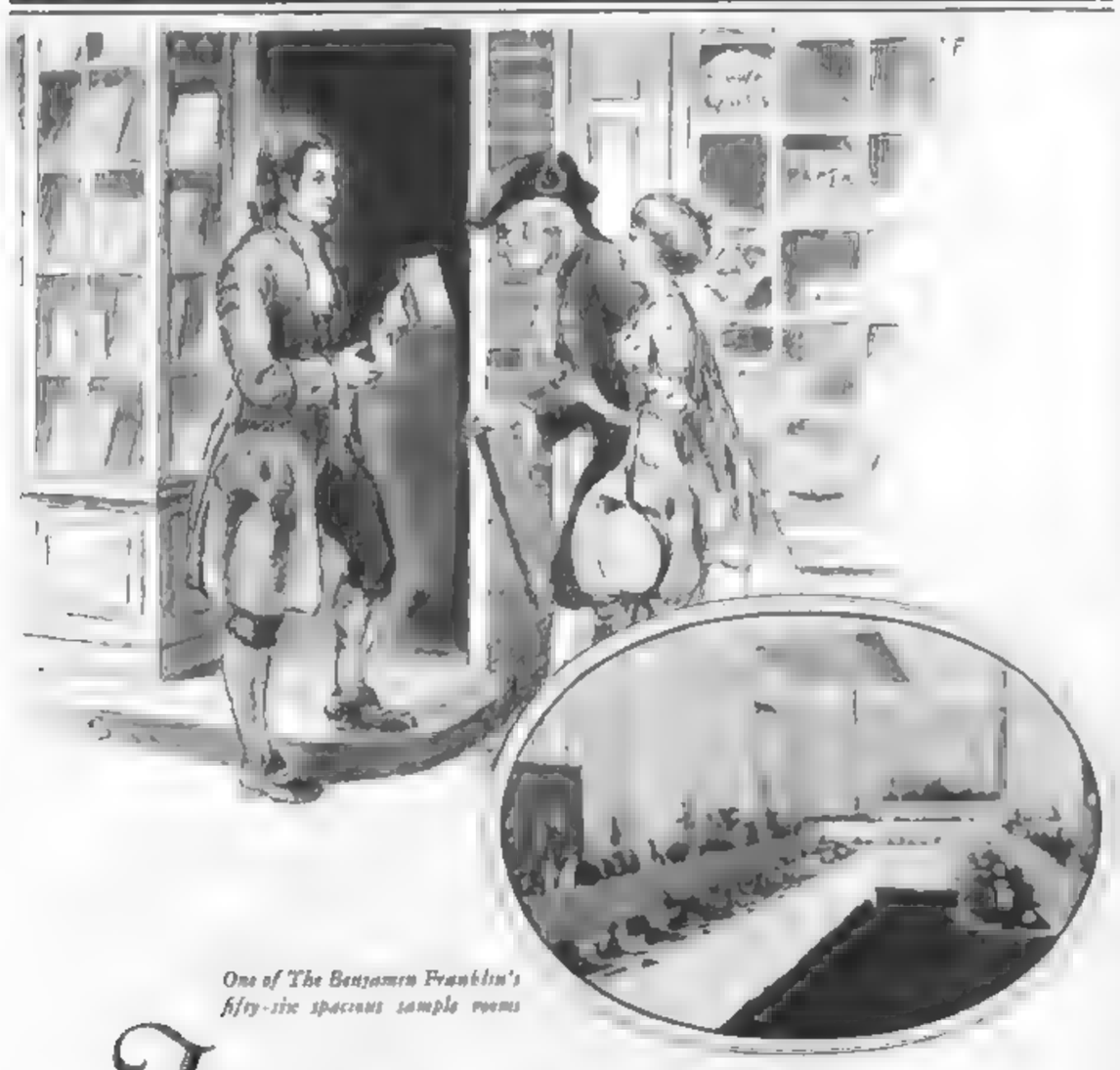
In much larger aspect are the great trade associations, each one representing a major division of industry and business. Here a very old principle is newly acting, which is nothing else than the true principle of civilization, requiring first and fundamentally that the individual shall be willing to forgo his own immediate advantage for the good of the group. Trade associations in this character, setting the welfare of the industry above the selfish interest of any member of it, stand for law in place of anarchy and contain the idea of self-government. Their authority is founded on information and the interpretation of facts concerning the industry itself, its relations to other industry and its relations to the public. If the industry needs house-cleaning the association will do it; if it is out of rhythm in the economic scheme, that also is the association's concern. With the Government there is contact by committee. There are now seventy trade-association committees—called the Hoover committees, because so much of it is the work of his suggestion—through which business brings to the Government problems it cannot solve by itself, sometimes for the reason that, although it may know all the facts in its own case, it does not know them for industry at large; or, again, because the prestige of the Government is needed to impress certain facts on the imagination of business.

For example, committees representing the building-material industries came to the Government saying they foresaw a great building boom and were fearful that for anything they could do to restrain it there would be a speculative runaway market in building materials. Though they were the makers and sellers of building materials, they did not want that kind of market to happen. In the end it would react upon everybody in a disastrous manner and cause depression in building. What could the Government do? Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, published the facts, and upon the facts proposed that building be rationally conducted. Dwellings first, industrial building only as it was really needed, public building to wait. The suggestion was enough. One result of it was that during three years the largest building program in the history of our country was carried through without a runaway market in building materials.

From the trade association that enables an industry to see itself whole and governs it by the tyranny of facts it is only a step to a form of apex authority that shall enable business entire to see itself in the same way, as a system of reciprocal functions with one rhythm to keep and one vision to hold. And when this happens we shall begin to glimpse the true vistas of modern industrial society.

So, at any rate, the dread power of business is taming itself. The forces acting upon it are intelligent selfishness, civilized perception and a feeling of social solidarity. It is unimportant to note that it is not quite tame, nor is it necessary to prove that any of these new meanings discovered in it are completely established. Once the right way has been found, that is enough. Destiny is not served by a bump of location. What it requires is a sense of direction.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr Garrett. The sixth will appear in the issue of January 28th.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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